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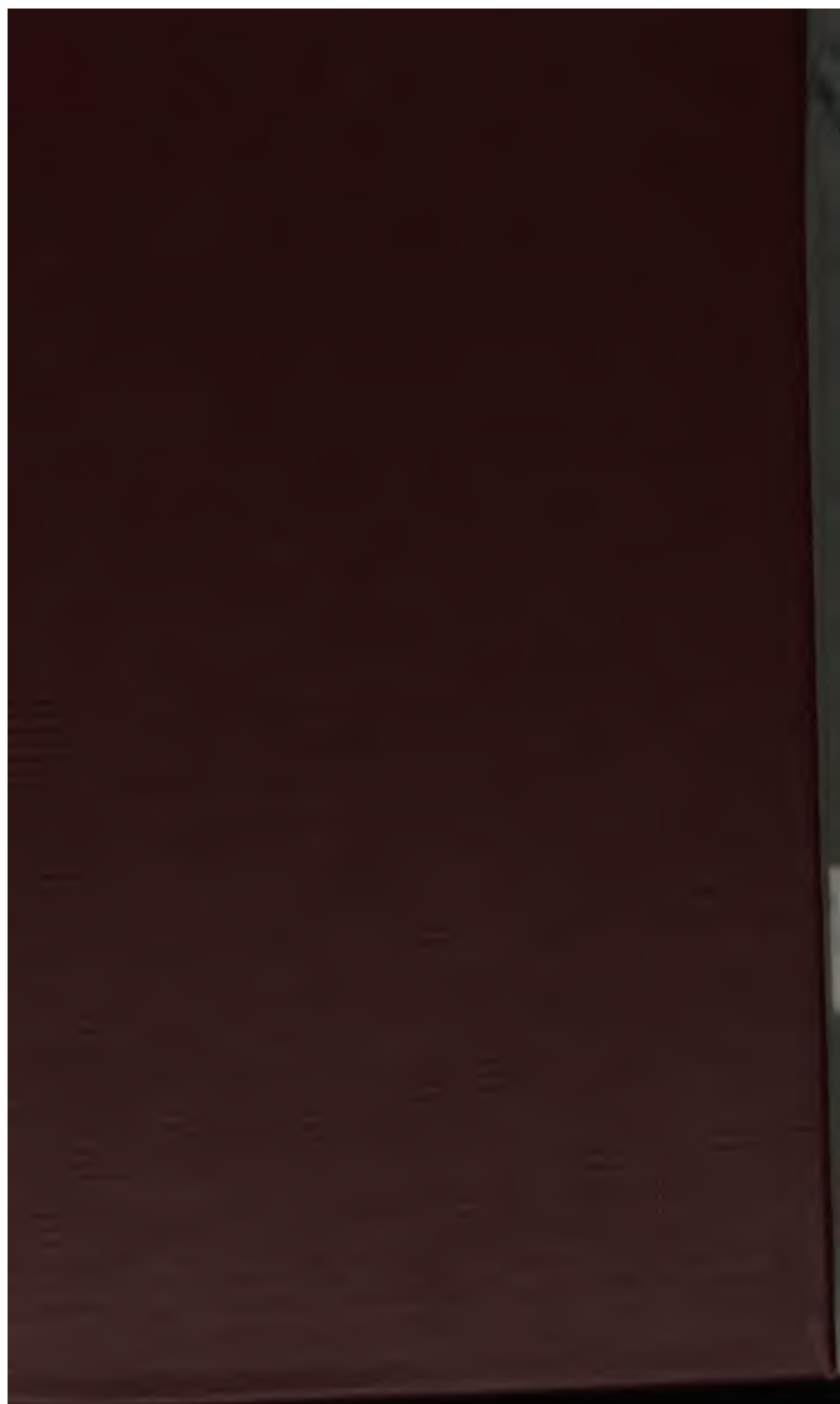
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Samuel Johnson

©
POEMS, ESSAYS, AND
SERMONS,

BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON,
Author of "GRACEFUL BEHAVIOUR."

WITH A MEMOIR
BY
SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

„Was dem Menschen sich bekannet? Keine von allen,
Nur der Mensch. — Und warum kenne? Aus Religion.“
SCHILLER.



BOSTON:
JAMES MIFELIN AND COMPANY,
No. 11 East Seventeenth Street,
and 21 North Bridge Street, Cambridge.
1883.

(94)



Samuel Johnson

LECTURES, ESSAYS, AND
SERMONS

BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON,
AUTHOR OF "ORIENTAL RELIGIONS."

WITH A MEMOIR
BY
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"Welche Religion ich bekenne? Keine von allen,
Die du mir nennst — Und warum keine? Aus Religion."
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The Riverside Press, Cambridge.
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1883, May 3.
Russell Bond.
117

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MEMOIR.

THE first time that I remember seeing Samuel Johnson was in the old College Chapel at Cambridge. It was the "Class-day" of 1842; and he was giving the class oration. It was poetic even to rhapsody; certainly very unlike ordinary college orations. I remember only one passage, and that indistinctly: it was something about the warrior's shields sounding upon the walls, — some illustration, very likely, from Ossian. But I recall, as if it were seen yesterday, the dark, animated countenance, the flowing hair, the earnest, musical tones, the light, quick movement from one foot to the other, — the whole air of inspiration. It was as fascinating as it was unlooked for. This must have been in July. In the autumn of the same year, when I entered the Divinity School, I soon found him out among my classmates. The same fascination drew me toward him, and then began a friendship which continued for forty years.

I.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 10th of October, 1822. His father was a much respected physician, his mother "of an old Salem family." In that town far the larger part of

his life was passed; in it but not of it. We can picture him in his boyhood, with his earnest face, going to and from school through those elm-shaded streets, looking up at the fine old gambrel-roofed houses, or the statelier mansions of a later date, where dwelt much wealth and much conservatism. Or on holiday afternoons rambling over the neighboring fields, searching the woods for wild flowers, or extending his walk to the shore of the harbor, or to the sea-beaches not very far away. A playmate and daily companion of his boyhood describes him as "a healthy-natured, active boy, entering with zest into all boyish games; with a quick eye for anything ludicrous, or that would raise a shout of laughter; indeed, though gentle, affectionate, and utterly guileless, a leader in sports even to the point of daring and sometimes of danger; with all the enthusiasm in these things that marked him as a reformer in later years." He must often have found his way to the old East Indian Museum, which the sea-captains had filled with curiosities from Calcutta or Bombay, — such wonders to a boy's eye. One is tempted to ask whether it is to that group of painted figures, presenting the various castes and trades of India, that we owe the first impulse of interest whose outcome was the "Oriental Religions." More certainly we might say that the collections in natural science there were the beginning of the interest in geology and mineralogy, which was strong through his later years. I will not venture to hint that his interest in science received any occult impulse from his having been born in the very house where the astronomer, Nathaniel Bowditch, first opened his eyes upon the sky.

His best influences were found in the good and happy home, in which not only his boyhood but the greater part of his manhood were spent, since for more than one reason he never formed a home for himself. In that home he found the most devoted affection, the love of books, flowers, music, and a simple rational piety of the Unitarian stamp. Of that home he was always the light and the life. Never was there a warmer affection, a truer fidelity, than he showed to every member of it, through many trials, and through all his life.

His school-days over, at the age of sixteen he went up to Cambridge and entered Harvard College: a studious, thoughtful, conscientious, affectionate, pure-minded boy; one of those boys who seem never to do anything wrong, not from lack of liveliness, but from purity of heart and a quick sense of right.

II.

Of Johnson's life in college I am glad to have a sketch sent me from his classmate and intimate, D. H. Jaques. I will give it in his words, somewhat abridged:—

Johnson's face and person in those college days would attract attention anywhere. A dark, but warm and rich complexion; hair black as ink, and always worn long; a large, full, dark eye; a tall figure; an eager, headlong, swinging gait in walking, the head projected as if in quest of some object (the truth?) before him in the distance; a full, deep, and sincere voice; a bright smile, a hearty and musical laugh. These are the personal traits which memory brings back to me.

He was one of the most unaffected men I ever knew, with a perfectly natural ease of manner in his intercourse with others. . . . Hence it was that he was a favorite, as the phrase is, was "popular" in the class. Although it was well understood that he was so absorbed in his studies that he did not care to cultivate society, yet every man in the class had for him the kindest feelings, and sought his society as of one of the most companionable of men. This was shown by his election as orator on class-day, — an honor not often paid to mere scholarship.

He had a genuine humor, an eye quick to see the odd and the ridiculous, a love for a joke, a laugh loud, hearty, and contagious. But with all this gayety, this humor of the earlier college days, with all his ambition of college rank, deep below it and high above it was the serious purpose of study, the serious sense of the duty of self-culture.

He followed closely the prescribed course of college study. His turn of mind was decidedly in the direction of the classics, psychology, ethics, and English literature. But he resolutely gave himself to the vigorous study of the pure mathematics. Indeed, he showed a docility and submissiveness in pursuing the discipline prescribed, which were in striking contrast with the defiance of mere authority, the genuine spirit of the Puritan and Independent, with which he asserted for himself in after life the right, in all matters of religious belief and of public policy and private conduct, to think and act for himself and by himself.

With Dr. Walker he read portions of Locke, and Cousin's Lectures on Psychology, translated by Dr. Henry; Jouffroy's Ethics, translated by Mr. Channing, and Say's Political Economy. Such a discipline, it will be seen, did not tend to make him a sensationalist in metaphysics, or a utilitarian in morals. Dr. Walker's mind made itself felt, not only in the recitation-room, but in the pulpit of the college chapel, where he preached more frequently than any one else, and where Johnson attended with unfailing punc-

tuality. I never knew him to be absent from the daily morning and evening prayers.

With Professor Channing he read Whately's *Logic* and *Rhetoric*, and Campbell's *Rhetoric*, and found labor of love in preparing the *Themes* and *Forensics*; acquiring a purity of style under the criticisms of Channing and by the aid of Walker's sound judgment, which was never permanently affected.

He took the prescribed course in French to the end of the senior year, reading with Professor Longfellow *Gil Blas* and some plays of Molière. These exercises were in a room in University Hall, not ordinarily used as a recitation-room, and not arranged with benches, but carpeted, and furnished with chairs around a long table. And my recollection of them is of something unconstrained and informal that was delightful. I do not think that Johnson studied Italian or German in college. [Italian he never liked; but with German he afterwards became thoroughly familiar.]

In Latin and Greek he took the extended course to the end of the Senior year, reading Horace, Juvenal, Persius, and the *De Officiis*; Herodotus, several books of the *Iliad*, *Alcestis*, *Antigone*, *Prometheus*, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and *The Clouds*.

Of his own estimate of his college studies we get some hint from letters of a later time. Thus in 1880, he writes, speaking of the death of George Ripley:—

"I shall never forget the glorious work that his Philosophical Series did in the great dawn of American thought,—‘Specimens of Foreign Literature,’ it was called. ‘Jouffroy’s Moral Philosophy’ [in this series] was the most delightful text-book I ever studied. And my happiest recollections of Harvard run to my work on this, and on Cousin’s *Criticism of Locke*.”

And in reference to his classical studies, here is an extract from a letter written in 1874, to his friend R. H. Manning, who had sent him an address delivered at the opening of an academy in Ipswich : —

In what you say of the Latin and Greek languages, in their relation to practical culture for common life, I in general very well agree, though I think you intimate less faith in those languages as stimulants to that sense of beauty, order, and law, which you so well characterize as the substance of science, than my own experience will indorse. My whole deliverance from miracles, etc., into theological freedom, — such sense of order, beauty, and harmony in the world and life, and such recognition of the cosmical (or universal) in thought, and the radical in philosophy as has since been developed in me, began and was *rooted in distinct form*, before physical science interested me in any but the vaguest and most distant manner. And my whole joy of discovery and inward revelation in these directions is intimately associated with the splendid, clear, truth-facing heathenism of my school and college classics. You will count one man's experience, who has gone as far as I from the old ways, as worth something ; and you will not wonder at my looking a little askance at A——'s somewhat cavalier treatment of studies which I don't think he quite appreciates in their peculiar refining, enlarging power over the growing mind. You will, perhaps, be surprised when I tell you that, for my very conception of *Law* as at the root of all being, for my belief in the Infinite as *one with, and not apart from, the Cosmos*, for my power to demand unity, development, and freedom in all processes of life, and for my philosophy of moral relations, self-respect, and conformity to just and real conditions, — I bless my Greek and Latin classics more than any other school-teaching, or subsequent scientific study. And I must add, that no small part of this help comes in *the introduction to a foreign world of language and belief*. This of itself is a wonderful emanci-

pation, and gives that shift of position which conditions fresh and free thought. There is a world of liberty and a range of imagination in these disciplines which I think very essential to protect our American education from tapering into technicalism and the petty detail which has already grown so disintegrative of solid thought, and free, broad synthesis, in the scientific text-books and studies.

If I had space for some of his letters from college, we should see him in his room, No. 6 Divinity Hall (of which he sends a graphic description to his sister), feeling himself with his little library "richer than Cræsus;" enjoying the life, "where everything is so monotonous, yet so interesting;" "studying hard," and finding his studies "remarkably interesting, — not a task but a positive recreation;" getting his "marks" at the President's study, always up to or very near the maximum 8; visited by hazing sophomores ("a provoking evil"), but "driving them off with a club;" not present at "the great football game on the Delta;" getting, "between 6 A. M. and 10½ P. M.," about two hours a day for exercise, "which generally, but not always [alas for that *not*, I fear too frequent,] is consumed in walking round the town by many beautiful and picturesque routes;" visiting "Fresh Pond and Mt. Auburn Cemetery, a scene of beauty and imposing solemnity;" promising to obey his mother's advice as to health, "fully aware that it is of the greatest importance, as father has often told" him; attending on Thursday evenings the meetings for religious improvement, under the direction of the devout Professor Henry Ware, the younger; "always making it a point to finish lessons before going to any meeting;" "much struck" with a remark of his Greek tutor, Jones Very, about "the

object of study being to fit ourselves more completely to do God's will in benefiting mankind;" calling even the Commons' table "excellent;" and begging his father not to be anxious on his account, since the "temptations are very slight, and require no very great exercise of self-government and firmness to resist."

These letters are full of affectionate messages to every member of his family circle. He writes to his younger sisters, urging them to keep diaries, and explaining at length the methods and benefits; and afterwards sends them word, "that this diary business must not be allowed to interfere with their lessons." He is constantly solicitous for his mother's health and her freedom from too much household care, and urges her not to neglect walking out, and is interested in the progress of the flower-garden of which she was fond, and signs himself, "with every feeling of love and gratitude, your affectionate son."

So he wrote in his Freshman year, and so he continued to write and to feel, only more maturely.

In one of his first letters from Cambridge he speaks of the great delight with which he had listened to a sermon in the College Chapel from the younger Henry Ware. It was the sermon on the "Personality of God," called out by the address of Mr. Emerson before the graduating class of the Divinity School. That address, which had been a sun-burst to so many young minds, was to most of the elders an ominous and baleful meteor, "portending change." Mr. Ware's sermon was meant as a warning and antidote against its supposed "Pantheism." It drew from Mr. Emerson that delightfully characteristic letter which many of my readers will remember.

There is no record of our freshman's having read the address, nor was he likely to do so at that time. One would like to know how he would have been "struck" by it had he heard it, in view of his later developments. For the present, however, he is — as his classmate says — "a conservative Unitarian of the school of Ware and Walker." Of his religious thought and feeling, later in his college life, we have this glimpse : —

TO HIS SISTER A.

May 28, 1841.

Is not this a strange world that runs thoughtlessly on through all this living, speaking loveliness, which seems to point every moment toward the God whose hand is forming and fashioning all before all eyes? How few there are who seem to have any but a theoretical belief that there is something at work around us besides the trees, the flowers, the clouds, and the sun! We see them at work, and ask no further; ask not who makes them work, who gives them all their loveliness and liberty and life. . . . What should we do but fall down and adore before this visible creation of an invisible and all-pervading Being? . . . Thank Him that you are able to read in the flowers the poetry of His love.

Johnson graduated in 1842, the second in his class, but with health somewhat impaired by excessive application to study, and doubtless by other violations or neglect of hygienic laws, into which studious youths are apt to fall.

Rest and travel, however, afterwards restored the old tone and vigor of mind and body.

III.

When Johnson, on entering college, had taken a room in Divinity Hall, his pastor sent him the message that he hoped "he would remain there for seven years,"—that is, that he would add to the four years of college the three of the Divinity School. His reply was, "Thank Mr. T. for his hint, but I shall not take it, begging his pardon." "Nothing that he ever said to me," writes his classmate Jaques, "indicated a purpose of entering the ministry." Nevertheless, such a purpose grew up in his mind and heart, and in the autumn after his graduation he became a member of the Divinity School. It was then under the charge of Dr. Francis and Dr. Noyes, who, owing to the then extremely reduced condition of the school-funds, did the work of four professors.

TO HIS MOTHER.

1842.

I am most anxious to see you again, and tell you how I am and how pleasant my studies are. . . . Meantime hear from me that I am greatly satisfied with my work, and that the class is a remarkably pleasant and interesting one. There is among us great material for laughter in the eccentricities of some of the class; and nowhere, I believe, is there more ample room for the cultivation of the social feelings. Our studies are just what we choose to make them, affording the means of indolence or of great improvement. I trust I shall not so forget what I owe to religion and conscience and society, as to neglect the admirable opportunities here presented for the study of the great questions of religious belief and moral duty. Our library is excellent, and we have unlimited freedom in the

use of it. We are guided by Dr. Francis in the selection of books, and partly by our own judgment.

After all, what have I to ask, but that you should keep yourself free from all anxiety? And what have I to hope, except that you do *not* allow cares of household things to disturb you; and that little F. gives you as much pleasure as ever; and that the girls try to do their part; and that you see father in the best of health; and that our little family circle is filled with peace and good thoughts? And what have I to tell, except that all has gone well with me, and that I try to fit myself for entering what seems to be the most responsible profession which a man can enter. Most gratefully, your affectionate son.

TO HIS SISTER A.

December, 1842.

I am sorry for the interruption of your weekly studies of the Scriptures. . . . There is a great advantage to be expected from the reading of classical English literature with a lady of so much taste as Miss W., yet you must be aware how inferior is this advantage to the other. . . . It should be the great work to build up the inward principles. True convictions can be founded only on *principles*; and convictions are the only light we have to walk by. . . . No better means of developing habits of thought can be devised than the reading attentively our own literature. It contains every species of thought and every variety of style. In its older effusions there is a simple sincerity, an earnest zeal for truth, a calm sobriety of judgment, a strong terseness of thought and expression, a fullness of reflection, and a cheerful, genial temper, which secure our sympathy and fill us with love for all things and all beings. . . . And this is one of the purest influences of our early literature that it cultivates your love of the simple, childlike sentiments, and your reverence for the truth.

TO HIS MOTHER.

A Spring Day (1843?).

It is a hazy, dull hour of a day of sweet promise. The spring *will* come; these dull, heavy clouds cannot keep her back. She is coming: nay, she is present in the promise of her presence. For to feel like spring is to be in the spring. I shall go out soon, into the woods, to pick anemones and violets, where I can watch the birds build, and live with them in their little nests. They fly round my window, singing all day long, and you don't know how dismal, how almost bad, it seems to be shut up over books. If you could come and sit beside my window, sit till the evening comes on and the bright sunlight changes into the serene, spiritual moonlight, you would think this was a dream-world, indeed, and there was no sorrow nor evil anywhere, even to the eye of sense. This solemn, gentle change is the most wonderful and speaking thing we see. ✓ We *must* be religious when we are watching it; we cannot help it.

But (heaven save us) how many cold creatures there are who would laugh at all this, and call it silly, sentimental, affected, and the like, to think so much of sunlight and moonlight, instead of attending to one's business. Well, let them attend to their business, only let them leave us to ours. Ours is to live in the voice of the all-beautiful and holy God; to hold intercourse with Him in his sweetest shadowings forth around us and in us; to be perfectly free from base bonds in the joyful and ever-grateful life of faith and love. It is to be with God as much now, as in the future life, which should be but a continuation of the present. Each belongs alike to eternity, if we did but understand it.

TO HIS MOTHER.

1843.

I could write far more in answer to the kind letters you have written to quiet my anxiety about our dear F., but

that I am going to walk down to-morrow to visit you. Do not be anxious, I pray you. . . . It will all be well, we know, and we will hope that it will be well without hard trial. If prayers, and love, and tender care will bring our dear one back to health, he will be restored. Our Father loveth him and us better, even, than we can see. How beautifully doth sickness foreshow the perfecter union with us of those whom we love, by gathering them up, as it were, into our very hearts' centre, so that their spirits seem *really there*.

TO HIS YOUNGER SISTERS.

June, 1843.

MY DEAR GIRLS, — I am ready to cry at not hearing from you. What are you doing? Are you not going to let me into any of your little pleasures and plans? My heart bounds with yours in your pleasant hopes, and my eye will see all beautiful things as though it were yours. Do let the words you would speak in your happiest moments, in all their freshness and liveliness, take the form of letters, and pass into my heart as though I were with you. And so I am with you when you call me.

What shall I tell you of? Flowers, birds, woods, walks, true, loving, sincere books, — what? They are all around me here. And they are so deep in my love, and you seem so present to me, that I cannot describe them; for it seems as though you knew how they looked as well as I. Tell me how you imagine things look about me.

Little Susan R. comes to my room every now and then, early in the morning, to get me to go to ride with her mother. But I *must* see *you*, in a letter, soon, or I shall be miserable. Your own

S.

Meeting Johnson in the school, I was very soon attracted to him by certain similarities of taste, and more by the peculiar earnestness, ideality, and spirituality of tone which marked him out among the rest.

The "transcendental movement" in New England was then at full tide. The germs of it had been already in Channing's sermons; Dr. Henry had translated Cousin's Criticism of Locke; Emerson had printed *Nature*, and the early addresses at Cambridge, Dartmouth, and Waterville, — this last his completest expression of spiritual pantheism — and had collected and edited the chapters of *Sartor Resartus*; Dr. Walker had given his Lowell Lectures on Natural Religion, distinctly based on the existence in man's nature of certain spiritual faculties, which he held to be as trustworthy guides to spiritual truths as the senses and understanding are to physical facts.

Johnson was a transcendentalist by nature, a born idealist; the cast of his mind intuitive rather than logical. He instinctively sought spiritual truths by direct vision, not by any processes of induction; by immediate inward experience, rather than by any inference from outward experience. God, Right, Immortality, were to him realities of *intuition*; that is, of direct *looking upon*; shining by their own light, spiritually discerned, the affirmations of the soul. But his transcendentalism, which was later to become a carefully-weighed *rationale of thought*, was now a nature, a perception, a sentiment, an inward, unargued faith. It began soon to take on a *mystical* phase, which led him into some deep experiences. Something of this will be seen in the following letters. The first of them was sent to me at Fayal, where I had gone for a year.

June, 1843.

Gone! My dear S., you were one of the very, very few here with whom I could speak the thoughts that almost force themselves out of my lips wherever I am, though I am sure of being misunderstood. Imagine me met with a blank face or a hopeless incredulity, except in one or two directions, you well know where, and bless me with a fresh breeze from your orange-bower. If you could pour a flood over this cold, spell-bound school, and awaken it to listen to that overpowering voice of the All-filling Presence, which is true inspiration, you would not be appreciated, but your work would be none the less a true work. Truly, when I say that all, without and within (if we can make such a division), its ever-starry, eternal heavens and its burial-place, earth, with the immortality and the life which animate them and give them figure; the centre-soul with its heavings, and flutterings, and faint sigh-breathings, and deep, silent griefs, and high, brave heart-beatings, — that all, all this is one love-mystery, of which we can only say, —

“The awful Presence of some unseen Power
Floats, though unseen, around us,” —

not only floats around, but actually *is* all things, *is* ourselves; then indeed is it most amazing to me, that every face around us is not overladen, as the mid-summer air with perfume, with the rapture of devotion, burning and melting *self* away; and that the mystic melody of all does not allure us all into spiritual unity, and make society the great form of love. But then I feel that what is voice to me is silence to the great intellect-world. And when I wake from the vision of home into the outward life, I wonder how we can have got so perverted as to see the highest thing as the lowest, mistake shadow for reality, the outward for the inward, the voice for silence, the silence for voice. You will understand me.

TO HIS SISTER A.

June, 1843.

How shall I describe to you the scene of the Hall, this hot, sultry, dreamy, summer weather! No place ever looked so hospitable; its doors all flung wide; the windows open, the blue heaven pours itself in with the fresh breeze. . . . For all we say about exhausting heats at noon, and our being then utterly unfit for anything, I am persuaded that the sun at *his* zenith is the voice calling the spirit to *hers*. "We can only dream then;" and what are the dreams of a pure spirit? The highest life it lives. "We cannot work then." Yes, blessed be God, who has given a sweet season in the day when his love-warm hand presses the weary body, and self-forgetfulness steals over the earth-worn and anxious spirit through its consuming might, so that the elastic breath of the higher soul may rise unfettered into her native air, and sing her untaught melodies and realize her highest longing. Blessed be the spirit of the summer noon!

You would laugh to see my stunted flowers [in the Divinity Hall gardens]. I, who love growth and cannot bear to see anything still, to be unable to make my choice flowerlings stir! I am becoming ashamed of their indolence. Can it be they have reached maturity? But they are not rich or bright. They are like those awfully old-faced children, who have been made little men and women. This is the fault of the parents very often. Isn't that view of the matter likely to make me stretch my face, when I think what sort of a parent I have been to these little prematurely grown, and now obstinately still, flowers? But I am hopeful of them yet. Bad habits in a child but a few weeks old are not irremediable.

July 9, 1843.

I went in the forenoon to see the menagerie, because I had heard so much of Herr Driesbach's power over ani-

mals. This power of fascination is a hint at a great truth in spiritual influences. Man has within him a power of will, which, when guided and inspired by love, can reduce all things to itself, and mould the world to its good pleasure. This power is in every being; but in none is it ever fully developed. . . . There is a great mystery in these secret influences which thoughtless people little dream of, and which common sense, so called, cares nothing about. In the wonderful manner in which, through books, the spirits of other men, long since dead, enter into and inspire ours; in the eloquent language of eye and lip which, without words, merely by expression, conveys deepest feelings; in the presence in our souls of strange presentiments, intuitions of higher knowledge than science or learning can give, — voices which seem the presence of other spirits in ours; which make us feel often that death, so far from removing our dear friends from us, brings them nearer to our souls, places them *in* our souls so that they *cannot* be lost; — in all these wonderful ways we see dimly the unveiling of holy mysteries which the future is to fully open to us; mysteries which we can even now, in our sublimer and holier secret moments, feel trying to disclose themselves to us.

But, my dearest A., what has possessed me to run on from Herr Driesbach into these spiritual flights, which, perhaps, you may not fancy, though I long to have you fancy them?

FROM HIS DIARY.

1843.

On Monday morning the exercise with Dr. F. was, as usual, very uninteresting. Worse than all, I was the unlucky means of setting on fire a hot controversy about transcendentalism. Out of these flames I keep myself always; first, because I hate controversy, — something repels me from it and shuts my lips; and second, because my highest intuitions are not things of argument. They find no weapons for self-defense. To have them opposed is as over-

whelming to me as to have it denied that the sun shines at this moment. Then, to hear the most serious truths treated with the levity and rough, proud uncharitableness of so-called common sense,—this is a profanation which shall not be prolonged by me. But the point was this: De Wette spoke of self-love. Dr. F. asked me what I thought of it. I told him that *true* self-love was the highest life; that when we rise out of the *individual self* we become one with the *universal self*. This set the tongues of word-fighters in motion. J. R. thought the expression *universal self* a good one; F. and B., and others, *not*. One thought it arrogant, and another would supply something else. And then arose a quarrel about natural instincts, one complete mass of misunderstanding throughout. It is in my power to see wherein the root of these contentions lies. It lies in words. I have been in a transcendental and in a common sense life, and the meanings which each attaches to particular words are clear to me. I laid my head on my arms and tried not to hear the idle debate.

In the afternoon G. F. read a fine dissertation on infidelity. He took a liberal view, though rather severe on those liberals who differed from his own liberalism. I had prepared something which I did not read, the time was so far spent. Infidelity, I showed, was only *insincerity*; that was all the definition I could give the word. No *sincere* man is an infidel.

Among his papers of this period there is a bundle of MS. marked *Private Phases of Feeling at the Divinity School. Transcendental Reveries*; with a note appended, "This phase lasted but a short time; yet a very effervescent state it was while it lasted." They embody devout meditations, mystic yearnings, the strivings of an earnest spirit after completer sense of reality, after more perfect union with God; strug-

gles with moods of self and doubt and coldness ; but through all an inmost faith that never deserts him. Among them is a paper of many sheets, in which he had written on one side of the page a series of facts and laws drawn from the reading of scientific books ; the corresponding column was to have been filled with their spiritual correspondences. He thinks some study of science might keep him from "breathing a too ethereal air." At this time he was a reader of Fénelon : I remember his telling me how much had been to him the essay, *De l'Existence de Dieu*.

1843.

I once confounded *truth* with *actuality*, that is, I thought truth was in the changeable and transient forms, or rather in our ideas of those forms.

I am troubled sometimes by nameless shadows of doubt that will press upon me, trying to convince my intellect that my heart has settled not into a real but an imaginative faith. My good Fénelon would tell me that this shows me I am not enough in love with God, that I reserve myself through fear and shame. But, as with the struggling Moravian, "I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray." I feel continually a *want of insight*—that great stone which stands between me and my Maker and Father, even in my most religious moments, if I dare call them so. But let my faith answer,—O that it might sincerely answer,—“When it is fit for thee thou shalt have it : now simply wait and be satisfied with letting the power of God work, in its seemingly formless, hidden way, its intended and certain effect.”

A man shall, *must*, be his own priest. But then he must be a true priest, not a slave nor a vulture. The true priest never speaks of his *right*, he only shows his *might* ; and that not as his own. And what is the true priest ? I know not in what can consist his sight, but in a larger share of

that love and worship which are hidden in every soul, and which it is his work to reveal to men in themselves.

SICKNESS.

Thou, Lord, hast taken all my strength away,
Both from the spirit and her faithful form
The bodily instrument; and now decay
The powers that prompted fearlessness in storm,
And energy, faith-kindled sight, whereby
I felt as on a warm aspiring hill
Watching the changing forms in earth and sky,
Men and their works; and from a higher Will
Having interpretations, in a trance
Of spirit, through their holiness and love.
A spell of mystery was on me, and a sense
As of a presence that with boundless rove
Gave joys unasked, and worthy self-esteem.
But Thou tak'st back "the visionary gleam"
Into Thyself; I strive in vain to see;
And till Thou come again, must keep me trustfully.

IV.

In connection with these inward experiences we find him more than once speaking of feeble health. That may have been partly cause, partly result. Before the end of his second year in the school a change of scene and occupation seemed needful. In May, 1844, he set out on a voyage to Europe and a year's travel, in company with his townsman, Washington Very. New York, where they waited the sailing of the packet-ship, the *Gladiator*, in which they had taken passage, seemed to him "full of magnificence and of misery." The most beautiful thing he saw

there was the old Park fountain, "pouring its passionate streams aloft; they call it the *Maid of the Mist*; I would rather call it the *Love-Spring*." And the saddest thing was a poor, ragged girl, weeping under the pillars of a church. But his youthful optimism suggests, "All that we can do is to feel that suffering is not what it seems; and I believe that to these suffering thousands come moments of more beautiful enjoyment than are ever known to the stagnant lives of the rich." He sees also some paintings—a foretaste of European galleries. "A Madonna, especially, had a divine look of musing which seemed to penetrate the future, in the strong prophecy of a mother's heart." Another picture, "representing a satyr bound by Apollo in the woods: a nymph seems to be asking wherefore this taking captive of nature by art." His new delight is critical as well as appreciative; "a head of St. John in Patmos, inspiration in the parted lips and in the large angelic eye: but what harmony has this lawyer-forehead with a contemplative, mystic spirit?"

The Gladiator proved "a goodly bark," but not so large as his "creative fancy had painted her . . . and state-rooms are poor apologies for the name."

From London he writes:—

June 15, 1844.

When I look back on that sea-life of three weeks, I count it among the grandest seasons of my life. The sea-life has been called monotonous, but I did not find it so. There is wonderful variety in the appearance of the waters. The waves, rising and falling, pass into the most beautiful and strange forms. . . . Now a high wave would sink softly down into a shell of the most delicate and dainty mould; now the crests would look like sprinkled flower-

beds; and now the Nereides would scatter soft showers on each other, as wave met wave. The sea rose now in huge long walls behind, then passed down under us and lifted us high over itself, then smoothed away, and there lay behind us a long, long vale. Ships hung in the horizon every little while, vapor-like, and we watched hours to see if they were coming near. I thought and dreamed of their wonderful fearlessness. . . . At night, especially, you cannot conceive the wonder of the scene. The wake of the ship, where the water by day is full of gurgling whirlpools closing over the ship's cleft, so dark and gloomy, by night is a stream of the most beautiful milk-white, touched with a mysterious glory. Softer and brighter than the moonlight, even, it seems to come neither from within nor from without. All along this pure stream close in the black walls of the sea, which sends its circular waves through it, half-disturbing its beauty; and all through this blackness rush millions on millions of torch-like fires, and here and there, down in the sky-depths, gleams dimly a snow-like meteor, then shoots away; and out into the infinite darkness wander here and there these sparks, as into their home. . . . All the wonders of the heavens, too, are more wonderful here than where variety spreads all over the earth. . . . If I was ever despondent, there were letters and home tokens, and deep, true books. You may be sure they helped me, and home would come to me in my dreams. . . .

But I have not told you of our passengers; eight we were, in the cabin,—one lady, two Englishmen, a Scotchman, a German, and three Americans, besides the Irish captain who told stories to make us laugh, abused the poor black steward, and flirted a little with the lady. All we of stranger lands soon felt ourselves brothers; and a merry time they had of it with shuffle-board, and card-playing, and scolding about national superiorities. They called me the “abstract man,” because I sat apart so much. . . .

There was a beautiful girl who had taken passage in the

steerage, and used to sit all the time on deck, because she could not be with the gross company down there. I believe M. had quite a platonic affection for her. She lived in Fareham, a little paradise just out of Portsmouth, and there we left her. I took much interest in her, for she seemed most open and warm-hearted.

I will not try to describe the first vision of England: those white, bald cliffs, so battlement-like; and the groves, and white houses imbedded in them which a glass showed us; and the little stone town, with the castle beside it; the stillness of the bay into which we glided; the peaceful, pensive sun, setting over the low hills just closing us in; and through all this twilight, spiritual scene, the thought of a new world we had found beyond the deep. . . . I watched most intently for the first *man* on shore.

The beautiful English rural scenery! The wonderfully tall, rich trees; the little thatched, bird's-nest-like stone cottages, with their hedges of neatly trimmed buck-thorn, and profusion of trained flowers; wild-flowers sprinkled everywhere among the grain,—purple, yellow, and intensest red; fields of clover and poppies; sheep multitudinous, and shepherdesses watching them; women in broad bonnets, and their husbands and lovers making hay. . . .

He soon falls in with the pest of poetic travelers, the professional guide:—

Oh, what a torment-one was in Winchester Cathedral, telling in a cold, stereotyped tone, whose monument was this and whose effigy that:—there among the heights and depths of arches old! These people cannot be escaped. I wonder if they would allow themselves to be paid for keeping away from a visitor who believes that cathedrals have somewhat to tell of themselves?

From Amsterdam he writes, “I am going to say a word in favor of these poor Dutch strivers with the sea,” whom “poets and travelers like to laugh at.”

AMSTERDAM, June 22.

I cannot walk about without seeing how this people are possessed with the one great idea of their life's being a struggle with ever-threatening *power*, and that power they have come at last to *love*. Hence they deal so in water; women washing the middle of the streets, pouring on water, water, and sweeping still; women washing clothes in the canals and ditches; women sailing in flat boats, cleaning fish, holding markets . . . incapable of idleness. All this comes of the great sense of the ocean's presence and power. This feeling of the need of effort keeping them so full of unconquerable trust in effort.

In the Dutch painting he finds the same painstaking and elaborate *effort*, in its minute and perfect reproduction of nature. "All this, you see, is of a piece with the whole life of this laboring race."

In Antwerp he hears the music from its lofty fretted belfry, which "realized his ideas of chiming bells," of which he had dreamed years ago, when he sent to his mother the words of Moore's "Evening Bells," begging her to learn and sing them. He hopes that "before long America will spare some love for art, and such music as is good for gentle hearts, and needed by them too, will be attainable there."

Up the Rhine to Heidelberg, where he found the students "most kindly attentive to strangers." And so through Switzerland. There his itinerary records all the magic names of places that kindle into flames the embers in an old traveler's memory. In October he is in Rome among the ruins:—

Lonely, beautiful columns, broken arches of colossal aqueducts, mountains of mingled grass, earth, and cement, all apart from the peopled city, are about me. This

morning I stood in the Coliseum; height above height of broken, moss-covered, massy arches rose all around to the outermost wall, ragged, bold, and lone, row behind row; the sunny green fields beyond. . . . A temple beautiful as peace dedicated by its builders to barbarism. . . . Those precipitous, rent arches, are rough, almost terrible, but the wild flowers grow over them. There is something verily Alpine about them. The simplicity must needs be destroyed by those yellow stands called *stations*, representing in wretched pictures the successive scenes in the life of Christ. Everywhere in this country one meets such things, the *ideas* of which are so beautiful, but so mocked by the careless way of expressing them. We saw a few lines of soldiers marching through, and thought of the hosts of Rome.

After pages of detail, he says:—

But enough of Rome; spare us, you will cry, such rambling map-work; tell us of the Apennines, the paintings of Florence.

The Apennines, stern wild crags, crowds of them! we went up, up, up, and slept at the top. It was moonlight, and we sang together "Home, sweet home!" you can judge with what feelings. Then, when we got into the supper room, we tried to grow jolly, by dancing, capering, and singing, till we were stopped by the coming of the maiden in the straw hat bringing the tea and bread. Were we to blame? Poor wanderers! Joy and sadness come very nigh each other in a wanderer's life. . . . But how beautiful even to sadness, that descent to Florence; a rainbow over the mountains eastward; the sun setting magnificently; the still hill-sides covered with woods, gardens, and white villas, and ending in the loveliest plain. My journal is full of rhapsodies on the Val d'Arno. . . .

Ah, Florence is the city of my love on this continent, after all! The Val d'Arno, in which it lies, all girt about

with Apennines, is the loveliest vale of lovely Italy. And what is great or good or beautiful that Florence does not tell of? I looked for the gardens of the Medici, where the Platonist scholars gathered to revive the art and wisdom of old Greece on Tuscan ground. I found the villa some miles from the city, but the gardens for scholars and muses and artists are in her midst, and scattered along the still blue vale. The picture-gallery of the Pitti Palace is the best I have ever seen, except, perhaps, that at Bologna [he would not have made that exception later]. But the finest thing Florence has for me is the gardens of the Boboli, a true Academic grove. . . . Florence is full of priests as Rome, in the black cocked hat, the black gown, or the snuff-colored coarse frock of the Capuchins, tied with a rope, and topped by a falling cowl; they are very dirty, though. The Dominicans and Augustines are cleaner and more gentlemanly looking, and the boys dressed in priests' garments and hats are very pleasant to see. Often at night goes by, with muffled tread, black veils over their faces, with small holes for seeing, bare-legged, and two by two, — the train of the *Misericordia*, bearing in a black, closed palanquin, some invalid to the hospital, perhaps some body to the tomb.

V.

In 1845 he is back again in the Divinity School, joining the class below that which he had first entered. As we had each been absent a year, we were again together. He returned much refreshed in mind and body, though he was never thoroughly free from the bodily ailments belonging to his bilious temperament. The mystical phase had matured into a deep spiritual life, which gave to all his intellectual work a profounder quality that charac-

terized him above the rest of us. The freedom which he treated every subject had its root in depth, and was never irreverent. It was simply natural pathway to the truth he sought; simply and native sincerity. His essays read before the society were often combated, and not always understood. I remember well the indignation I felt when, after kindling paper of his, the honest but somewhat minded professor began: "Mr. Johnson, I have listened to your essay with the greatest pain. If you go on in that way, you will end in losing sight of all moral distinctions." Of course, it was an entire misunderstanding. Johnson, even in his most mystical in his most iconoclastic mood, never came near losing sight of moral distinctions. His natural mirrorfulness, which all through his life was so characteristic of him, was never inconsistent with this genuine seriousness, but only played over it in flashes of sunbeams. It was always innocent and hearty, never satirical or cynical; simply a quick sense and lively enjoyment of things incongruous or ludicrous.

He gave all due attention to the studies and was of the school. It was the custom at that time "allow" the members of the senior class to preach in the neighboring churches as a "labor of love." They were to try their prentice hand, but without money and without price, so as not to interfere with the graduates of the school who were not yet "settled." So Johnson preached his first public sermon in the pulpit of his father's classmate, Dr. Lamson of Dedham. He soon after preached in the pulpit just vacated by Theodore Parker, his kinsman by marriage, in West Roxbury.

Mr. Parker had for a year been preaching in Bos-

with on Sunday mornings, supplying as best he could what pulpit which he still held in West Roxbury, and tell of ching there himself in the afternoons. His name Plato by that time become a dread and a dislike to all of old servative Unitarianism. He had first startled it miles he sermon on "The Transient and Permanent in and a stianity," preached at Mr. Shackford's ordination blue youth Boston; which was followed up by the best [he w on Jesus given at the "Thursday Lecture." As finest read them now, in the midst of the larger toler- boli, and broader theology, which we owe so largely as R. Parker himself, who bore the brunt of the battle snuff, he sacrifice for our peace, taking into his breast rope sheaf of theological spears, and making a way for thou liberty — it is difficult to understand the excite- mor- ment which they made. The Unitarians, especially, garr- re most eager to disclaim one of their own number nigh- ho spoke of Jesus as a "Galilean youth," though he fac- ded a glowing rhetoric of praise of him, and who two- led the miracles of the Gospel "only poetry," com- clos- ing them to the marvels related of Apollonius of some- ana, and to the labors of Hercules; who even ke of the "elements" of the communion as "bak- s bread and grocer's wine." It was not always at he said, but also his way of saying it, that of- Ided. He had little reverence for the reverences join others toward things which he did not think en- worthy of reverence. He believed wit and even sar- weasm fair weapons as against superstitions. Kind- hearted as he was, and even tenderly sensitive to f sympathy, he was ready to meet attacks upon his positions, not like Emerson by ignoring them, but standing up in their defense and the defense of his right to hold them and still to call himself a Unitarian.

rian and a Christian, when this was denied. He fought a good fight — for he had sturdy Lexington blood in his veins. He even enjoyed the discomfiture of his foes under the sharp edge of his logic and the keen points of his wit. The Unitarians lost a grand opportunity. They might have said, “We disagree entirely with Mr. Parker upon some points which we think essential to Christianity, since we have always been told and we believe that it is a supernatural revelation, of whose truth miracles are the only possible attestation; nevertheless, as we have always claimed and proclaimed liberty of thought, so now we defend Mr. Parker in his liberty of thought and speech, not holding ourselves in any way responsible for what he may think or say. And as we have long declared that ‘righteousness is the ground of the Unitarian denomination,’ and that ‘character is above creed,’ and that ‘fidelity in duty, not accuracy of belief,’ is the essential thing, so now we will not deny to Mr. Parker the Unitarian or the Christian name and fellowship.” But they did not say that — with a few honorable exceptions; and Parker was virtually excommunicated.

It was in the midst of this state of things that Johnson finished his studies in the Divinity School and began to preach. His theological views were not then so clearly defined as at a later time, but he had no hesitation in placing himself by Mr. Parker’s side. I do not think that it cost him any conscious effort of courage; it was his natural and instinctive position; but none the less it *was* brave. It lost him, and he knew that it must, the opportunity of preaching in the larger number of Unitarian pulpits. It made the way narrow for him into the exercise of

his chosen profession. But his path was in every sense *straight*, and he did not hesitate.

Mr. Parker himself did hesitate to involve any of the young ministers in his own unpopularity.

TO THEODORE PARKER.

1846.

The hymn-book is so far advanced now that we must gather in all our materials as soon as possible. I must beg you once more to send some hymns of your own. Don't fear for the book; your name is already in it, so *that* objection must fall. The world is wiser than its priests are apt to be, and will take a good hymn from any good heart. Reform hymns will be a godsend.

The hymn-book was the *Book of Hymns* which we had been engaged in compiling during the last six months in the leisure of Divinity School work. Our friend Frank Appleton, with whom we had at first been classmates in the school, had been settled over a church in Danvers, which used a very antiquated and to him unsatisfactory hymn-book. So we told him one day that we would make a new one for his use. Thus what might have seemed an audacity in two "unfledged" ministers came about very simply. The book was, however, first used by Edward Hale in the church at Worcester, over which he had recently been ordained. It was afterwards introduced by Mr. Parker in the Music Hall; he was wont to call it the "Book of Sams." He liked that it recognized more than was then usual in the Unitarian hymn-books the idea that there *is* a Holy Spirit; and that God is really present with and *in* the soul of man, a doctrine which Unitarianism then looked upon as somewhat fanatical. It contained also some

anti-slavery hymns, by Higginson, Lowell, and Whit-
tier. Its Christology was not unorthodox, though
"humanitarian." There was a large number of
hymns relating to Jesus, with the customary appel-
lations of Lord, Saviour, and Redeemer, and his mir-
acles were emphasized. I am not sure but this part
was rather less the work of Johnson than of his col-
laborator, of whom he was generally a little in ad-
vance in his theology.

TO HIS MOTHER.

June, 1846.

I send you some hymns this week, which I think you
will like. If you think they would help the poor K—
girls, now that the first shock of their bereavement is over,
perhaps you may like to send some of them, from me.
You will find one of mine—No. 313. [This was "On-
ward, Christian," from which the latter word was after-
wards omitted, as being too narrow.]

Very soon I shall come home "for good and all." Only
a month more of this school: then I shall be yours till
"settlement," dwelling *at home!*

I saw in a Salem paper that flimsy statement about S.'s
preaching. The fact was S. prayed for "our country in
this hour of her shame, that God would not permit her to
carry sword and shackle into a sister land." Whereat a
Mr. H— suddenly left the church. . . . Tell father to
look in the *Courier* of Wednesday, and read one of the
finest poems that ever was written. I think it is by James
R. Lowell. It is about the war.

The war was the Mexican War then raging. It
grew out of the annexation of Texas in the interests
of the extension of slavery. And the poem was
the first of the afterwards famous *Biglow Papers*.
Johnson, himself, wrote at this time the verses—

"Lord, once our faith in man no fear could move;
Now save it from despair!"

printed as No. 420 in the *Book of Hymns*. To the theological questions then coming up, a new test of fidelity and new opportunity for sacrifices in behalf of freedom was beginning to be added in the way of the young preachers. Johnson was not found wanting, as we shall see.

He graduated from the school in July, 1846. His theme at the "Visitation," as it was then called, was of his own choosing, "wresting," he wrote, "the subject given me by the Doctors to suit myself." It was "The Preacher's Duty in our Times;" and we may be sure that it was treated with earnestness, frankness, and independence. He also wrote for the occasion the hymn, "God of the earnest heart." Another was by O. B. Frothingham, —

"Thou Lord of hosts, whose guiding hand
Hast brought us here, before thy face."

And now came the period of "candidating." Johnson preached in various pulpits around Boston and elsewhere with more or less acceptance; more, generally, with the younger people of the churches than with the elders. His sermons were touchstones, or Ithuriel spears, — and the public mind was sensitive. He was charged with being a "Deist." He was even charged, when he chanced to take a text from the Apocrypha, with "not finding the Bible good enough for him." He was charged with "bringing politics into the pulpit," an accusation at that time very common from the *politics in the pews*, which was set against any preaching of national righteousness in the pulpit. He was charged with "going about breaking up the churches," by those

who could not see that he was truly an angel troubling the waters.

He was one of the band of prophets in those days who might have said, as the prophet of old did to the Jewish King: "It is not I that trouble the people, it is *thou* that troublest the people." The opposition to them was simply a part of that moral disease, that cancer, whose roots were spreading through all the social, political, commercial, and ecclesiastical life of the land, and against which, only just in time for our salvation, were the vital powers aroused.

To a newly-formed society at Harrison Square Johnson preached for considerably more than a year. Here he made some devoted friends. One of them writes of his preaching there: "I have never known one superior, and few equal, to Mr. Johnson in the impression he made of moral and spiritual elevation. Every intellectual perception, even the clearness and force of his diction, seemed to owe its vigorous and persuasive quality to a baptism in the fountain-head of moral rectitude. The moral sentiment to him was the very impress of God's face on the soul. It was the *Immanuel*, the God with us; and when he uttered its prophecies or warnings, it was with the look and accent of one who believed that he had been with the Most High, and had His message to report; which he did with the simplicity, the veracity, and sweet audacity of a child uttering his Father's words. All was the outcome of a soul living in the region of moral ideas."

But all were not able or willing to hear the message.

TO THE CHURCH COMMITTEE, HARRISON SQUARE.

January, 1849.

GENTLEMEN, — I have received your note of January 3, in which you request me “not to introduce any political subject into [my] discourses next Sunday.” As I am not informed of any other special reason for this request, I can only regard it as an indication of a wish to interfere with the freedom of the pulpit. I am accustomed to preach upon such subjects as I deem it my duty, and in the performance of that I will not be interfered with. It rests with yourselves to say whether you will place in your pulpit a minister who will preach as he thinks right, or such an one as will preach only what you think right. In the one case you will probably have a man who is in earnest in the service of truth; in the other case you will have one who consents to be merely your echo. I think you must have become already aware that I cannot suit you in the latter purpose.

It was not my intention to preach on the application of Christianity to any special political subject [next Sunday], but I reserve the right to do so, on all occasions.

I do not wish, while preaching at the invitation of your committee, to interfere with your express request, and you will therefore not be surprised that I request you to make some other arrangement for the supply of your pulpit next Sunday. And I write immediately that you may have time to do so.

In 1849 Johnson was called to know the grief of his mother's death. Those who were with him in that hushed chamber will never forget the fervor and tenderness of the prayer which flowed from his lips. To a friend's letter of sympathy he replies : —

I cannot say what I would in answer to your words of real sympathy, spoken, too, from your own experience of

suffering. . . . That void left in our path of life never again to be filled here — we cannot yet conceive how deep it is. May we be made truly conscious of the unseen life, that this sorrow may be indeed, as it must have been intended, a message of good to us. . . . Had you known my mother longer you would have found her full of a tender interest in everything beautiful and pure, and of sympathy for every humane thought and purpose.

TO MISS LUCY OSGOOD.

June 5, 1850.

I write a line to tell you that there will be no services at the Harrison Square church next Sunday, nor probably Sunday after. What then will be done, it is impossible to say. At present, you see I am rusticating; church troubles give us *vacations* at least, to say nothing of other blessings.

TO MISS LUCY OSGOOD.

July 18, 1850.

I would fain hope that the age is not so far behindhand with the simplest *Christian Truths* as you say, in speaking of my sermon. People are beginning to feel the necessity of taking their stand, *radically*, for or against them. And I gather from my own experience every confidence that the work of purification is going on in society with a progress never before dreamed of. Everywhere I find men and women ready for the work God calls them to do; and these are forcing the rest to a just knowledge of themselves, and to the conviction likewise that there is a spirit abroad which can neither be tamed nor conquered, cajoled nor restrained, full of the perfect assurance of faith and power. Did you see the report of Mr. Choate's speech at the Story Association, where he says "the conscience has too long been allowed unbounded authority" (!!)? Put that by the side of Mr. Webster's confession that he does not know where a "higher law" than the Constitution is to be found,

and you have a capital illustration of the way in which the anti-slavery movement is forcing the evil spirit of politics in this nation out into the open day, in all its ugliness. Shall we not feel sure of its downfall being nigh?

TO HIS SISTER A.

October, 1850.

I find I have come away without a sermon suitable for preaching to the Neponset Christian Baptists, next Sunday P. M. Now I want you to pick out of the undecipherable heap under the book-case, the two sermons marked "Blind Guides" and "Giving the best to God." Send them to me by express.

Jenny Lind is beyond description. She has not exactly handsome features, but an expression full of deep sentiment, of sweetness, and of calm thoughtfulness. I can think of no other word than *soulful*; sentimental as that sounds, it is the true word. There is a wonderfully quiet self-possession in all her movements which not the stormiest applause could disturb for a moment. Not the least sign of gratified vanity or sense of obligation to the audience. It seemed to me that she had the feeling that the voice and melody were not her own. When she came on the stage, it was in the quietest way, and as she stood with her head bent a little toward her notes, it seemed as though she was gathering all her heart and mind to meet the deep sentiment of the piece. It was only then that there seemed any misgiving in her; but it was reverence and not a fear of the public. The words began,— "I know that my Redeemer liveth." I cannot describe the effect. When, at the close, her voice,—from the words "risen from the dead" to "the first fruits of them that sleep,"—sank into a deep, low, pure tone, which moved through the stillness for what seemed a very long time, and then calmly soared out of the depths a little and passed away into the stillness, the effect was wonderful. There was a moment's pause of

awe ; then there burst forth such a storm from all the multitude : it was as if the *thought* she had expressed silenced them for a moment, and then the womanly sweetness and holiness which had given the tones their power suddenly flashed upon them. I never before heard applause given to sacred music which did not shock me. It certainly did not then.

The common talk about her innocent childlikeness does not do her justice. She is not childlike, but maidenly.

TO S. L. IN PARIS.

December 18, 1851.

And you have seen Versailles, and the Madeleine, and Notre Dame, and the *book-stalls* : above all St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the church of mysterious depths and mazes, among whose silent cloisters I have wandered under the solemn light falling from transfigured saints and in the shadows of multitudinous arches and pillars — a true shrine of holiness and peace amid the surface-tumults of French life. And have you seen Rembrandt's picture of the Good Samaritan, in the Louvre ? Oppressed by Rubens' job-work and the stuff of French painters, I got much refreshment from that sweet and wonderful painting. Would it strike me *now*, I wonder, as it did then ?

But let me talk about your Highland tour in England. The rain was certainly a damper. But for me De Quincey's book on the Lake Poets would have been a worse one. If his gossip be true, Wordsworth must have been a very conceited person. I have often thought I detected an unbounded complacency under the simplicity of his manner which once so enchanted me. I once had a sort of devotional feeling towards Wordsworth's poetry. But for the life of me I can't get any of it back again. [He did recover it later.] De Quincey is an opium-eater, however ; and what is significant, he is scarcely mentioned in Wordsworth's Memoirs, just published. About Cole-

ridge, I am disposed to think De Quincey tells the facts as they are. But never have I found a writer who impressed me so profoundly with the authority and grandeur of truth itself, as truth, — with a religious awe towards it, — as Coleridge in his ethical writings. Here, again, is the strange fact of the two lives between which men of genius hover, — possessed *by* the Spirit for a little while at a time, not possessing It steadfastly and organically. But with all his keen critical dissecting De Quincey cannot throw a shade over the loveliness of Charles Lamb's self-denial, nor over the scrupulous uprightness of Southey's nature.

Speaking of poetry, the "Golden Legend" pleases me exceedingly in parts. The working up of the plan don't quite suit my taste; but the idea is very beautiful, and distinct passages are certainly among the finest in English poetry. Perhaps it will interest you to know that J. J. G. Wilkinson has published a new work on the Human Body, attempting to present it as the expression of a Divine Form, and to deduce from this ideal basis of the organization a theory of health and conduct which shall be absolute. It is full of striking new thoughts and of old thoughts strikingly presented. The conception is admirable, and a step in the right direction exactly; but there is much that is vague, misty, and declamatory. What vitiates it, however, is a want of a broad humanity — a cold intellectualism, the besetting sin, indeed, of the Swedenborgians. They are complacent. Is it not because of the keen satisfaction there is in *seeing through* forms, in symbolizing, that they are so? They leave all practical, hard moral effort for this æsthetic enjoyment. Goethe liked to speak of his acts as symbolic; and for that reason, perhaps, he cared little to make them moral or humane.

Theology I am diverging from, more and more every day. I am convinced that my mission is to go about scattering the seeds of *moral* growth, — religious, too, I hope,

but in application to the moral movements especially. I do not desire to sustain the churches, — false aggregations as they are for selfish and temporary purposes. I am content to *use* them, for the time, as convenient openings for that sort of truth which, while it destroys *them*, will build up something better. Here, on one side of me, is our friend S——, expelled, with his great family, from his society, for conscience' sake; and on the other, ——, settled under bonds (willingly given) not to preach about Slavery. So it is everywhere in this day of trial and purgation for the churches. Everything in this crisis of American growth centres in the great conflict about this gigantic sin of Slavery. That is the battle-field on which the questions are all to be fought out. Of moral and spiritual and intellectual Freedom against the Absolutism of sect and party; of Love against Mammon; of Conscience against the State; of Man against Majorities; of Truth against Policy; of God against the Devil. It is really astonishing to see how everything that happens with us works directly into this fermenting conflict.

The land is reeling at this moment with enthusiasm for that magnificent character, Kossuth. He is a splendid embodiment of suffering and victory for the sake of Freedom. His command of our language is amazing, and his eloquence throws our orators (at any rate the political orators) into the blackest shade.

VI.

In 1853 Johnson, after having preached to a new society in Lynn from Sunday to Sunday for more than a year, was invited to take permanent charge of it. It had first been gathered as a Unitarian Society. But with that denomination he had never identified himself; and, indeed, he was unwilling

to take any sectarian name or connection. At his urgency, the original organization was given up, and the independent "Free Church" established in its place. "I mean to have that," he said, "or nothing." Nor was he willing to pass through any of the usual forms of "ordination." The inward call to preach, and the outward call of those who wished to hear, were to him sufficient seal of the ministry of religion to which he had devoted himself. Nor did he ever "administer the sacraments." The religion that he preached was *natural religion*, as opposed alike to all ecclesiastical, special, and supernatural claims. It was simply another name for truth, freedom, piety, righteousness, love, as it might be given to him to see their various aspects and their applications to present needs. He preached but once on each Sunday. Partly on that account he made his sermons longer than is usual; but more because of a certain mental necessity which he always felt, to present with complete fullness whatever subject he took in hand. He had not the gift to touch only upon salient points, or to present a single aspect of a subject, or to put things in a way to catch the popular ear. This he knew very well; but he was true to his own powers, and if he taxed the attention of his hearers, he also trained it.

The length of his discourse was never a surface measure, nor was it any dilution of thought or diffuseness of words. The depth was equal to the fullness. There was never any mere rhetoric; always the note of entire sincerity, revealed in the very earnestness of his tones. These qualities marked his prayers likewise; they were the outpourings of a spirit reverently conscious of a Divine Presence, and commun-

ing directly with the Infinite Life and Light. They were never "offered through" any intercessor, or in any other name than that of God and the human soul. They were the words of a child seeking his father; of human needs trusting the immediateness of the Divine supply.

During all his ministry in Lynn, — which lasted through seventeen years, with one interval of a year, — he continued to live at his Salem home; going over the five or six miles to his Sunday preaching, and at times during the week to visit the families of his charge. "I could not preach to my people," he said, "if I did not know them in their homes." One of his parishioners has told us what "a source of comfort and keen delight" his visits were, "always anticipated with so much pleasure." His Sundays were spent with the family of his friend James N. Buffum. "Lynn at this time" says one of his hearers, "contained less than twenty thousand people, and was noted for its general intelligence. A broadly democratic spirit prevailed, lacking somewhat in culture and reverence, but not inhospitable to the new movements of reform which came to disturb established ideas."

Besides his regular pulpit work, — and his sermons were always carefully written out, — Johnson readily responded to other calls upon his thought and pen. Becoming early, and remaining to the end, deeply interested in the anti-slavery movement, he never joined any of the associations for its furtherance; but he frequently lectured in their service in different places. He always distrusted his power to interest general audiences, and never trusted himself to speak in public without a manuscript. He threw his weight in the same way in the temperance move-

ment, and in that for woman's enlarged freedom. When the Free Religious Association was formed, still abstaining from becoming a member of the organization, he willingly addressed its meetings when called to do so ; and gave two or three lectures in the Horticultural Hall courses. In all these various lines he maintained the entirely individual and independent position to which his nature impelled him ; always fearful of the tendency of organizations to hamper individual liberty. At any rate they were not for him, whatever benefits others might find in them. When *The Radical* magazine was established, he contributed an article to its first number ; and in successive volumes published papers among the most thoughtful and weighty ; notably a series upon the Foundations of Belief, in which he discussed the question of authority and freedom with great ability. I remember Mr. Martineau's telling me that he always read with great interest Johnson's papers in *The Radical*.

I do not know just when the studies in the Oriental religions began. But in 1858 he came to Brooklyn to give the course of six lectures which he had prepared, and had delivered in several places. I remember the wonder and charm of these lectures of his on a subject then so very novel, and in which he was a pioneer ; and the delight which his recital of the poem beginning

“ The snow-flake that glistens at morn on Kailāsa,”

which he had found in some missionary volume, gave. These lectures were the germ afterward developed in his great work, *Oriental Religions*, the studies for which occupied all the coming years.

Besides these special studies, Johnson always found

time for a large general reading — and I need not say a most intelligent one — of the important new books that appeared from time to time in literature, science, or theology.

He was very fond of music; and often availed himself of the opportunities which Boston offers of hearing the symphonies and oratorios of the great masters. A portrait of Beethoven hung upon his wall. ✓

During all these years of scholarly work added to the faithful labors of sermon writing, he was accustomed to rest and refresh himself during the summer by vacation visits or journeys in the country. The old family homestead in North Andover, and Lary's in Gorham, N. H., and Willoughby Lake, were favorite resting-places, where he enjoyed himself with his kindred and friends. He often went upon long foot journeys, alone or with a companion: in the Berkshire hills; in Nova Scotia; in the Pennsylvania mountain and coal region; in the Green Mountains, or the White Mountains, or the Katskills. The mountains were to him a passion. He always took with him his geological hammer, for to his poetic love of nature he added a scientific interest, and his cabinet of minerals was, I believe, an excellent one. Of farmers, stage-drivers, miners, this scholar readily made companions, and delighted them with his genial friendliness and animated talk as much as he did more educated associates. *

Over the young people within his circle in these years the influence of a spirit so elevated, so earnest, so serious and yet so genial, of a mind so active and so well stored, was very strong. His friend Garrison has given us in the "Memorial" some hints of his power over young men: "Suggestions for reading

or study, the freedom of his extensive library, the guidance of his cultivated taste, were offered freely. In his presence ignoble thoughts were impossible, and conversation held a fitting level. To be with him was to increase one's self-respect and resolution. Great things seemed easily possible under the stimulating influence of his abounding faith and spiritual insight." Nor was his influence less fine upon the young women of his acquaintance. To one of them I am indebted for this account of "a delightful fortnight passed in the summer of 1849 with Johnson and his sister at the old farm-house in North Andover:" —

It was the beginning of a new era in life for some of the young girls who were there. Looking over an old journal of that year, I find: "How different is Samuel Johnson from any other young man I have ever met; his whole being bears the stamp of purity, nobleness, and high resolve. As he reads to us in Fichte's 'Destination of Man' and 'Way of the Blessed Life,' how rich in possibilities life becomes. Not of mere happiness, for he makes the renunciation with which "the spirits bent their awful brows and said, — 'Content,'" in the 'Vision of Poets' seem a better thing than any more earthly good. And yet how gay and bright he is! With infinite trouble he catches 'old Peg,' who is usually allowed to roam at her own sweet will, and we flourish off on a day's picnic to the beautiful Ledge, or Den Rock, or Pomp's Pond. As we pile ourselves and our baskets into the wagon, how he jokes and makes merry, and cheers up Peg by assuring her that she is 'only his own age, twenty-six.' And then he praises our table adornments and the oak garlands we twine for our own hats and his. . . .

"And how these places will be forever associated with his reading! One feels as if poetry had been only half

poetry until now, read in his rich voice with such depth of feeling. We have had Chaucer, the Percy Ballads, Mackay (whose 'Golden City' is a great favorite of his); both the Brownings; and in prose, beside Fichte, Ruskin's 'Seven Lamps,' and much of Milton. He kindly interests himself in our German, and offers his books on our return to Salem. How good of him thus to entertain us girls who can give him nothing in return! And, best of all, he never sentimentalizes. If one could be foolish enough to do so about him, one could imagine him as uttering the rebuke of Protesilaus in Wordsworth's 'Laodamia,' —

“ ‘Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend
Seeking a higher object.’ ”

We all dread to say good-by to dear old Andover; but he consoles us by applying Keats's 'thing of beauty is a joy forever' to our good time here, and planning for many more such visits, 'until we shall be seventy,' he says."

But I will not attempt further to summarize or to characterize Johnson's life and work in these seventeen years in Lynn. Its varied sides will be best shown in his correspondence. And I am very glad to let him speak for himself.

May 30, 1853.

Lynn is doing hopefully. They tell me the whole sum requisite has been pledged, and the Free Church will be a fact. I held forth yesterday upon the principles thereof; and the old society being disbanded, after service, the new one was formed, and goes into operation on my return in a few weeks. It is quite an experiment, nor do I feel very sanguine about my popular gifts, it must be confessed. Still I shall enter into the matter with some zeal, and surely the field is rich enough, if I have but the power to fill it. My announcement that *women* as well as men should be admitted to our pulpit caused a little flurry with a few. But they will soon get that over.

I spent Wednesday afternoon and Saturday [of Anni-

versary Week] in Boston; and even in that short time was satiated and cloyed and deafened and confounded by talk; and then went home and slept it off as I could.

Do you attend the Hartford Convention to discuss the "origin and authority of the Bible"? Henry C. Wright, Jos. Barker, and the rest are to have an infinite talk on *that* matter. I fear there will be more noise than scholarship about it. Could we have a series of carefully prepared essays on the subject by liberal thinkers and thorough scholars — that were something to be desired.

TO MISS LUCY OSGOOD.

September, 1853.

Our services are held at Sagamore Hall. I shall be delighted to see the old friends whose familiar faces have greeted me in so many of the stations, or halting places, or oases, or whatever we may call them, of my sufficiently erratic and unsettled pulpit life. This time I can invite you to a church where people do not pay *so much* a seat; but simply as much, or as little, as they please, that *everybody* may have the benefits of the services, whatever those benefits *may* be. Of course, having just started on this track, we cannot yet predict success. But the *position* I have always held to be the really just and becoming one for a Christian church. And on stating that I could not continue with the society here any longer, except on the condition of their abandoning the pews and forming a free church, I found most of them willing to make the trial. We have no permanent organization, and are simply united for a season to open to the public, freely, the best truth we can arrive at, depending entirely on the voluntary contributions of those who shall make a regular practice of coming for such means as will enable us to go on. I am not even a *settled* minister (though I hear you feared my falling away from my first faith) in any sense which implies the inability to leave at any moment. I simply fill the desk of a free church, and make as good a friend as I can to the people

who come to me. So much about myself. Though I should like to talk with you about free churches, from which I hope great things.

TO S. L.

January, 1854.

As for Lynn, we go on as well as could be desired, except in the item of funds. But there is no lack of hearers and attentive ones. My little hall is crowded every Sunday night. I have been putting the Oriental Lectures into a more sermonic form, to awake, if possible, some desire for a broader culture in the people. They are mostly immersed in business, and there are positively no literary advantages.

November, 1854.

I am now engaged every Monday evening, in lecturing at Watertown; my seven plagues of Egypt, or golden candlesticks, or whatever else, — the *Eastern Lectures*.

March, 1854.

My plans for the summer are not yet matured, but I find them gravitating to the Katskills as by instinct. I think we must go there again. Else why the Mandingo?

The Nebraska question seems to have stirred us up. I should hope the reaction might come to something, if the bill passes. If it fails, the North will claim the victory and generously grant a compromise and a suspension of agitation. At least I fear so. We can't *afford* to be mollified just now. But what a Nemesis is Slavery, that it should be putting away with its own hands the foundations of its own strength, and destroying that "sacredness of compromises" which has stood in the way of moral insight and practical fidelity ever since the Constitution was made.

[In April, 1853, was passed in Congress, after four months' debate, and against strong opposition, the Bill for organizing Nebraska Territory, repealing the "Missouri Compromise" of 1820, which had forbidden slavery north

of $36^{\circ} 30'$ of latitude. Charles Sumner called it "at once the worst and the best bill on which Congress ever acted: the worst, inasmuch as it is a present victory for slavery; the best, for it prepares the way for that 'all hail hereafter,' when slavery must disappear." In the following June a fugitive slave was seized in Boston and sent back into slavery, amid an intense popular excitement.]

TO MISS LUCY OSGOOD.

June 7, 1854.

DEAR FRIEND,— I believe I am bound to let you know that, in consequence of this atrocious business in Boston, Parker is unable to exchange with me next Sunday, according to agreement. He will preach at home, I presume, for some Sundays to come.

How impossible to conceive what issues will come of things, in which such heart-sickening tragedies as these are enacted! At present, things look dark enough, and even threaten the alternative of slavery in New England or a civil war. Yet this shock was certainly what we needed, and there *may* come a saving revolution in public sentiment at once. Of one thing I should think our best people must have become convinced at last, that there can be no union between slavery and freedom, and that dissolution of a *so-called* "Union," which bears such fruits as these, is the pressing necessity of the time. What a moment for finding a "North" united, earnest, and free.

TO R. H. MANNING.

July, 1854

Tell Mrs. M—— that I was utterly unable, in the terrible excitement of that Friday in Boston, to get away from Court Square until so late, that the hour and my own exhausted condition made it impossible to call on her. . . . I send you a sermon about that "Bad Friday." Our faith in the old Bay State is receiving the severest shock it ever felt. I do not know what is to come of the miserable party-

spirit and indifference which are thwarting every effort to unite the people here to defend State rights and liberties. We can only hope for the best; knowing that the end *must* be good, whatever comes between.

TO THEODORE PARKER.

September 20, 1854.

Understand me: my object is not to preach for you, but to have you preach for me. . . . For the sake of having you at Lynn I had even made up my mind to inflict myself on the Music Hall-ers; now, that consideration being gone, I infinitely prefer that somebody else should fill your place.

TO S. L.

January, 1855.

As to the Lectures [on Oriental Religions] can you get enough tickets taken to save them from becoming a kind of private or parlor readings, a thing whereof my native modesty has an invincible horror? Do you know anything about the Lectures? Have you heard the testimony of any competent person who has listened to them? I don't ask in order to make up my own mind about them of course, but in order that you and your friends may not be deceived, getting something very different from what you expected.

[A pedestrian tour was made through the Berkshire hills in August.]

I walked about three hundred miles, and found, especially in the southwest corner of Massachusetts, some of the finest scenery I ever saw. Hitchcock's Geological Report had prepared me for something wonderful, but the Bash Bish gorge and the Taghkanic Mountain, or "Dome," were beyond all expectation.

Have you read Kingsley's little sea-shore book? [*Glau-
cus*.] How charming it is; worth fifty barbarian extravagances like *Amyas Leigh*, I think.

I am rather interested just now in the controversy going on in Germany between Baur, Hilgenfeld, and Hase. The

Tübingen School are getting a new chance to explain themselves.

October 18, 1855.

I have delayed writing for two reasons: first, sickness for two or three weeks past, in fact almost ever since I got back from my journey in August; and, second, because I was hoping something would turn up to enable me to go with you to Niagara in October. But a fatality seems to forbid.

MONTPELIER, VT., July, 1856.

I have only the smallest possible India-rubber-cloth bag strapped over my shoulder, a folded umbrella in it. I am doing gloriously in the grandest scenery, with some rough work, to be sure, but going at the rate of some eighteen to twenty-four miles a day; — not hurrying, but sauntering along, stopping under trees and at farm-houses, taking sun and shower as they come, and finding all things good, only wishing you were with me. If you could be at Caldwell on Saturday, and go back with me, and so to Willoughby, I should indeed rejoice.

May 7, 1857.

How have I failed of writing? Simply because I have been miserably unwell this whole spring, have written to nobody, and done nothing but mope through the absolutely necessary tasks. . . . Remember that thou also hast a liver, that bile is a demon, and consider that if friendly charity doth not mightily widen her folds by reason of it, we are of all men most miserable. I have read nothing, as I have written nothing, and am just beginning to stir, these fine spring days. I have had to put aside invitations to lecture, and spend my time in the wretched business of taking care of myself. But I hope better things now.

And so your chapel is to be! This is the second good word that has come this early May-time. The other is Wasson's call to Worcester. . . . I must tell you of T. T. Stone's magnificent Lectures on English Literature we are

hearing in Salem. He takes the tale, the drama, the allegory, the essay, the song, the sermon, traces them through all their forms back to the religious sentiment, and views them as *spiritualities*, forms of the Divine in man. Think what a theme, and how Stone would treat it, and add an intelligibility for the common mind you would not expect! They are wonderful for deep, mystical philosophy and critical analysis alike, full of sweetness and holiness, and hold you upon heights of vision from the beginning to the end. They are the most completely original, suggestive, and fascinating, I ever heard. Tell M—— and the others that this is *the* course of lectures to be listened to by all thoughtful persons in the land. Let this be the first series in the Chapel.

January 6, 1858.

Did but the "hard times" permit! We seem to be getting over the immediate panic better than was expected. We are recovering too fast, I fear, to learn the lesson. But when the extended notes fall due doubtless there will be another crash. With all the trouble, how grand it is to see the complexity of business unraveled so and its secrets laid bare, and its conceit taken out of it, and the *honest* man proved the wiser and the indispensable man! . . . How much comfort you will take in that same humble manager [the New Chapel] and to have escaped the bleak wastes of the Athenæum, where you were lost, and to gather your flock under your eye and hand. I long to find my way there. They tell me in Lynn that the Free Church would grow more, if we had a more commodious hall. I have often thought of the Brooklyn Athenæum, and said, "Is a boy likely to grow faster for wearing man's clothes?" Doubtless a better hall would give an air of "respectability" which a Free Church lacks (of itself) in the eye of the public generally. Foregleams of such a migration occasionally shoot across the day and may come to something.

Are you not glad to see the new Monthly — the *Atlantic*? The first number disappointed me in respect of earnestness

and scholarship. But I think we may expect the best things from the way the work goes on. The grand position it has taken *politically* will secure it the upward track in every form of literature. What a step to put itself free from toadyism to slavery! Emerson's pieces and the article on Carlyle almost promise that we are to have "the Dial with a beard." [This was Theodore Parker's characterization of the *Massachusetts Quarterly*.]

I have been reading Agassiz's *Contributions*. He seems to be laying foundations for an immense structure. And, to judge from the introductory chapters on the grand general relations of animals and their classification, we are to have a complete system of natural history developed. There is a perfectly encyclopedic experience hinted and etched out in these chapters. Whether the point he elaborates is worth the pains is a question, I think. It will take more than Agassiz to prove that *our* classifications are God's actual thinking, rather than man's conception of the universe. This anthropomorphism, I confess, shocks me. I like my old Brahmins better who only said, *God is*. As I don't believe that God talks Hebrew, or sent Cotton Mather's "special Providences," so I don't believe He thinks genera and species *as we do*. Probably we shall find out how things stand in "God's mind" when the lesser circle contains the greater. But Agassiz's purpose is good if his metaphysics are shallow. And his proofs that animal life could not have sprung from physical causes, in the ordinary sense, are full of fine suggestions.

You must read [O. B. Frothingham's] review of Baur's works, in the last *Christian Examiner*. It is a fine statement; but why "*hope* that the school may not triumph"? I find my study of Baur has given me no such anxieties. Nor do I understand how, after so fair and impressive an exposition of Baur's historical criticism, he can lament that it does not recognize the personal influence and character of Jesus. But, as a statement of the position of the Tübing-

gen school, it is admirable. And to see it in the *Examiner* is surely a hopeful sign.

Have you done anything toward preparing to improve the *Book of Hymns*? I have not directly, but am continually on the point of setting about it. Nothing but want of leisure prevents. Do you find it still represents *your* theological stand-point? I shudder to say that there are almost a half hundred hymns in that book which my tongue refuses to utter. The hymns about Jesus, especially, look weaker and thinner every year. Still, on the whole, I think it the best groundwork for the coming Hymn-Book.

In February he sends a hymn, for the dedication of New Chapel, —

“To Light that shines in stars and souls,
To Law that rounds the world with calm.”

I think you do well to conduct the services at the Dedication yourself. I like the simplicity and self-reliance of the method. It has a sturdy look as if you meant the movement should go on its own feet, and live by its own worth. . . . You may set me down for April 1st, though it be Fool's-day; and the lecture on Beauty you shall have, though it look a little musty.

April 12, 1858.

I passed a sufficiently uncomfortable night on board the boat. I don't know whether anything less than the kindness and hospitality of so many friends in New York and Brooklyn, and the pleasure of being with you once a year at least, would induce me to pay such a price as this atrocious steaming and carrying to Gotham and back. However it always does me great good to make such a visit. We suburbans of the Massachusetts Bay get a sense of expansion through the great business life of New York; and what is better still, *lose ourselves* in the flood of human existence that sweeps through the monstrous Broadway artery.* Anything that will help one lose himself in an im-

measurable unknown is of infinite service. Intellectual and moral radicalism, to be sure, is comparatively wanting there; and, so far as the masses are concerned, you feel that you are to begin some ways back to prepare them for your best thought, and put them into a position where they can learn to think and act freely. But then, on the other hand, it does one good to *escape* this fever of thought, this tremendous drain on the moral consciousness and the power of aspiration; this immense logical requirement of the moral idea, when so fully comprehended as it is here, — even though one falls into the current of another fever, even the *business* fever.

April 12, 1858.

I don't know whether I told you how very much I enjoyed preaching in Brooklyn; the whole tone and surrounding, the spirit I saw in the people, and the promise, the whole aspect of things gave, that you had fairly started on the work that fairly belongs to you, and in which you will effect what is so much needed — the putting of the *religious sentiment* into the free thought that is starting up with prodigious energy.

I heard a good thing of Emerson. He and Parker were together at a party, when D — came up, and, ignoring Parker, addressed himself to Emerson. When he turned away, Emerson broke out, — “One might conceive of ignoring the Boston ministers generally, but to ignore one of the *Lord's officials!*” Have you seen Parker on the Revivals?

September 24, 1858.

I was entirely content with the good people of the Province [Nova Scotia], with whom I found myself perfectly at home in farm-houses, wayside inns, academical and private cabinets, etc. I spent many weeks clambering about the cliffs of the Basin of Minas, tracking wonderful ranges of bluffs, carved and weather-colored and ripple-marked and heaved aloft and broken down in all mysterious ways;

pounding rocks for fossils and poking fissures and air-bubbles of venerable lavas to find minerals ; yachting in great waters of sixty feet tide, where the spirits in the air and under the keel were more shifty and wizard than those the Ancient Mariner had to encounter ; groping about in mines two hundred feet under ground ; and marveling greatly at the exposures of the old coal formation no less than three miles in thickness, telling the geological of such a lapse of time as suggests the old Buddhists who counted by *Kalpas* instead of years. Altogether Nova Scotia is a wonderful region, with any amount of capacity for wild adventure and search for beauty. Grand Prè is lovely, with its pleasant round knolls and broad green meadows, rimmed in by the old dikes from the monstrous tides, and waving with noble harvests as for a hundred years. Here are old French cellars, orchards, roads ; but the families are all gone, and there seems to be very little sympathy for them among the people. I think these Nova Scotians have the freest government in the world, though scarcely able to appreciate their advantages ; no public schools, only one railroad, and a deal of theological bigotry, which stands in the way of education. But no stock could be fuller of the love of liberty ; and no race of better behavior or more plain and contented habits. They love England, and are wise enough not to believe in Annexation to American Manifest Destiny.

October 26, 1858.

DEAR S., — I have just preached a sermon at Parker's which —, with best intentions doubtless, intends, wholly against my wishes of course, to report for the *Christian Inquirer*. You see at once the peril. It is n't a pleasant prospect to be interpreted to the public by —. Can't you at least see that I am not made to say anything very absurd ? My sermon was theologically radical, as you may suppose, being an attempt to state the foundations of religious faith ; laying them in the spiritual constitution of

man, rather than in the Bible, the official Jesus, or the Creeds; and affirming that, by the very conditions of historical growth, this age could see more of the meaning of the grand truths of Christianity than Jesus himself. But I, of course, didn't make any such foolish statement as that Swedenborg had more inspiration than Jesus, which was ——'s coarse impression, as he informed me.

December, 1858.

The sermon [at the Unitarian Convention] was a feeble attempt to put together the official Jesus, as fullness of God made flesh, with the historical idea of Christianity as a natural growth, a link in the chain of human development; an attempt wherein, of course the genuine force of both doctrines was utterly whiffled away.

Have you read Wasson's noble article on Sacrifice in the *Christian Examiner*; and the "All's Well" in the *Atlantic*? I hardly know where we shall find anything so jubilant and altogether adequate as this last. It is like the finest things in Vaughan and Herbert, only on a higher plane.

I am reading [Carlyle's] *Frederic*. Refreshingly earnest, of course; severe often to the point of sublimity; inconceivably worked out to the minutest details of fact; petulant, savage often; unmerciful as usual to the weak; with all the faults and all the splendors and all the noblenesses of Carlyle. To offset that, I have been hearing five lectures from Emerson. "Self-possession" is especially fine. You should get him to give you that in Brooklyn.

My reading is miscellaneous just now: Renan's *Langues Semitiques*, Livingstone's *Africa*, Koeppen's *Buddha*, Jewish Literature, *Life of J. Q. Adams*, etc. Free Church about as usual; a little pushed for funds, many disposed to let a few pay more than their share, the usual difficul-

ties which beset a free church. Still I think they will weather the hard times; and they are kind, tolerant, and appreciative as ever.

February 28, 1859.

Wasson is better. Good news from Parker, too; I hope significant of real restoration. He has stood the severe sea-sickness so well that he is in as good way as when he left New York.

I lectured at Concord last week and had a charming time, seeing Emerson, Sanborn, Thoreau, Mr. Ripley, etc. Also at Parker's on the Sunday subsequent, where there is no diminution of interest in continuing the services since his departure. Think of the absurdity, however of ——'s [an evangelical Unitarian] going there and pretending that it was a great piece of bravery and liberality in him!

June 1, 1859.

I can't tell you how sorry I was to be obliged to refuse going to Brooklyn for you [on exchange]. . . . Whom do you think appeared on Saturday night at Lynn, and whom do you suppose you would have had to introduce, as I did, to a meeting in Sagamore Hall, had you been in my place, — but old Osawatomie Brown of Kansas, who was there to tell his story of that noble exodus of slaves which he carried through in triumph last winter. He is a genuine old Revolutionist, and believes with all his soul and all his *life* that slavery has no rights upon the earth. There seems to be not a tinge of revenge, and anything but a disposition to shed blood, in this old warrior, though he has terribly suffered from slavery, one son being murdered by the border-ruffians and another driven mad from cruelties inflicted by them. He says he has a *call* to kindle a fire in their rear in Missouri itself; and the terror he inspires may be judged from the fact that a price of three thousand dollars is set on his head by Missouri, and two hundred and fifty dollars by Buchanan. Methods differ, but such self-

sacrifice and practical devotion to the slave is exceedingly refreshing in these days. He is after aid in carrying on his plans of delivering the slaves.

October 17, 1859.

"When, oh when, shall we draw near" to each other to the fulfillment of the cherished purpose of perfecting the hymn-book? I write now to ask if you can send me five of your vesper-books. Do not flatter yourself that you have made a convert to your celestial methods of "Art devoted to Religion," or that little bare Sagamore Hall is about trying to vie with New Chapel in æsthetic things. I only want the book for the chants, which I desire my choir to have the benefit of.

Try the Vespers and do what you can with them. While you lead them I do not fear the coming in of pyx and chasuble. I recognize all that charms you, and know you will not let it degenerate into formalism. I especially recognize the need of nobler, purer music in our religious service, of everything which can broaden, refine, yes, *exhilarate* the religious sentiment.

All this work at last told upon Johnson's constitution, never quite robust. Something more was needed of rest and restoration than the summer vacations and tours afforded. I was fortunate enough to persuade him to accompany me on a trip to Europe, on which I was setting out. As he felt the need of at least a year's absence from his work, he thought right to offer his resignation in the following letter:—

TO THE CONGREGATION OF THE FREE CHURCH.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 9, 1860.

DEAR FRIENDS,—It was with great sorrow that I felt compelled, a short time since, to seek a respite from my labors in Lynn. Finding, as I did in these labors, the high-

est happiness of my life, I could not easily bring myself to accept the necessity for even a brief intermission of them. For eight years I have been your minister, speaking to you as unreservedly as to my own soul of the great concerns of piety, knowledge, and love, according to the measure of my progress therein from week to week, and from year to year. With your families I have formed ties of sympathy which cannot be broken, and which have helped me in my spiritual and moral needs more than I can tell. You have ever accorded to my words such earnest and thoughtful attention as is rarely found even in our New England congregations. Through many discouragements you have maintained a free pulpit, wherein all thought which promised well for humanity has received a cordial welcome; you have been willing to hear and prove all things; in large degree also, I think, sought to hold fast what is good. To me your kind hospitalities have been incessant, and all my deficiencies have been affectionately covered by your recognition of the great principles of love and liberty which we were set to maintain. . . .

But though gaining strength I am more and more convinced that I now need a much longer period than I had supposed, certainly not less than six or eight months, of entire freedom from my charge.

I wish you to understand that while I do not seek to dissolve my connection with a body of men and women so fully answering to *my* needs and aims, I would have you feel at perfect liberty, under these circumstances, to avail yourselves permanently of any services which you may judge suited to your own.

You will understand, I am sure, that this step is not taken without great reluctance, and that it proceeds only from a well-considered sense of duty to you and to myself. For it is surely a time when no man, who holds in trust the principles of civil, political, and religious liberty has a right to be off his post of influence, while he has power to

hold it. Who shall dare be silent even for a day, while the nation is persecuting its prophets, and sending its saints to the scaffold, while the public conscience seems to be drugged and stifled almost beyond rousing, and to look with a kind of vacant unconcern upon insidious processes by which the national legislature is being turned into a court of inquisitorial powers, and the national judiciary into mere machinery for the swift destruction of inalienable liberties! I have much more to say of these things, whereof I have already said so much.

November 26, 1860.

The Free Church people were rather taken by surprise, but retained sufficient presence of mind to pass very kind and regretful resolutions, accepting my resignation, and trusting to my return among them. Parker is actually coming home in a month. I fear the consequences to him; I fear also that it indicates his health to be unimproved.

VII.

In the early summer of 1860, we took passage for Liverpool. After a few days in that city and in London we ran over to the Isle of Wight, spending a week in walking through that charming epitome of English rural scenery. Then hastening through Paris to Switzerland, we spent two months there, half in foot-travel. We got our first exciting vision of the snow mountains, after two or three days' waiting, from the Engé, just outside of Bern. There, beyond the nearer hills and against the far sky, as the reluctant mists lifted, we saw the marvelous reach of the Bernese Alps; peak after peak moulded, as it seemed, of some celestial substance of dazzling glory and soft blue shadow; in the centre the Jungfrau, lifted like the

“great white throne” of the Apocalypse. Toward those hills we set out in the morning, and at evening saw them flush into a passionate glow and then fade into a pallor “beyond death” my companion said. A month’s foot-travel followed through the changing grandeur and beauty, whiteness and verdure, of that wonderful land, where all possible charms of nature are concentrated. We walked, I remember, with easy independence, now one far ahead and now the other, as we stopped, now to sketch — Johnson’s sketches, though unskilled, always caught the characteristic forms — now to ask “how far” of some short brown-coated peasant, or to return the greeting of some brown-faced boy lifting his hat, or to buy berries or Alp-roses of some sweet demure-faced little girl; or to throw ourselves tired upon the turf, till roused by the organ-like-echoes of an Alp-horn. The month of October we spent at Glion, high up above Montreux, on the shores of the Lake of Geneva, — so pleasantly pictured in Matthew Arnold’s *Obermann Once More*. There we stayed, — intercalating a trip to Chamounix, where I had the delight, waking early one morning, to see from my window, in the gray half-dawn, the morning-star lingering above the “awful front” of Mont Blanc — till the maples turned to gold, and the grapes to purple, and the autumn mists began to warn us toward Italy. Going by Nismes and Marseilles to Nice, we spent there a month. There, shut into the house by constant rains, we set to work upon arranging our materials for the *Hymns of the Spirit*, which we thought it was high time should replace the out-grown *Book of Hymns*, and which was published after our return, in 1864. There, in a damp chamber of the “Pension Besson,”

Johnson wrote the hymns, "City of God how broad and far" (637); "The Will divine that woke a waiting time" (657); and, I think, "Life of Ages, richly poured" (633), which last it seems to me must take the place in the new church which Toplady's "Rock of Ages" holds in the old. The winter we passed in Florence, taking rooms in the Casa Pini, far down the Lung' Arno. *Romola* was not then written, but all the places mentioned in it became very familiar to our feet. Many hours, of course, were spent in the galleries of the Uffizii, the Pitti and Academia. Andrea del Sarto with his fine *human* quality, and Fra Angelico with his seraphic sweetness, grew very attractive to us; and Masaccio at the Carmine. I remember a very delicate criticism of Johnson's upon a "Last Supper" of Andrea's in an old convent outside of the city. He saw that the painter had made Jesus, in that moment of desolation, involuntarily put his hand upon that of the beloved disciple who was next to him, — a fine touch of human feeling.

We visited the studios of the American sculptors then living in Florence — Powers, Hart, and Jackson. We looked up at Casa Guidi windows. We "watched the sunsets from the Arno bridges" far over the jasper and wine-purple hills. We learned to love the sober beauty of the Cathedral's nave, and the jeweled windows of its choir, where in the shadow behind the altar stands Buonarrotti's wonderful group of grief. Pleasant in our ears was the perpetual musical jangle of the convent bells, varied now and then by the "solemn roar" of the Misericordia. We took long rambles to Fiesole, to Bellosguardo, to Galileo's tower, and Monte Oliveto. We saw from the cypresses of the Boboli Gardens the "bright vig-

nettes of tower and Duomo sunny sweet": and gathered there ivies to plant on Theodore Parker's grave in the little Protestant Cemetery. Spring came, the great purple and red anemones bloomed in those gardens, and the primroses in the Cascine. And then we parted; I to go south to Rome and Naples, he to return homeward through Germany.

TO HIS SISTER K.

BERN, August 7, 1860.

I must take you with me to the Isle of Wight and on a delightful walk of a week among the villages and the downs of that most lovely and quiet region. As it is but about twenty miles long by nine or ten broad, the tour of it is easily made in that pleasant way of short walks and leisurely rests, which is the charm of traveling, without permitting any uncomfortable feeling of slow progress. One gets on quite as fast as he wishes to the end of his little island circuit, and at every few miles is a pleasant old church in the Norman or the early English style, with its low tower, its simple roof, its slender windows and round arches, all clothed with ivy and flowers as with a garment of immortal life, and its old monuments within and without written in stone and in story. Close by, a rectory embosomed in trees and gardens, and always a pretty specimen of old-fashioned building lovingly preserved; then around this the narrow village streets, with uneven lines of gables, thatched eaves, overlapping stories, bay-windows, lattices bright with flowers, all running in and out in all possible directions; with children playing everywhere under the great trees, always respectful in their behavior, and scarcely ever showing signs of destitution even in the poorest parts of the island; then on the nearest hill is usually a manorial castle or mansion, with its park and well-tilled grounds, occupied not generally by noblemen, but by gentlemen of property, who have purchased the old feudal seat and rent the land

around to independent peasantry. We skirted the shore of the island from Ryde south, and then went to Freshwater Bay, then struck into the interior to Newport the capital town, then north to Cowes, and so back to Southampton. I can only give you a running sketch. Friday, the 20th July, we left Southampton on the steamer, and reached Ryde after a little shower, under a clear sky, and in a fine breezy air. We went up the long half-mile pier into the neat white town, past pleasant balconies of flowery terraces, and walked straight out to Binstead, through the hedgerows, to visit a quarry, for geological purposes. The Isle of Wight is very interesting geologically, showing a succession of recent tertiary deposits lying upon the earlier series of the chalk and wealden, all which, by means of prodigious inundations in remote ages, have been laid bare along the shores in enormous cliffs. The great chalk downs rise in domes along these shores; and across the middle of the island, on either side, are later formations leaning against them, as it were, they having been thrown up with the underlying wealden strata by some huge upheaval, parting the strata above them. At nightfall we reached Brading, a narrow street of very old and rather dismal looking houses, whose leaning doors and rambling windows did not seem very inviting; but the "Bugle" turned out a very nice little inn after all. I wish you could have seen my chamber up in the eaves. There was no better in the house; it was neat as the best New England parlor, tiny as a bird's-nest, with two lattices about two feet square, a white bed with nice curtains filling nearly half of it up to the low ceiling (across which ran an old-fashioned beam), one or two queer little chairs, and a clean brown floor. Here I passed a good night, and next morning, although the clouds threatened, we sallied out to look at the old church. It is the oldest perhaps on the island, being that in which Christianity was first preached in the island, about a thousand years ago! Much of the earliest work remains in it. Here

we saw the monuments of the Oglander family of the time of the English Revolution, placed in shrines, which filled up the whole corner of the church. The stout knights, cut in wood, lay in full armor leaning on their elbows upon the tombstones, and had a very grotesque look. The old windows had been replaced in many parts of the church by flat-headed lights of later style, and we could see how century after century the needs of modern faith and form had gradually introduced more and more light into the dark places. This was the curacy of Richmond, author of *The Dairyman's Daughter*, a story in great repute among the evangelical peasantry, and which has gained a wide celebrity. Here he devoted himself to the improvement of a rough, uneducated people, and wrote many descriptions of the scenery and manners of the Isle of Wight. As soon as the weather allowed, we mounted the hills and crossed to Culver Cliff, a great white chalk precipice, looking out to sea. To reach it we passed along a dizzy verge, over which the shore looked dwarfed, and the lazy roll of the waves below was scarcely audible. The harebells and a profusion of other brilliant flowers covered the rich green slopes on one side of us, while the monstrous chasm yawned on the other. The air was cool and refreshing, and it was grand to look far off to sea, beyond the white headlands, and watch the vessels come and go along the horizon. We went down to the shore by a steep path, and I sought the wonderful chalk fossils I had so often longed for, though without the success I had expected, the rock requiring heavier blows than my small hammer could give. But I obtained a few pretty specimens, and we went along the shore, observing the junction of the chalk with the later strata of sandstones, and the exquisite colors of the different layers, warmed and softened past the power of painter to render or tongue to describe. Then up the cliffs again to Sandown, and on to Shanklin in a rain. Here we seemed to have fallen from fortune's favor at once. We reached

the town in a rain late in the evening and had no choice of hotels; the only rooms we could get were above the eaves and could not be ventilated; the sole window of one was in the roof above and opened by pulling a string, and that of the other had no string and opened on a mass of black wet roofs. Next morning we came down quite discontented, but were thrown into raptures at finding ourselves in a lovely breakfast room, opening out by a bay-window into a great garden lawn covered with trees and flowers and overhung by woody steeps, all glowing in the splendor of sunshine. That beautiful Sunday morning we shall never forget. Shanklin is our ideal of an English village, which, after the half dozen rhapsodies I have indulged in upon the subject in this and my letter to A., I must leave you to imagine for yourself. The Sunday quiet here was specially delightful, as we went along between the ivy, holly, and hawthorn hedges, looking over at the bowers and sunny arcades of honeysuckle, convolvulus, and all other flowers that love to twine about cottage houses. We wanted at every moment to carry away some image of the loveliness we saw, and put something of this quiet simple good taste and lowly grace into our New England villages, where people have not yet learned to be satisfied with a little space, and to fill it well, by making the most of natural means and opportunities. We climbed the downs above. They looked over the village embowered in trees, and the great bay sweeping inwards in perfect curve from the Culver Cliff white in the distance; the many colored lines of stratification showing plainly along the precipices and telling by their inclinations on either side the story of the earthquake-like convulsion which had heaved up their quiet sediments from the depths of ancient seas. We saw what an enormous mountain of chalk had been swept away by ages of fluvial and tidal motion. All up the rich hill-sides white cottages and red roofs peeped out from clumps of old trees, and amidst them brown spires and towers of churches.

At Bonchurch, the next village, we visited Sterling's grave. The poet's monument is only a plain stone marked *John Sterling*, with date and age, not a flower, not a shrub even, not a leaf, which lovers of his sweet *Hymns of a Hermit* can pluck for a memorial. Bonchurch is in a cleft of rock, precipices above and below. Here between the showers, which lasted in close succession for nearly two days, I managed to climb the steep stairs and paths cut in the solid stone and geologize a little in the chalk above, and obtained for my pains some very good ammonites and so forth. My room at the cheerful inn overlooked the sea like a watch-tower, and I could note every white-capped surge that went chasing the others over the green water under mists and low driving clouds, slowly and wearily all the day long; and there I wrote home and so made the rainy time a delight. At midnight, I awoke and went to the window, I know not why; the sky had cleared at last, and the planet of the morn was shining large and still over the smoothened water, and took my thoughts away across the far broader seas to you all at home. The deep quiet and the pleasant surprise fixed the whole scene deeply, and I think of it as one of those near visions we occasionally get when barriers of space and time seem almost moved away out of our path by His tenderness who keeps us all, whether apart or near.

As I went up out of Bonchurch next morning towards Ventnor, I could not help being reminded of the Oriental Petra, shut as it is in a cleft of rock, and traversed by flights of narrow steep stairs in the sides thereof; only Petra is desolate, and this is all alive with beauty and human happiness. From the downs above, the French coast was visible. The great rock bastion of the Undercliff stretched its craggy front, crowned with woods and cultivated lands and grassy slopes, continuously for miles over against the opposite shore, and forced on us its fine symbolism. How grand is England's position among the less

emancipated nations! May she stand as firm and calm as these her rocks in these political storms. Passing out from the Undercliff the road led us through low downs, over which we plodded a somewhat weary way, once losing the path and wandering off to a pleasant farm-house among the hills that gave us shelter from a sudden shower, until, after looking into the tiniest church in England, — St. Lawrence's, originally only 20 feet long by 8 wide and 12 high, — we reached Niton at sundown, to be refreshed at a good inn, and hear the organ, that chanced to be playing as we passed, in the time-stained, age-worn church. We had a pleasant talk with the organist, a plain farmer's boy, and got him to play to us. We found, too, a hymn-book we had never seen (!!) in which were several grand new hymns for our collection. The boys in these villages took off their caps to the strangers as we passed, little knowing what pleasure their simple good manners give to pilgrims in a strange land.

Next morning up the great St. Catherine's Down, the loftiest of all, and, oh! what a glorious breeze, and what luxuriance of delicate flowers, and what views off to sea, and what views down the valleys, over village and streamlet and chine, and what sweeps upward and downward of perfect green! I gathered dozens of varieties of flowers I never saw before from this noble hill, that white day we walked over it. We lingered on the top breathing the fresh morning airs, and looking at the old tower set up on the summit by good Walter de Godeton in the fourteenth century, in the windows of which he commanded that a light should be kept burning by a priest, whose work it was to see that no mariners should be shipwrecked on that rough coast for lack of kindly warning. The sod was elastic under our feet; the sheep were feeding along the uplands; the deep green gorse gave richer color to the landscape, with its great domes and clumps scattered all around, than any grass or foliage of midsummer; timid hares darted into

its shelter at my feet ; the steep cliffs and white crags fronted the sea below ; hill-masses and valley-mazes alternated in light and shadow far inland ; the sky was clear overhead. How could it not be the best of days, the very life-spring of strength and joy for us ! That was the first shining hour in our Isle of Wight journey ; — the second you shall learn anon.

In the afternoon came the rain again, faithfully following us day by day. Through the dull, leaden, dripping weather we walked, first over dizzy precipices to the coast-guard station at Atherfield Point, where the Government keep a force to prevent smuggling, and where we dined at a cottage perched like John o' Groat's house on the bold headland, and then over breezy moors, among stunted trees and furze, till, just as the spirit and flesh alike were giving out, the sun sent a great shaft of glory through a rift, a pretty bridge under elms and a pleasant cottage appeared, and we came suddenly amidst delicious bird songs, that must have been from the throats of nightingales, into the street of a village, which only Shanklin could equal in beauty. The organ was pealing from the old church, as before at Niton, and looking into and around the low venerable tower, we saw that an exquisite taste had preserved all that was precious in the ancient structure and brought in every modern improvement for comfort and pious feelings' sake that was in keeping therewith. A rectory, absolutely buried in flowers and elms, nestled close by. It was the home, two centuries ago, of Bishop Ken, the author of the beautiful hymns, "Glory to thee, my God, this night," and "Awake my soul and with the sun." Exiled from his bishopric of Winchester, he retired to this secluded parish of Brightstone, and devoted himself to the care of the rustic community, till recalled to his larger sphere, leaving to the spot the undying fragrance of a "sweet and virtuous soul." Here, too, Wilberforce spent his closing years, and so the glory of the great emancipation

rests also upon this little nook. Our inn here was a perfect idyl. It opened by a casement upon a pretty garden, seen through woodbine tracery, and a side wall covered with a prairie rose, white with blooms, and then past these a row of elms and deep foliage. In the evening we heard the young men in the yard, who had been busy at skittles, singing "Annie Laurie," and other simple ballads, and in the morning took breakfast in a garden bower. *That morning opened the second white day.* First, we sketched the old church, and it was fortunate we did so, as no picture of it was to be obtained afterwards. Hearing the sound of little voices, I followed them, and came upon a picturesque school-house, built in old Gothic style, with thatched porches, where the children were singing a morning hymn. Under the elms and in the village quiet, there was something very touching in the sound of the well-trained voices of these hundred little boys and girls. Long-fellow had meantime gone in before I arrived, and seen the teacher and listened to some of the exercises, and came away greatly pleased with the whole. Next up the height to the *Motestone*, a great upright rock, upon a summit commanding a view over the interior of the island, where the Saxons used to hold their *gemote*, or public meetings, to deliberate on peace and war, murmuring dissent or clashing their shields in token of approval. Around this old stone grew up the germs of English Parliament and New England town meeting. We followed along the ridge of the down, went below to the shore at Brook to see the fossil forest of lignite trunks, failing therein by reason of the height of the tide, then up again through Compton Chine across Afton Down to Freshwater Bay, a few houses under a noble chalk cliff, where a fortress stands on the very extreme verge of the island southwestward, and the cannon of England are pointed across the Channel. But it was something more than cliffs or fortress or beautiful bay that made our hearts leap at the sight of the spot. Just behind

it, in the woody recess, is Faringford Manor, the house of Tennyson. Here the shy poet laureate has withdrawn to the very verge of human society to study and dream and write his magnificent poems.

“Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless-order'd garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

“For groves of pine on either hand,
To break the blast of winter, stand;
And further on, the hoary Channel
Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand.”

Read this invitation of his to Maurice to come and visit him. It will give you a perfect idea of the seclusion of the place. He sees very few people; and though, as a chatty old man who lives close by told us, a great many people come to look at him, very few of them can catch a sight of the hermit. Of course we tried our luck in that way, being both of us as devout admirers, probably, of the *In Memoriam* and *Idyls of the King*, as could be discovered anywhere. We walked through the deep pine groves (“careless-order’d” they were indeed), only catching a glimpse of the old house through a dim opening, high walls and thickets hiding it on every side. I was just attempting to sketch the roof and a window or two, that rose above the trees from near the end of the narrow dark lane by which the nearest approach is to be gained, when voices sounded close by. Intruders as we were, we felt a little ashamed, in all our longing to see him, at being caught in this apparently private lane, and hardly dared look up as two men passed by. The glance of an instant told me that one of them was he: above the middle size, with rather round shoulders and a little stoop, a large nose, full and peaked beard, old, low, broad-brimmed black felt hat slouched over his face, long, thin, dark features, and spectacles. He looked up as he passed us in a sort of half

surprise, as it seemed very natural, at the sight of two brown-linen, bloused interlopers in his lane, in a manner that a little reminded me of Freeman Clarke, and instantly withdrew his eyes to the ground. He was in conversation with a common-looking person, and we heard a few words about some business matter or other. He passed by, and of course we had then nothing to do but betake ourselves out of the lane, and go home again in our great content. So we followed them down the shady lane towards the gate, supposing they would go out. But lo! they stopped, and, with hand upon the gate, he was just taking leave of his companion as we approached. The poor trespassers were caught indeed, and for a minute dared not go forward; they must actually be shown out of his grounds by the poet himself! But there was nothing for them but to brave it out; so they hurried by him, just stealing another instant's look and hearing him say last words to his visitor. That was the *second* golden hour of the Isle of Wight journey. . . . At Newport on Sunday evening we heard part of a noble sermon which much refreshed us, especially as coming from a Church of England clergyman, my own experience, as well as L.'s, having been without exception unpleasant in that direction, as respects preachers and preaching. . . . All I have learned about America, in Swiss or English papers, is that Heenan has arrived, that the Great Eastern is to sail in a week, and that Betty Barlow has run away from her husband! This last in a Swiss daily.

TO HIS SISTER K.

NICE, November 26, 1860.

“Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blühen,
Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-Orangen glühen,
Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht,
Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht?”

Here in these latter days of November I walk amid roses and hear the song of birds. Gold oranges actually glimmer through dark foliage, and soft winds blow shorewards from the blue Mediterranean up the conch-like sweep of this beautiful bay. The peasants are shaking the ripe fruit from the olive groves that cover the hills and nestle in the plashing coves. Agaves lift their tall candelabra full of ripened seeds, and cactus blooms are shooting from uncouth stems; and we go up the winding avenue between stately cypress-glooms and among the bristling spears of palms to the noble terrace of what was once the Castle of Nice, and look over the round basin of groves and gardens and white villas stretching out to a circling band of bare, pointed hills, which protect the little city from the winds of the Maritime Alps. . . . I don't believe that any sky can surpass in softness and mystery that which I saw last Sunday afternoon from the Roman ruins of Cimiez above the city. It was pure pellucid space. It was almost spiritual in its transparency; pure color without substance; pure presence without place; it is impossible to find words that will describe it. The sunny clouds lay in it like soft shadows from some far-off forms, immaterial and intangible as space itself. I have often said that I did not believe the Italian sky could ever be softer and purer than that of some of *our* midsummer days; but I think I shall have to take it back, after last Sunday's vision. . . . The broken arches and stone seats [of Cimiez] are sufficiently preserved to give a full idea of the great amphitheatre, built for public games, gladiatorial and other. Tall cane-grass rustles, and

melancholy olives spread their straggling boughs and starved foliage over and around the deep arches that once echoed with the wars and cries of maddened combatants and the plaudits of a savage multitude at the cruel sport. American slavery will leave behind no such indestructible monument of its cruelties to warn future generations. It has in it no such element — I had almost said of dignity — as Roman barbarism had. It builds no grand piles to testify of confidence in itself and in the future. It is the creature of the selfish and sensual desires of the moment. Those old Romans were *builders*, on a gigantic scale; *it* is only a destroyer; its very production curses the soil. The Romans left literature, codes of law, magnificent roads, enormous structures; *it* will live in history only to make men wonder that a thing so mean and cowardly could have been endured a day. It is worth while to think of these differences just now, when the signs of its destruction seem to be looming up fast. We have just read in the English papers the account of the elections in America. Of course we are overjoyed at the result [the election of Abraham Lincoln], and thought of illuminating our little upper chamber. Perhaps it would be wise to wait and see what the victors mean to do. But whatever they mean to do, the victory has a value beyond their purpose and their doings. I see that South Carolina threatens to secede. I hope she will be permitted and even urged so to do. Nothing could do so much toward transferring the agitation where it will have to come soon, — into the heart of slavery. The year that sees secession sees slavery abolished. . . .

I am glad that you have read and enjoyed *Sartor Resartus*. It is full of earnestness and power; and in its quaint way describes experiences and phases of spiritual growth in which all thinking persons will recognize much of their own life. And what a noble book Fichte's *Destination of Man* is, putting the grand truths we have the deepest need to believe upon necessary foundations!

FLORENCE, February 20, 1861.

I have been reading Dante in the Italian ; of course, in Florence, that is the one thing that must be done. I grew wearied, however, and the last part, the *Paradiso*, was skimmed over. It is too abstractly theological to interest one much, except as the expression of Dante's own life. The *Inferno* is much more vigorous, and shows what a terrible reality the old Catholic hell was to the men of the thirteenth century, and how they carried their political hates and loves into their thoughts of the invisible world. You know how much I always disliked Italian ; I am now making the best of my enforced exile by trying to learn it, and can read it, on the whole, pretty well. But I quite despair of getting at the power of conversing in it. There are so many queer exclamations and quirky terms in it, and so much is done in the way of conveying meaning by gesture. Shaking the fingers in each other's faces is the ordinary mode of enforcing opinion among the Italians. The French gesticulate a good deal, but they are lambs to these creatures of passion. But you would love to see the country people about Florence. They are very different from the dried-up city folk. The women and children are so fresh, ruddy, and beautiful, with soft dark eyes and pleasant faces, have so much feeling and so much grace, that one does not wonder that this is a land of artists. Sometimes it seems as if every one you meet might have sat for a Madonna or Child, to one of those old painters whose works hang in the Uffizii or the Pitti galleries. The color of Andrea del Sarto's and Raphael's faces does not compare for beauty with this country bloom. It is strange, since this people live in damp houses down in the meadows, with brick or stone floors, below the surface of the ground often, and the exhalations which rise from the soil after sunset are pernicious, at least to a stranger. Then they eat very little meat, and their wine has been for some years past inferior, and the grape harvest very small. The groups sit-

ting at the doors along the wayside, at work, their busy fingers plying the little plaits of straw as swiftly as those of a practiced knitter fly, the clean yellow bundles of the straw glowing beside them, with light plumes in the sun, their pleasant songs mingling with the melting, summer-like atmosphere, while the whole picture lies bright in the setting of the far blue misty hills and the snow mountains peering above them, are altogether as perfectly idyllic as can be conceived. Only to think that this is the Tuscan February ! Theodore Parker's grave is in sight of all this divine beauty of the Val d'Arno. The little Swiss cemetery stands just outside the Pinti gate, its paths set with tall cypresses, and its soft slope gently inclined from the city wall, which is clothed with ivy, towards the mountains. Green Fiesole is in view, with its double summit, and the tall tower of its old church between, and the undulating hills, deepening, as they recede, from amber and warm gray into blue, and then into that mystery of color, for which there is no name ; and beyond, the Apennines, with their grand white crowns, ever softened in winter as in summer by the tender haze, that so steadfastly abides, brooding like a heavenly presence, over the Val d'Arno, and making those stern snows and their ideal purity preachers of the Infinite Love. The cemetery is small and rather crowded, but nothing could be more simple and serene, more free from every form of pride or vain show. The noble brain and heart that worked so faithfully and fearlessly to the last, that were, in fact, the widest passage opened in all this century for theological and moral truth, and practical liberty and justice, to the popular conscience, rest in the shadow of a plain gray stone, marked with his name, and with the place and date of his birth and of his death. A few violets and periwinkles are growing from the earth above them. We shall plant a vine of this brave, warm Tuscan ivy beside the stone. My thoughts of him would not stay by the grave. The voice is silent that is

so needed now, and the eyes that saw in vision, for so many years, the coming on of these days of the final conflict with slavery were closed forever at the moment of their dawning. But I felt more than ever how truly he must be living now in the midst of the scenes he identified with his being and charged with his own proper life. The body, worn out at last with toils for God and man that knew no respite, fell by this quiet wayside, far from the great battle, and fitly rests where this Italian people are achieving political and civil freedom, by peaceful revolution, and calling back their ancient genius for literature and arts. The spirit, that could not faint nor be weary, remains with us. And no one now living is competent to measure its work.

One thing has disappointed us in Italy: we have heard but little fine music, and seen but little fine acting. The best operas do not seem to be performed with success. I am quite sure that Germany is more interesting to one who enjoys music than this land of musical composers. I have a desire to hear the German music in Germany. Though I find so much to enjoy in the scenery of Italy, the Cornice road, the Apennines, and the Val d'Arno, yet I look back to the Swiss mountains with longing, as I always have done since I saw them first. There is no beauty elsewhere like that of those green alps, and those white glaciers, and those tall peaks and battlements above the clouds. The richness of the woods helps much in the Swiss scenery. In Italy this element is almost wanting. The limestone is generally very bare (I am speaking now of the northwestern and central parts of Italy), and the sombre, dull olive is not pleasant to look on. The plains of Lombardy, indeed, are extremely rich, yielding three harvests a year, and splendidly irrigated; but great plains, however fertile, have not the charm of mountain scenery, of course. The really delicious thing in Italy is the atmosphere. Its colors clothe the bare rock with astonishing beauty. I never saw distant mountains

so ethereal, nor clouds so penetrated and melting in pure light. And the intensity of the sunbeams of a clear day, even in January, is such as to change the natural colors of objects into an illumination one could hardly have thought them capable of. The *stone pine* is a grand figure in these worlds of light. Its massive, straight trunk, bare far up into the atmosphere above all other trees, the broad tuft that suddenly starts out of it, and forms a great dome of darkest green, turning almost to black in the distance by contrast, boldly stands out against the sky on the hill-tops or on the low plains. One thinks of the Bible description, "trees of God, planted by rivers of water, whose leaf shall not wither."

TO HIS SISTER A.

FLORENCE, April 10, 1861.

I should like to give you some idea of the Art of Florence, which I have had a good opportunity this winter to study pretty satisfactorily. I should like to tell you of the ages of Florentine architecture; of the grand simplicity of these massive palaces; of the beautiful round-arched cornices that gird them about; of the imposing Palazzo Vecchio Tower, stately and fair, that overhangs the wall beneath it at least six feet; of the charming double windows, with Gothic arches and cusps; of that "mount of marble," the Duomo, so rich and elaborate without, so sombre and simple and sublime within; of Giotto's soaring Campanile, with its fine marble mosaic, its twisted shafts, its gladness, and its grace; of Ghiberti's wonderful bronze doors, that Michael Angelo called the "*Gates of Paradise*," and their borders of flowers and animals, where the birds hover and brood and peck, and the owl hoots, and the snail crawls, and the squirrel listens and chirps and cracks his nut, and the grasses wave, and the roses open to the dew. Such vitality in carving I think was never seen. And I should like to describe to you, if it were possible, which it is not, some of the *pictures*, the select of all the world,

gathered into the Uffizii and Pitti galleries, the churches and the cloisters ; to show you Angelico's angels, with their radiant faces, their uplifted trumpets, their feet hastening, "beautiful on the mountains," to greet their Lord ; and Perugino's tender faces, dissolved in sorrow over the Christ laid in loving arms beneath the cross ; and Andrea del Sarto's beautiful children and manly youths and genuine human prophets and saints, his harmonies of composition, and his colors, surpassed, it seems to me, by none but Titian, if *equaled* by any other. His *Madonna del Sacco* is, of all the "Holy Families" the art of the church has produced, the most truly that with which this age of ages can sympathize : Joseph, reclining on a sack, is reading aloud, while the mother looks forward, rapt in attention, and half unconsciously puts out her arm to check the child, who in the eagerness of his delight, as at a pretty plaything, stretches out his hand to grasp the Book. It is a real family scene, with nothing supernatural or preternatural about it ; *husband* and *wife* devoutly reading in their plain home at evening, with their beautiful, ruddy, boy-like boy at their knees. And such an atmosphere of holy repose and love brooding over the scene ! There is but one "Holy Family" I know of that seems to me greater, and that in only one portion. I mean Raphael's *Madonna della Seggiola* at the Pitti. The eyes of that inspired child look through and through the world, beholding something beyond — what it is who can tell ? — which illumines them with a splendor and a joy which I never beheld in any other work of a human artist. It is one of those inspirations which no copy, however accurate, can convey. There is not one of the many copies of the *Seggiola* which gives any idea of it ; and yet they are as well done as any of the copies of the great masters in every other respect. In general, I don't think I admire Raphael so much as I did, and so much as most do. I greatly prefer the coloring of Andrea del Sarto, and the drawing of many other

painters. And in *feeling*, Perugino and Andrea and sometimes Correggio grow upon me, in comparison with him. And last, I must not forget Titian's splendid *Flora*, an incarnate sunbeam, turning all other pictures in the Venetian room into pale ghosts beside her, and his grave, calm, severe portraits that make the present generations of men look tame and trifling. And then the *statues* of Michael Angelo, the great intellectual conceptions seeming to weigh down the marble and break away from it and hover over it like an atmosphere! An infinite sorrow transfuses the *Pietà* in the shadow of the high altar in the Duomo, where the mother's cheek supports the falling head, in a silent woe that seems like eternal rest. The limbs, relaxed in death, slide earthward, as if they said, "It is finished," and an aged person, all grief and compassion and tender love, bends over them, and folds them to his heart. It is thought to be Joseph of Arimathea. The work is unfinished, like most of Michael Angelo's best things. Marble seemed to give way under him, and he left his conceptions only half sketched in it. In this case, however, the block does not seem to have been sufficiently large. Of the *Night and Morning* you have seen copies; and of the other statue or group resembling it, in the same chapel of San Lorenzo, almost equally grand, which seems to me to be his lament over the ruin of Florence, the treachery of her children, and the death of her liberty, I think I have written already. But of all these things how feeble an idea any description would give! Painting and sculpture cannot be described. One wants, at least, photographs to help out the words. I shall bring home some, and then shall try to make you in some degree sharers in my pleasure.

TO HIS SISTER K.

RAGATZ, SWITZERLAND, May 9, 1861.

When I wrote you last I was in the sunny Val d'Arno, luxuriating in the splendor of the Tuscan Campagna and the wealth of Italian art. Now behold me, if the sudden transition does not take away your breath, far up among the Alpine heights again, with snowy peaks above me and streams rushing through blossoming meadows below me. Yes, back in my dear old Switzerland, for which I have felt the "Heimweh" all winter; back for a few days to breathe the mountain air, and see the simple, happy, cordial mountain people once more. A week ago I was in the vast Lombard plain, which stretches across Northern Italy under the shadows of the Alps, one uninterrupted level of such fertility and culture combined as probably does not exist elsewhere. I was standing on the very top of the spire of Milan Cathedral; above the hundred white statues on their slender pinnacles; above the delicate maze of flying buttresses, that seem buoyed up in their pure, fine tracery in mid-heaven; above the "mount of marble," and "the height, the space, the gloom, the glory" within; above the beautiful city; above the refulgent plain. And it seemed that one perpetual summer glory must forever rest upon the whole world.

The mountains were veiled, and I seemed to look on the rim of the earth on every side, and could see nothing but verdure and sunlight. Three days, and I was amidst the snows of Splügen Pass, — cut through eight feet deep for the passage of the diligences, — and then dashing in an open sledge over the long summit of the mountain for an hour and a half against driving snow, through piercing wind, beside precipices of enormous depth. The first part of the ascent had been charming. I had come up the Lake of Como, a kind of Lake George, only under higher mountains and with more richly cultivated shores, to Col-

ico ; then had taken a voiture with a Milanese and an Irish gentleman to Chiavenna which we reached late at night. Then, after a drowse of two hours between a cotton coverlid and a cotton mattress, coming out of it, as you may suppose, more dead than alive, at one o'clock, and getting into one of the four large voitures (an extraordinary number for the season), I commenced the ascent in pitchy darkness. As soon as it was light we all dismounted, preparing to climb the "short cuts" rather than creep up the zigzags in the diligence. So up we went to an enormous height, from which we could look straight down into the far dwindled valley and up along the reaches of magnificent snow-covered plateaus beyond it. The brown, huddled villages, dotting the hollow, seemed saved as by miracle. From this elevation I could see how small a bit splitting off from the huge mountain side would suffice to bury them or sweep them all away in an hour. Yet there they rest secure and peaceful, trusting Nature's great quiet laws ; the well-tilled fields or clean meadows just tinged with spring-green contrasting with the stern rocks and snows and mists above. There were long galleries cut in the rock-face, pierced with round arches through which I could look off to the mountain tops without seeing the valley ; and most beautiful ice stalactites hung from openings in these, great frozen streams, transparent as glass and drawn out into exquisite shapes. Over a sort of stone balcony, made on the verge of a precipice for the purpose, I looked down upon a waterfall descending in one steep plunge along the rock-face to the bottom of the valley, I think, the ethereal pearly paleness of which was wonderful to see. But now come sterner realities. It soon became too cold to walk comfortably, and we betook ourselves to the voitures. After passing between masses of snow eight feet high, cleared by the mountaineers, we were informed that we must leave our comfortable seats and cross the Pass in open sledges ; comfortless things enough, and powdered with

the snow which had already drifted into them this very day. It was as cold as one of our severest December days on the Andover hills. The whole prospect around was one sheet of snow, here sweeping down into deep valleys on the mountain top, here rising into rolling hills, there mounting into the mists that hung round the higher peaks of the Soretto and the Schreckhorn. We were two in each sledge, the driver outside and behind. The horse, though a rough looking old fellow, went at a swift pace through the drifted and deep snow. Here and there a desolate stone house, with long lines of windows, appeared dimly through the sleety atmosphere, and the wind drove the sharp icy snow in our faces, and penetrated to our very bones. I had expected the sledges, but not such a storm, and was neither sufficiently clad nor able to bring my clothes well around my head and limbs. I think I never came so near freezing in my life. It was beginning to look serious when we drove into the Dogana (custom-house) shed. Never was a Dogana so welcome. I have often denounced the institution as a nuisance, and wished it cast into some bottomless pit, never to be heard of again. But I was ready at that moment to bless the man that invented it. A warm room and a soap-stone stove to restore the benumbed face and hands! But what was our horror at hearing that we had yet more than an hour's sledging before us. It seemed like braving the impossible, but there was no escape. So I tied my cap over my ears with my handkerchief, gathered my garments well about me, and, after an ineffectual attempt to get a cup of coffee and a bit of bread, took my place in the sledge. On we went along a path scarce visible on the edge of precipices, the reins, for the most part, loose on the horse's neck, the driver now and then gathering them up to turn him out of danger; on, dashing up and down, right and left, my companion, blind behind a huge bearskin hood, in perpetual dread lest we should go over precipices, the wild way fly-

ing beneath our sure-footed old racer. . . . Suddenly the horse turned his head downward, and then began such a downhill dash as you never saw nor conceived of. It seemed like going down the face of a wall. There was the vast gorge right under us, and we were at full speed. No zigzag, no tack, one direct steep, not hanging over the abyss, but flying down it on slippery snow. To this moment, I know not what kept us from rolling headlong. Every law of falling bodies, every experience of sliding down steep hills, seemed to me decisive against the possibility of our getting safely to the bottom. Providence always works by natural causes, and I can only say, our horse was worthy to be canonized beside the horses of the Parthenon and St. Mark's. In spite of the danger, I found myself exhilarated by the performance. The driver cried out from behind "Va bene!" "Benissimo!" I shouted. . . .

You may judge that the dinner at Splügen was welcome; a nice, neat Swiss inn, too, with wooden floors and clean white aspect generally. The damp old fortress-like stone *albergos* of Italy were beyond the snows. So passed we the "snowy Splügen" on that ever-to-be-remembered Sunday, the 5th of May, 1861. . . .

One thing more; I must just mention it without details. I have been to the Vaudois valleys, — the valleys of the "hunted heroes of the Protestant faith" of old. You must have read of them, the Waldenses, whom the dragoons of Louis XIV., nearly two hundred years ago, shot down in their mountain homes and along the quiet glens, for refusing to accept the Catholic religion, which their fathers for generations had held to be against the simplicity of the primitive faith. You have read of this little community, which preserved the liberty to read the Bible and to govern themselves by ministers of their own choice, from the earliest times, in the Piedmontese mountains on the borders of Italy and France; of their persecutions, age after age; of the exile of Henry Arnoud and his four thousand

men, women, and children, driven at the point of the bayonet over the Alps into Switzerland, and their heroic return to their native valleys ; of the brave resistance which these heroes of the faith made to the armies sent to extirpate them. You have read the little story of *Pierre and his Family*, have you not ? If I remember rightly it is about these very people. At last, after centuries of martyrdom, these Protestant communities have won entire toleration. They have ventured down into the great Lombard and Piedmontese plain, which spreads one great sea of verdure in full sight of their lofty valleys, where, like Jesus over Jerusalem, they have brooded over Italy so many ages, longing to descend and save. They have a church at Turin, which I attended, a church at Nice, a church at Florence, or rather a school for educating ministers, and a church at Naples. They are full of the thought of "*evangelizing Italy*," and their protest will give life to liberty of thought. But they will not make many converts, I think. Italians, by constitution as well as by education, prefer Catholicism to Calvinism, and when they are free from that, will react to a freer and more rational faith than Calvinism. Well, I went far up the valleys, and saw the simple people, the children going to school along the mountain paths, the plain old cottages nestling among the crags, the mill streams in the glens and green meadows, the rejoicing mountain floods pouring down everywhere from the snowy heights, singing their songs of liberty. I fell in, very fortunately, with the schoolmaster of the village of —, who gave me all the information I wanted, pointed out the rocks and caves and passes, famous in Vaudois history, — "not a cliff, not a rock on these hills where Vaudois blood has not flowed," he said. The people are very poor and unlearned, and their trust in "*evangelizing Italy*" is very touching. One thing disappointed me at first, their churches are all new, at least, not old ; even here, the Catholic portion of the population, though very small, has all

the antiquity in church architecture. But I remembered that all the Protestant churches were destroyed by their persecutors, and that never till now have they had inducement to build permanent places of worship. Their temples have been these mountain caves and cliffs, altars and shrines "not made with hands." But I must defer further account of these things till I come home. I see the Southern Confederacy has declared war and taken Fort Sumter. It will have the effect to unite the North I think, and to put all slavery on one side and all freedom on the other. I am sorry that civil war should come of it, and I hope it will not last. But the North must not yield, let what will come.

LONDON, July 16, 1861

In London, every reflecting person sees the tremendous necessity of maintaining social order in so crowded a community, and so throws all his energy in that direction, even while fully aware that the people, and he himself perhaps as one of them, have by no means their just measure of political power. He is content to seek progress in a moderate and gradual way. In America, where the popular voice gets heard so much more readily, we move much faster, sometimes quite *violently*, to our result. At this the English shrug their shoulders and shake their heads. But, in fact, they have yet in store the real conflict with their aristocracy of Church and State, though approaching it more slowly than we have approached our corresponding conflict with the oligarchy of the slave power.

The political reformers are not agreed to ask for more than the *diminution* of the property qualification now required for the franchise. It seems to me that a time must soon come when the masses will become weary of the slow way in which the aristocracy concede ground, and then, perhaps, will be seen such a struggle between their traditional English respect for established law, and the love of

liberty, which lies equally deep in the English nature, as the national conscience has never experienced.

As to our affairs, the English *people* are as much on our side as we can expect them to be, until we raise the Emancipation flag. It is a pity they are not roused to the *expression* of this sympathy somehow, if it were only to strike dismay into the hearts of the conspirators, as well as to urge on the English government to some positive manifestation of at least moral approval of our cause. But meantime, as the Lancashire cotton-spinners are certainly looking to India, Australia, and elsewhere for new supplies of that material, the war will strike a blow at slavery, which the vainglorious creatures, who are trying to ride King Cotton over the heads of all civilized states, have no conception of.

I attended a meeting at Exeter Hall, the very night of my arrival here, held to welcome John Anderson, the fugitive slave. It was full of enthusiasm, and the speakers showed themselves well acquainted with the sins, both of the South and the North, not doing quite justice, I thought, to the present state of feeling in the North, nor seeing sufficiently that now is the moment, by encouraging the anti-slavery sentiment which is gaining vigor, to make it the mastering spirit in this crisis. However, the meeting paid us a compliment in refusing to listen to a speaker (not on the programme) who undertook to say that the North was as pro-slavery as the South, and that he believed our government would sell the fugitive slaves to pay the expenses of the war. He was put down by a storm of hisses and groans. This probably don't appear in the reports of the meeting. Poor John Anderson was so overcome by the enthusiasm that he broke down in attempting to speak and tell his story. But William Craft and others vindicated the capacity of the African race, by making capital speeches. It seemed very like an anti-slavery convention in America, only the speakers had it all their own way, and there was no prejudice to overcome, nobody to convert.

How I wished Phillips or Garrison might have been there to speak for the North; in place of a debile creature like myself, who can neither be shamed nor stirred into the capacity to make a speech, and had to sit in the background and impatiently wish that I could. However, the audience were not disposed to hear any discussion of the merits of North or South, being bent upon the English policy of *political* non-interference. . . .

From Brussels, I went straight to Dover by Calais, a journey of about a day, the passage of the straits, however, occupying only about an hour and a quarter or a half, and found myself once more, as it were, on home-ground. At Dover I left my baggage, and set out on a foot journey through a portion of Kent, the great hop-ground, the "garden of England," and — the home of my ancestors. Of course I could not come so near as Dover, without pilgrimaging to Herne Hill, to hunt up family vestiges, hoping, at least, if I found no cousins, to behold some old homestead or family tombstone. At last I came out on the high road to Canterbury, the famous "Watling Street," along which they used to go in Catholic times to the shrine of Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral, where the stone pavement is worn into hollows by the knees of the worshippers who have bent there to ask the saint's blessing, coming from all parts of the Romish world. This is the road of Chaucer's "Pilgrims;" and I looked upon it with special love and trod it with due devoutness in the thought thereof. I could fancy the broad white way thronged with the antique and pied cavalcades,

"Gon on pilgrimages,
The holy blissful martyr for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke."

Doubtless A. and R. N. will remember Chaucer sufficiently to appreciate my enjoyment of this part of my walk.

All this while you must consider that my old friends, the

clouds, so faithful to me everywhere, were perpetually dropping showers, and I feared my patriarchal researches would be overtaken by a deluge. I trusted, however, in so purely historical an experience, that an ark would not be wanting, and you will see that I was not disappointed—Faversham, a very antique place indeed, with low, gabled houses, overhanging second stories and innumerable bay windows, very busy too. All along the roads here, the green fields were full of apple and cherry-trees, alas ! bearing scarcely any fruit this year. I turned off the high road to the little hamlet of Boughton-under-Blee, in which is included Herne Hill about a mile off. As I entered it, the rain burst overhead in torrents. At the little "Red Squirrel" inn I sought in vain for tidings of the Johnson family. There were none remaining in the vicinity. As soon as the thunder-storm was over for the moment, I hastened off, through green by-lanes and pleasant woody nooks, to Herne Hill. The scenery grew lovelier every moment, and before I reached the old church, I wondered my forefathers could ever have left so charming a region, which, by the way, could not have been so very different two hundred years ago from now. It is a rich, rolling country, with fertile bottoms, well wooded hills, and distant rounded downs ; in general outline, as seen from a little distance, really not unlike North Andover. Were the Johnson brothers attracted by the resemblance to take up their abode in the latter place ?

The old church stands on a hill, embosomed in trees, the inn and two or three more houses beside it, but nothing like a village, the population being scattered on the hills. It is a very antique Gothic church, with a tower at the end, and a smaller round tower at one angle of the latter, as is common in these old village churches. I looked carefully through the quiet yard, patiently deciphering many inscriptions that were almost effaced by age, or covered with moss ; not an easy task, as the grass was quite wet, and the

rain threatened to fall. But I found no sign of my forefathers. So then I resorted to the little "Red Lion" inn, close by, kept by Noah Miles, — *manifestly the Ark*, — where the good wife of Noah received me hospitably, and I ordered a dinner, meanwhile making a descent on the parish clerk, to consult the church registers. He took me into the church, and opened the old trunk which held records going back to the sixteenth century! — ye which I faithfully perused, deriving but little satisfaction; uncle S. might have been more successful, and I wished he was with me; the fact, however, I brought away, that from 1687 to 1697 John Johnson was vicar of Herne Hill and Boughton, removed to St. John's in Thanet, afterwards to Appledore, and lastly to Cranbrook, and was *author of several learned and valuable tracts*. At about the same time one Edward Johnson is mentioned, but I cannot connect him with the emigrants to America. Whether the vicar had children does not appear. Perhaps father will remember when our ancestors came over. My impression is that it was *before* 1687, but I am not sure. The meagreness of my discoveries was something of a damper, to which the rain added somewhat, pouring in such floods that I found it difficult to reach the ark in safety. I have very pleasant recollections of the neat little inn, however, and of Herne Hill generally, and was not sorry to have made the pilgrimage, though it did not give me the information I hoped for. Over the airy hills, among the pleasant woodlands, looking back now and then to the low tower rising amidst its ancestral trees, to the road of the Canterbury pilgrims again. Soon overtaken again by rain and one of the most violent thunder-storms I ever saw, the lightning striking once so near that I almost felt it. But it passed, and before sunset I came in sight of the Cathedral, just visible, ghost-like, in the distant vapor which obscured the town, and was slowly clearing. Just then a magnificent rainbow spanned the heavens far above it, so that the grand old pile, with

its tall towers, stood directly under the centre of the arch ! What a joyful omen it would have seemed to the pilgrims in the olden time ! I can give you no description of that wonderful Cathedral, traditionally the oldest in England, constructed and adorned, therefore, with all the grandeur which the nation is capable of concentrating upon it. Stately and massive, standing as if built for eternity, beautifully proportioned, all its parts in harmony, it is one of the finest specimens of what Coleridge called Gothic architecture, — “frozen music,” that I have ever seen. The front towers and gateway are covered with exquisitely cut niche work, though curiously enough without a single *statue*. There is beautiful Norman work, and early English, and later Gothic, — specimens of every style of architecture England has known. There are quiet old cloisters on low Norman arches, with beautiful sheaf-groining and quadruple-light windows, surrounding a green graveyard ; there are noble groves and broad lawns, enclosed by antique buildings and ivy-clad ruins ; there are stately towers, and choir behind choir, and transept beyond transept, all gathered into one venerable form full of majesty, beauty, and repose. Within, if the whole could be seen at one view, it would bear comparison with Milan and Cologne in every way. But the choir, in which the services of the English Church are performed in great pomp of formalism, is separated by a heavy screen from the transepts and nave, on one side, and the smaller transepts and remoter choirs and chapels on the other. In one of these latter is Thomas à Becket’s shrine, or *was* ; as I said, the knee-worn floors testify of the authority of sainthood and martyrdom in those old days.

VIII.

In the autumn of 1861 Johnson returned to his Salem home ; and soon resumed his ministry in the

Free Church of Lynn, which continued for nine years longer. They were years of great excitement — the years of secession, war, and reconstruction. When Johnson heard abroad the news of the secession of the Southern States, his first feeling was, as was that of many anti-slavery men, that the slaveholding States should be permitted to withdraw, taking with them their curse of slavery and relieving the free States from its burden and guilt. But after his return to America he saw that there were ample reasons for holding to the Union and converting it to freedom. From that point of view he watched the progress of the war with intense interest and keen criticism; and that of reconstruction with impatience and frequent indignation. He did not spare Lincoln in his judgments, still less Andrew Johnson and Seward. "Sumner," he writes, "steers on his way fearlessly, undeceived, and unswerving; while — ducks about looking after the half loaf, which, in his wisdom, he thinks is all we can get. Sumner's scholar-life saves him from all this dependence on the popular current." In all this we may see the idealist, with his absolute law of right; the Puritan, with his one straight way; perhaps the *doctrinaire*, with his obliviousness of practical difficulties. But in all times, the idealist, the Puritan, the non-conformist are needed to keep up the practical men to a higher standard.

In England, Johnson had seen something of the feeling of the mass of the people; that in spite of the aristocratic leaning toward the side of the secessionists, the large middle and working class were in our favor, the manufacturing population bearing with patience the suffering which the war brought them.

And finding on his return how bitter a feeling existed toward England on account of her supposed hostility, he showed, in a noble discourse, to his own congregation and at the Music Hall, in Boston, what injustice this did to the English people.

TO GEORGE L. STEARNS.

March 19, 1862.

Do you not feel inclined, — when you see the nation of negro-phobists compelled to make Port-Royal the Plymouth Rock of a new experiment of transforming into citizens the race they have spit upon, — to cry out in the words of the old hymn,

“Mark the wonders of His hand;
Power, no empire can withstand!”

We are borne on the saving tide towards issues which the whole nation, North and South (or practically the whole), has resisted and still resists. A terrible Nemesis, a stern atonement; and then, the “*IRRESISTIBLE Grace of God!*”

November 9, 1862.

Perhaps I am too sanguine; certainly more so than most of my friends. But this “Providential aspect” — this magnificent *sweep of purification*, — grows more and more impressive to me. I cannot escape confidence, if I would.

TO MRS. G. L. STEARNS.

December 29, 1862.

What a year this has been! Last week I worked out a sort of Record of it for my Sunday word. The disasters, forcing benefits, a chronological miracle-series, which have brought us where we are, closing us in like the narrowing of a mountain-pass to the one “narrow way;” no exit but by justice, — these make it to me the grandest year I know of in history. And I cannot comprehend the despondency which I find among thoughtful, earnest men.

Lincoln, backing slowly into God's highway, with his face always turned to Kentucky, is not the least of these wonders. I have small faith in most of our public men, who seem to be visible in the drama only to show how petty a factor *individuals* are in this working out of Fate, this slow uplifting of a people; their inertness and resistance simply *leverage*. But we are among the mountains of God. We can't stop the avalanche after it has started, though it began with a snow-ball.

TO R. H. MANNING.

March 4, 1864.

. . . In the afternoon I pushed on to Boston and Salem, having the pleasure in the car of the company of a little fellow about six years old whom I never saw before, but who took wonderfully to asking me questions in a charming little way; all along the road keeping up a constant prattle, in the course of which he informed me of about everything he knew; and, finally, in getting out, volunteered his name and where he lived, — how much better way than we elders have, who must hand out our cards! His mother, who sat behind, thought it necessary to apologize for his "forwardness," but she would n't if she had known me.

So here I am again, ruminating over the good time I have had with you all. You little know, dear friends, how much good a visit to you does me, nor how much more hopefully and cheerfully I take hold of my work for having felt the influence of your frank and cordial friendship, and seen your practical, thorough devotion to whatsoever good thing lies nearest the path of manly men and womanly women in this land.

April 22, 1864.

If anything could confound the fogies who swear by the old Ecclesiast that there is nothing new under the sun, it is this fact that *two hundred millions* have been contributed in this country in the last three years for relief of the

suffering in this war. The sun never shone on the like before.

Have you read George L. Stearns's letter in the *Anti-Slavery Standard* of April 8? If not, let not sleep close your eyelids till you do. It is a revelation of the trifling and trickery at Washington that makes one blush for his country. Stearns is a man of utter integrity, and every word must be wholly true. The effect of this letter, with Fort Pillow and the scandalous Hahn election, must be to rouse people to some sense of the mischievous policy at work.

We have had L. here in Salem preaching for two societies for two months, quickening the dead both spiritually and politically. At the — church, where, for seven or eight years, scarcely a living ray of freedom or justice has penetrated, his first sermon produced an explosion, and the Episcopal church caught the fragments in her white apron, nicely spread out for the purpose.

I have heard of Col. Zulavsky's experience on board the transport. What need we have in our army of young officers like him. H——, I am sure, is doing nobly. What satisfaction it must be to you that he is with such a commander and in such company as his regiment affords.

The way out of slavery is a long one. Social order is not a thing to be picked up off a battle-field before the grass has grown over the dead.

July 26, 1865.

I have been reading Youmans's admirable book. The substance of the whole is the grandest thought science has attained; that nothing is lost, and that all forces are mutually convertible. I accept it fully, and see in it the finest intellectual and spiritual correspondences. I hate, however, to plod through details of experiments, without the apparatus. Even Tyndall, who is the most delightfully clear and simple, as well as poetic, demonstrator of scientific processes, rather wearies me. I am after the *Law*;

give me that, and I will use it where I want it. But illustrative details, except in the *actual* world of facts, — *written* details, bore me.

The spectrum analyses of stars, etc., in Kirchhoff and Bunsen's researches, have interested me very much. I hope there will soon be published some good popular work on the subject.

We are again in a nip among the political icebergs. God will save us, I trust, as hitherto. How much more perilous peace looks than war! The negroes must have the ballot or everything will be wrong. We are baser than Davis if we don't give the rights of citizens to the race that has saved us.

His intense interest in all these public affairs did not withdraw him from his studies. He did not, like Goethe, in the War of Liberation, retire to learn the Chinese language. But he found time to begin those profound studies, and to gather and digest the materials which grew into his great work on the *Oriental Religions and their Relations to Universal Religion*. The first volume, upon India, appeared in 1872. The book, with its large scope, its faithful pains-taking research, its philosophic treatment and broad spirit, was a rare credit to American scholarship. But the slight recognition given to such a work in the leading critical reviews was certainly a discredit. The *North American* accorded it only a brief book notice. Mr. Ripley, in the columns of the *New York Tribune* gave a long and favorable review, and there were in the papers some other appreciative notices.

The second volume, on China, was published in 1877. Before long he was engaged upon the third and last, on Persia, which he did not live to finish.

The completed chapters will, it is hoped, be given to the public.

To the preparation of these works he gave years of laborious investigation and thought. He read carefully the writings of the best scholars, linguists, travelers, in German, French, and English, which bore upon his subject. He worked over these large materials, and added to them his original thought. Moved by his characteristic thoroughness he discussed not only the mythologies, theologies, and worships of these Eastern nations; he held religion to cover, or at least to grow out of, or be modified by, all the national life of the peoples. So he wrote full chapters upon their government, education, science, social life, and the like. He brought to his work every kind of available knowledge, except personal knowledge of the countries and of the languages of their sacred books. This he took, as has been noted, "at second hand." Had he given the needed time to them, we should never have had his books. His years were not enough for the work, as it was; and he wisely accepted the principle of the "division of labor." Had he been able to make his own translations, it is not easy to see that they would have been of any more worth to us than those of the learned German scholars of whose labors he availed himself. Besides, the most learned linguist may well be wanting in the philosophic and the spiritual insight which Johnson possessed, and which are needed for the right treatment of the subject he had in view — Comparative Religion. It may be true, as Professor Max Müller suggests, that, in some instances, he used less trustworthy authorities; but in the main he must have used the very highest, since these cannot but

reveal themselves to an intelligent student, and since he used all the authorities that there were. It is somewhat difficult to account for the want of just appréciation of these books in certain critical quarters. Their voluminousness and exhaustive treatment, as well as the nature of their subject, are doubtless in the way of general readers in these hurried days. But, for all students of comparative religion, they will remain a treasure-house not only of materials but of original thought which they can ill afford to neglect.

He also wrote a very able and scholarly little book, called *The Worship of Jesus*. Thinking that those who rejected that worship, even in its most modified form, were bound to explain its existence, he traced its origin and growth on purely natural grounds. This book was published by the Free Religious Association in 1868.

TO S. L.

February, 1866.

Of Higginson's translation of Epictetus you will see my notice in the *January Radical*. Lecky's *Rationalism in Europe* shows that the impulse of free examination and rational inquiry is the great impulse of modern times, that it has overturned superstition, and that it is irresistible. The work is very learned but not in the least pedantic, and full of information on matters little investigated; more courteous and positive, too, than Buckle, more entertaining than Spencer, or any other of the favorite writers of the semimaterialistic school. I am enjoying a little book by F. Pécaut, *De l'Avenir du Théisme Chrétien*. . . . The great company of the Unitarian prophets in New York have been holding forth successively at Cooper Institute on Liberal Christianity. I saw the report of Bellows's lecture; "Unitarianism is the denial that Jesus is God, but the

affirmation that he is the Son of God, and only Mediator." I am glad you like the "Bond and Free" in *The Radical*. You will see Clarke's criticism in the December number. My answer comes out in February.

April 24, 1866.

I have been preaching in Cincinnati to Conway's old society. They are munificent in their hospitalities, and I spent a charming month with them. It quite enlightened me as to the West. I saw the under-current of American life breaking up and modifying sects and creeds, as preparation for an American religion based on human nature in its largest representation and free expression. I am amazed at the growth of freedom among the Jews. For instance, they seem to be coming out on our ground. You can easily see how this should be. Their pure theism separated from Bibliolatry and Messianic literalism is the same with ours. The many sects, especially foreign ones, in the Western cities modify each other greatly; and even the materialistic set of enterprise on so vast a scale seems to me bound to prepare the way, by absorbing men in *physical law*, for the recognition of *God in this world*, from which the old theologies have banished Him. The Continent will, at least, reaffirm Nature. And I have full faith that the grand morality of our political idea, as we are compelled to interpret it, will force the religious sentiment into natural channels, and make materialism issue out into a spiritual faith. Human nature is the great watchword in this country, and we are bound to make the most of it religiously also.

April, 1866.

I have seen Niagara at last, though under clouds and rain only, yet in the very climax of its winter glory. The low circle of falling waters, as a whole, did not move me as most seem to be moved. It was *so* large that I compared it, I suppose, with what is larger still — the ocean; or,

perhaps, the weather was too unfavorable. It was when I thought of it, rather than when I saw it, that I felt its greatness, as a whole. But the ice-bridge and the great ice-dome, formed by the falling spray, right under the American Fall!! I saw these in perfection, in the very close of winter. I stood on this dome, sixty feet high at least, and looked up to the waters descending out of the sky, and down into the impenetrable abyss where they fell thundering, and out of which came, whirling up like volcanic fires, great volumes of spray, far above my head, to descend in rain of sleet swept by the wind round me, and falling in fair and perfect lines of construction to build up this beautiful shape. That was magnificent indeed! And then to cross the river on an ice-mass, that looked from above like the Grindelwald-glacier, or the Mer-de-Glace on a smaller scale; and to see the wondrous green and amber of the river above and below the fall, contrasting with the snow garment and the ice mail, — all this amply compensated me for the lack of summer verdure and the sunshine that would not come.

TO MR. AND MRS. GORHAM.

July 25, 1866.

I have just heard the tidings of your great bereavement, so sudden and so peculiarly painful in its circumstances. All my cherished recollections of your pleasant home come over me, and the affliction which so darkens it presses upon me as a personal sorrow. . . .

I know indeed how it is. We repeat to ourselves and others what we are sure is *so true* of the dear love of God; of the beautiful meaning of death, the natural upward step of spiritual life; of the compensations time must bring for present desolation of heart; of the higher faith, the calmer trust, the wider sympathy with others that spring from these bitter furrows. But the heavy change that has fallen on the outward life and the earthly home, remains; and none of these divine assurances can alter the

fact that it is most hard to become wonted to the new relations that bind us to beloved ones who have passed from our sight. And yet I know I shall not intrude too much on the privacy of your sorrow if I come and sit beside you in spirit, and tell you how I feel about this dear boy for whom you mourn.

This at least is sure: you cannot make him dead; you cannot feel that he has gone from you; and with all the heart-sinking you cannot accept the thought that your love and care are to know no more return from him. I wish I could tell you how firmly I believe that feelings like these, so often treated as illusion, are *true*, are of God's own tender giving; that in them is the very heart of his teaching through the mystery that we call death. Our affections are *forbidden by their Maker* to doubt their own immortality. What protest they make against the destruction of what is still intensest reality to them, when all that the senses could hold by is gone forever! Never, I believe, do we so feel the impossibility of real separation from those we love, as then. Should we ever know the rights of the affections but for this? Immortal years, beside which our little lives are but an hour,—what possibilities of full satisfaction they open! And we sit in patience, knowing that they *must* bring us back our holiest possessions,—those which have ever stood under the shield of our noblest love and conscience, and so are under God's blessing forever. The best part of ourselves has not been given us for nought.

Shall not the Love that gave this beautiful child know how to make His promise good? This was just the nature that points surely onwards and upwards; whatsoever deserves to expand and rejoice in the heavenly laws was here. I cannot dream of failure or defeat where Heaven was so pledged. Here, if anywhere, is the life that holds ties unbroken, promises ever guaranteeing themselves. To you henceforth, dear friends, in all your earthly loss some things are clear, some gains secure. How near those heavenly

mansions of a freer growth beyond physical perils and bonds, must come to you; hid but by a sacred veil that seems ever ready to be raised; how near, even when they outwardly seem so far; how real, how full of dear familiar life; how free of all that strangeness and fearfulness that are so apt to gather round the thought of the transition that comes to all! In the peaceful life beyond, what treasures are laid up, assured to you by all the omnipotence of God's love!

I cannot help thinking of youth as itself the eternal state of the pure in heart; and so, the change that comes to those who pass thereto, all fresh with the very dew and sunshine of the heavenly morning of life, it seems to me, must be the least possible. I am sure that on the image fixed forever in your hearts there can never fall a shadow as of years, no wrinkles of age, no burden of cares and toils; it will stand transfigured in its own happy light, and you will feel the presence most truly in your moments of deepest trust, of truest loving work.

When I think of your saddened home, I remember also that your hearts are closer than ever to the Infinite Heart. I think of this, — that they have committed their beloved to the Care that taught them how to care for him; to the Love that gave their love, and gave it that it might not perish but have eternal life. Of compensations that will come, as you wait for the healing hand which touches only to heal, for the inward light that rises when the light of the household seems to have gone out, — how should we try to speak to you now? But may we not take your hands to say gently — “God will comfort you and make your strength equal to your day?”

TO —.

December, 1866.

. . . This loving Care that folds in our little lives, how near it comes when we need it most! I feel as if it held

you now in a tenderness such as none of us can know, and none know how to ask for. "The night will be light about you," calling you to what trust-like sleep, bringing out holy eternal stars! . . . This life that has been with you so long, close within your own, must still be yours. The hidden helps, the invisible influences, the serener support that the deeper, diviner needs of your soul call for, *must* come to you from her higher powers, as surely as her dearest associations are with you and the little ones in whom you both alike live, as surely as God is true. Soon may the infinite Motherly Love make the heavens open where they are most darkened now, and the angels descend on your saddened home. I know you well enough to know that the hour will bring you the strength you need. I know that you will, more than ever, know how to help the weak who faint amid the mysteries of those laws of life we call *death*. For only the uplifted face of one who has tasted these waters and found them divine, can help such to faith. . . . Here, in the border of the heavy loss, and the change it is so hard to bring into the daily ways of life, feel as much as you can, how many hearts there are that would come and sit with you, as near as they may, with their best sympathy and faith. And, among the nearest, count one for whom your presence was always helpful, and your fidelity and manliness a constant assurance of the best.

TO S. L.

December 25, 1867.

A happy Christmas to you. . . . The pictures dropped in at the moment to make them special benedictions. Yesterday my sister A. was married, and left us for her new home in Manchester with one who, I am sure, will make her a true and loving husband. We saw them off at noon; and then, you will imagine, came a stronger sense of what I had lost from my side, — a presence whose daily influence and help, all my life long, has been more to me than I can ever tell or

ever know. And so I was feeling somewhat lonesome when your kind gift came with its sunshine to make me doubly grateful.

My arm is improving, though I am still the "Armer Mann" in many essential respects; not having yet a natural feeling in the shoulder, nor any great amount of motion in the arm, nor freedom from pain, especially at night. Yet I have thrown aside the sling, and make frequent excursions to Lynn. I have still a sense of debility and languor, which I think is passing away, though writing is still difficult. Shackford is supplying for me. I am anxious there should be such preaching as will keep the people interested.

TO J. W. CHADWICK.

October 6, 1869.

Not till a few days since did I hear of the sorrow through which your Marblehead home is passing. . . . These ties which make the unseen more real than the seen; these flowerings of the affections into the claim of immortality, as their justification; these surrenders that change personal anxiety and care for beloved ones into inviolable calm and win us the future past all fear of loss, — who that has known these would doubt the divine benignity of what we call death?

I know how much your sister has been to you. . . . And now it will all be spiritualized and made part of your *eternal* life. And you will know how to reap its still, ripe harvests, and to make them cheer and refresh a world that needs nothing so much as spiritual faith. God bless you, my friend, in this new trust and resource.

I have spent the summer vacation at Mt. Desert, and had never a more delightful one. On all our New England coast, there is no spot that combines so many charming features as this knot of mountains set in an archipelago of pleasant islands, in a bay protected from all sharp winds

save one, the south-east, which rarely blows. . . . I am so busy that writing to best friends even, seems quite out of the question. What is friendship if it could not take for granted that silence and separation only deepens its interest?

TO S. L.

July 11, 1871.

I must renounce all excursions this year, except that, at the end of August, I shall have a week at Nantucket, being invited to prophesy two Sundays on those sea-girt sands. That will be all new to me. I have had no other invitations, and my preaching since giving up at Lynn last July — a year ago — amounts to just three Sundays, all told.

The Music Hall experience was refreshing. I had a grand, earnest audience, and the congregational singing was inspiring.

I have been reading Weiss [*American Religion*] with delight, and the other day sent him an enthusiastic letter. I wish I could review his book, as Morse would like to have me; but it is just what I cannot do.

I have been reading with great enjoyment the translation of Dante, with the entertaining notes and illustrations. I never enjoyed Dante before, and had given up expecting to do so.

November 23, 1871.

I was gratified by finding you liked my "Labor" article in the *Radical* so much, and saw so clearly the very points that were of most moment to myself. Something or other about it seems to have attracted more attention than is usual with my lucubrations, and Morse had money given him to reprint it in pamphlet form. It ought to have been out a week ago; but, like everything else that depends upon labor promises, has been greatly delayed.

By the way, I have in my possession for your behoof, and waiting your pleasure, one enormous moiety of our

profits from the Fields and Osgood mine. The amount is one hundred twenty-four and a half cents each! O bloated capitalist, I will inform Ben Butler of thy monstrous gains from the sweat of poor men! And my friend Wendell Phillips (see *Standard* for Nov. 4) admonisheth me that brain-labor is overpaid, and that they who live by it are clothed in purple and fine linen!

TO R. H. MANNING.

December 3, 1871.

I can't trouble you now with labor discussions, and will only say how glad I was to receive your article, and that I read it with the greatest pleasure. I am thoroughly pleased with what you say of the comparative uselessness of legislative restrictions, the mischiefs of legislative agitation with a view to instantaneous revolution in labor relations, and the necessity, if we want to have better institutions than we now have, of first "deserving them." You say truly that there can be no "royal road" to right systems of distribution. I agree with you that the great need is, of good practical education; and with all my hate of centralized power, I do think the State should insist upon educating the masses, in the best way possible, for the duties of the citizen.

TO MISS LUCY OSGOOD.

October 17, 1872.

If you find the book [the *India*] attractive reading as well as historically instructive, that greatly adds to my comfort in thinking of its prospects in this busy age. It has cost me labor enough, that is certain; yet it is a labor of real love, combined with an intense sense of a great demand from the side of spiritual culture and higher relations of sentiment and imagination, in the present condition of the races calling themselves "Christian." I hope I have done something to stimulate these forces, and help toward

the grand interpretations of natural religion that ever within come.

TO S. L.

October 17, 1872.

Thanks for the kind favor of sending me the *College Courant*. What an appreciative spirit the notice of my book shows! So large in sympathy, and so clear and fine in recognition of the best things I have tried to say; the quotations, too, very aptly selected. Who is the editor of this magazine? I see he speaks with cordiality of Abbot and Voysey. Right under the windows of Old Yale have we such universality?

Have you seen Ripley's notice in the *Tribune*? He quotes two columns full and makes some very friendly remarks at the close. I am glad everybody recognizes that the book is for *the people* as well as for scholars.

I hope you got admission to Tyndall [then lecturing in Boston]. What pleasure there must be in hearing him, the poet of science and the best of demonstrators on the platform!

December 29, 1872.

This desperate cold snap paralyzes one's very humanity in its pith and substance. Oh for the "lands of summer beyond the sea"!

Higginson came here in a snow-storm last week and spoke, supperless, to a little flock at the old Lyceum Hall, giving an entertaining and sympathetic story of his London experiences. I had a very pleasant talk with him of European visits, personages, etc.

I am in doubt what to preach at Frothingham's, but, on the whole, I shall choose practical ethics, and try to show how every man ought to be in his true place, and how America, in her educational methods, denies and abjures that sacred fact. I shall just go over on Sunday morning from Brooklyn to Lyric Hall.

Oriental Religions I hear nothing of in this busy world,

profits. Books are pouring down like a summer shower, and men put up their umbrellas against such big ones as mine, as they would against hailstones of the "hen's-egg" species. Nobody advertises the book except Osgood in his lists; but it may be selling for all that, and in spite of *The Nation*. I do not see a word in English literary journals about it, and doubt now if I shall do so at all. I have not seen a copy of the second edition yet.

I have just received O. B. F.'s fresh volume, *The Religion of Humanity*. It is very eloquent, full of picturesque and effective writing, clear, strong, and tender, and singularly full of the finest thoughts of the time. Have you read it? I would like very much to know how the essay on "Christ" strikes you. I like it the least of the whole on some accounts, though it is one of the most striking. He thinks the *Spirit of Humanity* is rightly to be called "the Christ;" thinks, too, Humanity may be mortal, perishing with the planet.

TO —.

December 30, 1872.

I learn that the gentle sufferer who has so long been made happy by your devoted care, has been called into those interior spheres, where indeed the calmness and sweetness of her spirit have already seemed to you to be dwelling, as in its constant home. Out of your mortal sight, but still in the arms of your unchangeable trust and love. There, too, her home.

Dear friends, the household that was so bright to me in years that have long gone by, seems, in the shadow of this sorrow, over-arched by a serene and heavenly presence, sure as anything can be to bring compensations in energy, patience, trust, and spiritual sight, for the outward loss you must so keenly feel.

In the mysteries of our mortality what helpers like the unexpected, unpledged resources that come, *only when they*

are needed, out of great hidden reserves of power within us? So near, they prove, is an Infinite Life which fatherhood and motherhood and all our tender kindredships are given us to suggest, to interpret, to reveal. When I think of the loving, parental watchfulness which long ago surrounded the invalid in her great weakness and dependence, and the cheering and strengthening influence with which she repaid it, spreading around her an inward health in such contrast with her physical weakness, and when I recall the steady growth of her rare powers of mind and conscience, of cheerful fortitude and spiritual vision, I cannot but feel, that the constant sense of this mastery over the weakness of the flesh by the vitality of the spirit, must have been to you all the secret inward preparation for a moment when you have so much need of its strong assurances of her immortality and immortal youth.

Of so many years of mutual helpfulness and pure sympathies, how precious and living the record will be in your memories! How it will arouse and sustain your every effort to pursue still the home-paths of love and duty, on which she will still smile, and that interest in all public hopes and efforts of progress which she must still desire you to feel! How the coming of the unseen life will be freed from all shadows, so that it shall dawn at last "familiar as your childhood's dream" in the light of those treasures laid up for you within the veil.

TO S. L.

May 31, 1873.

On the whole not so satisfactory a meeting [of the Free Religious Association] as some others I have attended. My own performance in it was a poor failure, but I have written lately under some disadvantages, and am always out of place at popular conventions. Gannett, whom I heard and saw for the first time yesterday, pleased me very much. . . . If you think of anything I can do to improve the *India* for a third edition, of the speedy need of which I am advised by Ticknor, please write.

September 28, 1873.

I have been *very sick* this whole summer; first at Andover for a month nearly, then at Salem where I had a relapse into amazing weakness. I could scarcely walk a portion of the time, and could eat nothing, my tongue was in such a condition, but lived on liquids. But within a few days I have begun to mend fast, and was able day before yesterday to go to West Roxbury.

Do you speak this coming winter at Horticultural Hall? Miss Stevenson told me that they want me to read my lecture on Transcendentalism. And, — more because of a sort of sense that such things are just now much to the purpose, and, even if imperfect enough, will serve as a needed testimony on the spiritual side against the confused and dire materialism of many, — more, I say, for this reason than from any desire I have to re-appear on that or any other speaking platform, I said, yes.

I am happy in being shelved from pulpit or other similar demands, since it gives me freedom for studies and plans of publication that are more suited to my nature, and demand undisturbed labor for some time to come. *China* grows under my hand; books and researches and opportunities open; much is of the highest interest. The *Tao-te-king* of Lao-tze grows grander as I see its bearings on Chinese conservatism, and as an indignant protest of the spirit against the traditionalism of ages. There are Chinese philosophers, too, whose ideas singularly unite old mysticism with a positivism and rationalism that brings them home to the modern experience we are passing through to-day. . . . So you see I am quite reconciled to being left out and dropped from preaching-desks and lecture-stands.

And I have no time for newspaper controversies such as I see A — wants to get me upon. Did you see his preposterous interpretation of my saying (in the F. R. Association essay) that God and man are not to be held as essentially distinct existences external to each other? As if, because

God and man are one, there can be no distinction of Infinite and Finite as *polarities* within the one divine life. I do not know whether it is worth while to try to set him right. Nothing is ever gained by *explaining* what you have said.

December 28, 1873.

Who will take Agassiz's place? There are many better philosophers, deeper thinkers, but none with the power, through prestige and enthusiasm both, to do so much in awakening the people to scientific studies.

I have been reading lately with great interest two very intellectual and liberal books by Morley, — *Voltaire* and *Rousseau*. I have not for a long time seen such broad, clear, thoughtful, suggestive estimates of personal character. His writing *God* with a small *g* is a curious anomaly in such a man, and has set me to thinking. Is it not a grotesque sign of the transitional theology of the time? Morley is a kind of spiritual positivist, and his mode of dealing with men and things is to me extremely interesting.

Have you read Martha's *La Poëme de Lucrece*? I have found that very attractive also. Lucretius interests me more and more, as the great mind of that age, and the prophet of science, as well as the foe of the old gods.

January 28, 1874.

As usual I was clubbed and left for dead by the reporters. What is the sense of speaking your beliefs to one or two hundred persons, if it but gives the chance to make you speak to the newspaper-reading public such silly platitudes and such utter falsities? If they would but let us alone, it is all I would ask. Think of my being made to say that "Christianity was transcendental, but Paul materialistic" (!) and that "professional ideas are transcendental," etc., etc.

Your sermon last Sunday impressed me as full of the timeliest and clearest statement of the great reconciling principle — which *we* should call *Spiritual Pantheism* — between Infinite Mind and Impersonal Law.

March 22, 1874.

The discourse [on Charles Sumner's death] came out admirably from the press. I see that J. G. [in the *Commonwealth*] finds me guilty of "bad taste" and "painfulness" in expressing my dissent from Mr. Sumner on the Greeley movement. I hope nothing like indelicacy or harshness was really suggested by any infelicity in my language to those who heard me. I cannot find anything which I think I ought to alter.

June, 1874.

The F. R. A. proposes a course of *practical* lectures for the next winter, in which lecturers on opposite sides of each question shall be heard in succession. They want me to take one side of the labor question and Phillips the other, for instance. I have objected to the sensational element and the apparent antagonism, etc., which strike me very unpleasantly in the plan (this, doubtless, not meant wrongly). I suppose they will think me crotchety; but how else save by "crotchets" shall one keep out of this incessant drift and pressure towards catering to popular tastes for exciting ways of doing things? Perhaps it will not strike you just as it does me.

I wish you could have been at the Commencement and Phi Beta Kappa exercises this year. I am just home, vibrating with joy, first at a charming disquisition by Fenollosa of Salem, of the graduating class, on *Pantheism*, which would have cheered your soul, as would the immense applause which followed his unqualified advocacy of Pantheism in its highest and purest form; and, next, at a noble oration (Φ. B. K.) on "The Relations of History, and the question how far it has been a Progress," by Professor C. C. Everett. I never heard him before, and was delighted both with his matter and manner. He is so thoughtful, earnest, simple, and sweet, and his thought so clear, vigorous, and vital. Cranch gave a beautiful poem, as you might expect, full of enthusiasm and imagination. Altogether, Cambridge seemed to me this year to be "looking up."

Like yourself, I thought Arnold's attempt to make the old Bible of the Hebrews serve the cause of *Impersonality* was audacious enough. I dislike his perpetual mouthing of watchwords, and his spirit towards the two poor bishops he was always pecking at with extremely little sweetness or light. I have just been reading his later work on German Schools, which has a great deal of interesting information.

October 1, 1874.

Last Saturday, such serene level light on the russet woods and the still harvest fields filled the afternoon air with a kind of brooding soul. I wonder if you were out of the city crowds so as to see and enjoy it.

I heard John Westall interpret Kaulbach's great picture [the original cartoon of "the Reformation"] at the Spanish gallery rooms, last week. It was good to hear the kind, earnest tones and see the fine enthusiasm for art and poetry, even if there was a little old theology mixed in which jarred a little. The picture itself in parts is fine, but sadly lacks ideal unity.

So busy have I been that I have not read Conway [the *Sacred Anthology*]. I was astounded to find no recognition of immortality.

December 22, 1874.

Oriental Religions yields the prodigious sum of fifty dollars for the year 1874. . . . Have you read Adams's book on *Democracy in France*? His theology crops out in rather unfair judgments of Voltaire and others, but he understands the French character very well, and the book will help along the movement, which I am glad to see is gaining strength, toward holding American "equality" to *duties* as well as rights.

NORTH ANDOVER, March 2, 1875.

This is an "old-fashioned" winter. Shut up day after day to a prospect of white fields and bare woods, with dis-

tant houses apparently unpeopled, — varying the scene by a daily walk to the railroad station to get my newspapers, — I learn the blessings of having a task that does n't require city sights and locomotion. I work away at an advantage. But to-day what a triumphant assertion of the royalty of winter, — a great white throne!

I am glad Legge's *Mencius* is out. Prosaic as it is, we have nothing else thereon half, nor a tenth part, so good. So I shall get on now very well with the "classic" part of my materials.

NORTH ANDOVER, May 13, 1875.

I have just finished my chapter on "How the Chinese 'Make History.'" There is no encouragement for printing another volume in the sale of the first. But the pleasure as well as the duty of writing it remain not materially different, I think, from what they would be if such encouragement existed. This spring and summer, I have pretty fully worked up the topics of Language and Literature, Poetry, the *Shi-king*, the *Shu-king*, and the History in general, from my MS. notes which all lie ready to be used, to the end of the work. Religion and Philosophy are now about all that remain, as the closing up of the subject.

I am reading a new and very interesting work by De Coulanges, author of *La Cité Antique*, on the Political Institutions of Ancient France. It is in the clearest and most incisive French. I have never read so complete and satisfactory an account of the old Roman Empire and its administration. It is quite original, and shows how naturally the Roman *imperium* grew up out of the demand of men in that age to be governed, and how perfectly it met the wants of the world. Also, how it contained the germs of all subsequent European history in matters of government and social institutions.

March 1, 1876.

Dr. Felix Adler called to see me, yesterday, and talk over his proposed essays on Hebrew Theism. I was much

pleased with him, — a live Jewish radical of culture and apparently much sweetness and reverence.

I attended on Monday the funeral of Dr. Ahlborn's youngest child, the loveliest little fellow, swept away by this terrible scourge of diphtheria. Dr. Bartol spoke very tenderly and beautifully.

His own words, too, on that occasion, — preserved by those they comforted, — were most tender and affectionate as well as full of sustaining faith and hope. The following were a part of them : —

“The beautiful young life that is lifted out of our sight into the heavenly fold is very dear to me, and I shall share the pleasant memories in which it will be enshrined, and that silence of thought in which the benedictions of the angels fall. We would lift our thoughts above the shadows of mortality, and the outward semblance of death. . . .

MEDITATIONS.

Through all the mysteries of our earthly lot, we would ever feel ourselves embosomed in the Infinite Strength and Peace, that with fatherly wisdom and motherly tenderness upholds and guides us, like stars in the sky, through our changes of night and day, of sunshine and storm.

We would strive ever to commit ourselves to the serene and perfect laws that guide our human destiny, assured that what our nature appoints must be better for us than aught else we can desire or dream.

Whether we walk in the morning light, or in the night shadows, — over, around, and beneath us are spread these Everlasting Arms. . . . How strong the assurance that what is bound up with our life and makes a dear part of our being, cannot be wholly lost; that it must answer to the love in which it is more deeply than ever enshrined! How real becomes the unseen world, no longer unfamiliar, but warm with the treasures and light of home! How we

look through the half-opened gates, into its glory and its peace, where the innocence and beauty of childhood must dwell in the life of which they are the image; and the ties that here seem broken must be preserved in the love that made them ours; and the powers we would have trained here must be unfolded in the same care that inspired our striving, and will not let it be in vain. . . .

Nor would we forget that by this tranquil mystery which we call death, we are brought the closer to a sense of an infinite calm of unchangeable good in which we must confide; on whose bosom, with our beloved that have fallen asleep therein, we can rest, sure of compensations flowing from the Life that can comprehend the depth of these affections it has implanted, and the bitterness of earthly loss. . . .

IX.

Meanwhile, in 1876, a change had taken place in his circumstances. The death of his father, breaking up the home in Salem, rendered it desirable that he should take up his residence on the ancestral farm in North Andover, which was bequeathed to him and his younger sister. The old homestead, which had been put into good condition, stands about a mile from the village, at the junction of three roads, its front windows commanding a wide and pleasant outlook. In the rear stretch the farm-fields out toward the woodlands. On a small green before the house stand two immense elm-trees. The country around is gently rolling, with many green lanes and fine views from the hill-tops. Here he established himself, setting up his library in a western chamber. And here he passed the remaining years of his life; keeping more and more closely at home, faithful to his work and his duties; welcoming the visits of his friends; gratefully enjoying all the good that came

to him ; cheerfully and uncomplainingly bearing his cross. He interested himself in carrying on the farm, taking part sometimes with his own hands. I remember an experimental cranberry patch which he showed me with some pride. This out-of-door life soon told favorably on his health, if, or because, it drew him away a little from his studies. When he came to see me from time to time in Cambridge, bringing with him often some installment of MSS. for the printers, I gladly noticed that he seemed better and brighter. His studies went on, his general reading, his correspondence ; occasionally he preached for his neighbor and friend, Mr. Clifford. At times his studies were interrupted or made difficult by recurrence of attacks of sickness ; but with him ill-health was never an excuse for idleness.

TO S. L.

September 17, 1876.

My little group of Swiss ware — chamois great and small, and old peasant people — stands in idyllic rest over the time-piece in the new study, and serves to suggest enduring moments in this swift flight of days. My summer has been very busy with its great change of place, occupations, and duties. My library is arranged in the delightful old chamber, looking out under our grand elms over the hills and through the valley, straight across the far sounds and softened images of the city of looms and spindles [Lawrence] to lovely ideal hills that rest in the sunset glow. And here in these autumnal days is a wood-fire in the Franklin stove. Farm work and cares manifold somewhat interrupt the movement of *Oriental Religions*. Through these practical and positive surroundings, I find myself quite as much involved in the elements and functions that make up actual life, as in what seemed a larger sphere. And I am

rapidly learning to measure work by its "qualitative quantum," as Hegel calls the essence of things, rather than by its relations with the world. What I shall miss will be certain city opportunities, so pleasant to enjoy with friends. . . .

I confess nothing has so disgusted me as the conduct of the so-called Independents, and the persistent abuse of the President [Grant], who, in my judgment, would at this moment make a better man for the coming struggles than Hayes. I find that, on every point where he has been assailed, waiting for a fair verdict has convinced me that he was nearer right than his adversaries.

1876.

I want to show you the petty improvements I have made here this year; only in part of the Hibernian style, "main strength and ignorance," whereof I have considerably more of this one than of that other. I have, too, a pretty fair showing to make of Oriental matters, being on the final copy of the latter end chapters. . . . I have no invitations to supply pulpits, and am quite content without this public work, to which I am more and more unsuited in these days.

Like you, I am annoyed by the excessive minute analysis of mental states and personal positions in *Daniel Deronda*. I think the excess of this is more conspicuous than in her other books. But how wonderful it is! Her dramatic power, by which I mean the self-abdicating, other-mind-representing faculty, seems to me nearest Shakspeare's of any writer in the English tongue in the present generation. I have not yet finished the book. But I expect tragedy and the sense of disappointed ideals, with the old grand Greek pointing up through all to the nobility of that which fails on earth.

I have lately been studying the Pessimism of Schopenhauer in various books. The most inconsistent and self-destructive syncretism that was ever called a system; yet full of interest, from its points of attachment to other systems, and from the genius that breaks out in points and jets.

February 4, 1877.

I was especially sorry not to find you in on Friday, for I was on my way to Wilson's [the printer] with my big Chinese baby; a half-scared carpet-bagger, burdened in body and mind, and I wanted a bit of encouragement. Do you know, this book is coming to light without hint, suggestion, or mechanical aid from living man or woman? Not a step in the process could I commit to any one but myself; not from choice, but from the necessity of the case. But before putting some fifty pages or more in Wilson's hands, I wanted to talk with you on a few points. If you thought I was wise and not foolish, I should have trudged to the printers with a lighter heart.

The winter has proved hard, here in the country, and the old farm-house could not be made tight this first year. My stove has worked badly, and I have had to worry through the coldest part of the winter. Eskimo-fashion, I have built a hut within my Arctic world, a caboose around my fire.

I have been reading Maine's *Early History of Institutions*. Like all his works, it is full of meat, close packed with mature, suggestive thought, and beautifully complete. No modern writer on such matters compares with him. I am now in the middle of the new book, *Supernatural Religion*, which is a very keen argument against miracles, and a wonderful storehouse of critical and exegetical authorities on the New Testament books and early Church writers. These things in the midst of Chinese studies, which, chapter by chapter, are pushing along.

June 9, 1877.

I sent the last proofs [of the *China*] in from Boston yesterday, and came home with a sense of lifted cares, till I began to think of the probable fate of the heavy craft I was launching before the hasty practical American world that will only tolerate what it can measure, and absorb, with a "touch and go." . . . I mean to be prepared for the evil

fame of attempting so much, without knowledge of the forty thousand characters of the Chinese script. If I knew these, I should know nothing else. In the way of psychological interpretation, I should be simply nothing.

TO R. H. MANNING.

July 7, 1877.

It is refreshing to see your familiar *graphy*, and the longing comes over me, so often felt, for a good chat in the pleasant old home in Clinton Avenue. . . It would be vain for me to tantalize myself in the old bookstores. I have just sold out stocks to pay the stereotyper's bill of nearly two thousand dollars for *China*, which I fear you will think a great folly in a shelved man with an income scarce able to keep him. Well, it does look like a "tempting o' Providence," I allow, to write books that most people will vote dull at sight — to spend so much in getting them out with little prospect of demand. All I can say in excuse is — that I cannot help it. And if I get a good word back from friends like you, it is a reward worth living and working for. You will see, at least, that I have not been lazy, and that I have had a purpose in some earnest, poorly as I succeed in showing it to the many.

I may get a chance to run on to Brooklyn some time this summer. But you know what a farmer's life is; and I have more than that to look after.

TO S. L.

July 16, 1877.

Wilson is paid by the sale of stocks, and Osgood has done very well in advertising. The notices, so far, are excellent. Ripley in the *Tribune* is admirable; he credits me with absolute freedom from partisan spirit, and from attempts to get up a case for private theories, and with writing in the pure interests of truth. I wrote him an acknowledgment. . . . I have no fears but you will say all that is fittest [in the *Atlantic*].

I wish I could come to the mountains, but must give up all that sort of thing for home cares and duties, and the stress that comes of literary expenses. It would be delightful to climb the hills and *siesta* in the glens with you, as of old at Willoughby, and still better in blessed Switzerland. Perhaps the good days will come about again, in the spirals of time.

Are you not coming to see my elms and hills? I am in the midst of deadly war on the Colorado beetle, who fights to the end of the chapter. I have spent days in clearing slugs from my vines, but I have saved them. Haying is over, with successful results. I find the Andover people charmingly kind. Clifford is a treasure; I hear him preach with great enjoyment, and he is personally even more than his rare preaching. Do come and see me; the woods and prospects ask me where you are.

February 19, 1878.

I am working away, as you will believe, not in prospect of any reward, but the doing of my own work and the good word of a few friends. This theme is largest of all. I should call it *Iran* rather than *Persia*, but shall not. I am back among the cuneiform tablets and the sources, as I find more and more, of the religious history of the world, and especially of the great "historic faiths."

Winter wears beautifully on, with its prodigality of sunshine, and its spice of flying snows, and its wide white prospects by day and cold clear moonlights.

Would that the gift were in this helpless tongue of mine to speak the right word in these wretched political abysses and be heard!

May 26, 1878.

For me, farm-labors use up my energies, I find, so far as sometimes to interfere seriously with my disposition for literary work. I am learning the arts of limitation, how-

ever, and am well along in Assyrian, Babylonian, and the rest of late Iranian discoveries. The interest of these cuneiform revelations in their bearing on Western religions — which I find nobody, so far, among the investigators has any idea of — is surpassing. I wish I had you here for a day or two, at the least, that you might see whether I dovetail agriculture and literature respectably. . . . At all events, I am happy in farming and writing, and glad to see other men get on to more purpose where they are fitted to succeed. A special gift is that of the preacher, and a glorious opportunity, on purely independent ground.

TO R. H. MANNING.

July 1, 1878.

L. wrote of pleasant talks with you about public affairs and the hopeful way in which you looked at them. There is need enough of affirmative judgments now. Some things might teach us the meaning of Shelley's counsel —

. . . "to hope, till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

It is a mercy that we have seen the end of this Congress, scandalous as the last scenes were. I think we must have touched bottom now, and shall look for re-actions to financial and moral sanity as well as political.

I still hold my Turkish sympathies as against the colossal Raider of the nations, and only find fault with England that she did not sooner put her trident across the spear of the centaur Cossack galloping on to St. Sophia. (See Nast in *Harper's Weekly*.) He is mad with drinking that blood-broth of "Peter's Will." I think, as matter of European policy and of the interests of civilization, that the Turks will be more fit to govern the many races of the Ottoman Empire, and more likely to maintain religious liberty and constitutional government . . . than the Russians, whose church is the most intolerant in the world.

TO S. L.

August 18, 1878.

I am sweltering in summer heat, haying, gathering, watching unruly cattle, trying to keep my lawns neat and my roadsides pleasant, warring against Cossack hordes of insects, while making all the moments possible for the ideal world of Persia, Assyria, Babylon, and the evolution of Religions out of the Fire-mist of Iran. Is not that a function for a shelved preacher after all? Sometimes, when I read the daily news and see what the "Hayes policy" is doing for the solid South, and what the Butlers and Kearns are trying to do with the ignorant classes of the West and the East, I wish I had a thousand tongues instead of none at all.

For what is called public work I have small respect. The noise comes to very little, and the ebb of culture and honor in our American politics, literature, and trade, must go on, doubtless, for its day. Reaction is salvation, and it will come; and when it comes, shall we not see better things than the rule of the blind led by the base?

How I should enjoy talking with you of Germantown and the new experiences! It has been vain for me to think of seeing you there. I am bound closely to my perch. Possibly in October I shall run up to the hills, the everlasting hills, that will wait for us as long as we desire. . . . The elms and the green hills here are so luxuriant and magnificent, this rainy summer, that I am ashamed to ask for better things of the mountains and the sea-shore.

Wasson wrote a review of *China* for the *North American*, which the editor accepted, kept it six months, and at last sent W. the money and declined to print it at all. Trübner advises me to print a cheap edition for the English market. I don't like the idea for such a book, and am willing to let it go altogether.

TO R. H. MANNING.

January 6, 1879.

Alas that the "holidays" should have passed and brought no pleasant Brooklyn days. As one grows older, his feet are weighted with other leads than those of age; and his fetters hold him back from ways he is still fresh and strong for treading. I had intended to accomplish this second half of my summer rambling immediately on returning from the mountains, but found my plan must be abandoned. By the way, my little raid on the Franconia Hills and up and down the [White Mountain] Notch on that grand *air-line*, — if it be not rather on eagle's wings — was delightful. If you ever get leisure for a ride a little beyond the traveled track, in our New England Switzerland, don't fail to go to Sugar Hill in Franconia, where a real mountain house (Goodnow's) puts you at the right focal distance from the two great ranges. I caught the foliage of the Notch in the very moment of its transfiguration, and looked back from Conway in a splendid moonlight upon the first snows of Mt. Washington. As we live by the sharp contrasts of Nature and Life, I wanted directly to plunge into the roar of New York. Was n't it natural?

When Bryant died, I thought how much I had received from those two poems of his, so exquisite both, and yet so different, — *Green River* and the *Hymn of the City*. From my boyhood, both have been singing their way through my experiences in country and town, by the trout-stream and in the street, and even made up between them a kind of natural music for the study itself. Poetry is the true mystic, and makes all times and scenes flow together into one.

My watches about the "Sacred Fire" of Iran are proving attractive, as I expected; though there are many shadows flitting round those far mountain altars that it is not easy to grasp and hold fast. The worst of studying the *Avesta* literature is that it is still so far from being satisfac-

torily translated, though five or six of the best Orientalists in the world have tried their hands at the work; and we have here very little outside help from contemporary history. Gleams of light and beauty tantalize one through the mists that no linguistic astronomer has yet resolved. But the grand threads are traceable that bind the Western religions to the Iranian hearth.

You "sometimes wish that you were a student." I am sure that you could have done nothing better than what you have brought about in active spheres; even though you had "wagged your pow" in a pulpit. You would have been the first to make mince-meat of the clacky hand-organ-men of the creeds. No book culture would have kept you from the worship of Law, natural and spiritual (if you will allow the bad antithesis, for bad it is, — physical and spiritual rather). Certainly, you would have been logical enough to throw overboard the miracle, and broadly intellectual enough to dismiss the narrow personalities of the creed. By the way, if you want to see what a hotch-pot mess can be poured and simmered together on a platform, read one — not more will I ask — of Cook's fulminations, ycleped *Monday Lectures*.

Russia, I think, must be reflecting by this time on the question whether, under home circumstances, the raid on Turkey was the wisest thing she could have done. A few concessions [at home] to liberty and the "constitutional government" she was so determined Turkey should not enjoy, might have made Nihilism and Young Russia in the universities more tractable. I must say I cannot share the Gladstone fever of so many English Liberals. Beaconsfield is no saint and no model, but in this matter I find myself going strongly his way. Between the Jew and the Evangelical — which is quite another matter — I think you would guess which is theologically nearer my notions. Beaconsfield is, however, not much of a Jew as to belief. But speaking of Jews, did you see that magnificent shaking

of Carlyle — till, I should think, his teeth must have chattered in his head — by one Edward Solomon, in the *New York Herald*? I believe Carlyle had asked how long England “was to have a miserable Jew dancing on her belly,” and this was the answer. I think I should hold my tongue ever after, if I had been so answered.

. . . As a whole, the family “go in” for the *letter game*; only glad sometimes to crave a mitigation of its length, when the pool is desperately full of unmanageable “issues.”

TO S. L.

March 26, 1879.

I did not know Weiss so intimately as many, but I feel a sense of great personal as well as public loss. That magnificent imagination and noble instinct of liberty and growing clearness of vision always directed to the future, and that splendid battle-call to the best, — how we shall miss it all in the coming days, amidst public degeneracy and the turning away of men's minds from noble ideals! He had the divine madness, the prophetic cry; a consuming fire of moral indignation, and the tenderest pity; the *abandon* of genius, and the subtle, delicious humor that saints are almost sure to lack. He illumines the forward track for all of us. I, for one, “cannot make him dead.”

April 14, 1879.

The warm wind bringing spring haze and birds, and the stir of the sod greets us to-day. Soon the dagger of Jamshid must be plunged into the ground, following the sharper and mightier edge of the sunbeam. I really see the affinity of agriculture with Zoroastrian symbolism, and find the two ends of my work meet!

June 29, 1879.

✓ Your warm interest in my “Transcendentalism” [in the *Radical Review*] was indeed a gratification. Frothingham wrote me at the time a most enthusiastic letter declaring

that if that was Transcendentalism, he was a Transcendentalist. And C——, who is now groping in the half-light of John Stuart Mill and Jeremy Bentham, and speaks of Transcendentalism as "a star gone by," wrote me cordially though not just to the same effect. Stevens gave it the warmest recognition, except, perhaps, Wasson's. I mention F. and C. only as illustrations of the change that is going on; the drift, I call it, of American radicalism into organization, reliance on numbers, utilities, outward forces, experience included, as contrasted with personal, interior, ideal values. ✓

O. B. F.'s implication [in his farewell sermon] that the old demand for individual power and purpose had had its day, needs more to explain it than his own sense of having said all he had to say, in twenty years speaking, to one people — as you put it. I look upon his shift of emphasis as part of a drift, as I said, into which the radical mind of America is moving. . . . I am pegging away at Assyria and the farm.

October 19, 1879.

I read the introduction to Max Müller's new series of Translations of the Oriental Scriptures, and did not like it at all. He entirely ignores the valuable translations which have already been made; and I was especially amazed that in this first volume, which is devoted to the Hindu *Upanishads*, he should have made no mention of Roër's previous translation of them printed in the *Bibliotheca Indica* at Calcutta many years ago, which you may remember I used in my *India*. This is as bad as Dr. Beal's saying, in his extraordinary review of my *China* in the *Nation*, that these philosophical writings have never been translated!

I am making much use of a French translation of the Avesta by Harlez, which strikes me as more careful and thorough, as well as more comprehensible than the others. I have also used Haug and Spiegel. Bleek, you know, simply copies Spiegel, whose method, taking the commentators for his guide to the mysteries of the old Bactrian

language, is opposed by Haug, and appears rather questionable. Spiegel's great work, *Erânische Alterthumskunde*, is a vast mine which I have explored, as I did Lassen's corresponding work on India; but it lacks philosophical value, as, in fact, do all books on the old Oriental Dualism. I am at work now upon Mani, the terrible bugbear of the Christian world down to the twelfth century. To be a Manichean was worse than to be a Jew, and to meet a more cruel fate. Yet Mani's aim was universal and eclectic, and the ascetic morality of his followers as good as any of their time.

TO R. H. MANNING.

February 22, 1880.

Our friend Chadwick has gained golden opinions by his last book. I enjoyed the brave spirit and the graceful and forcible style, and found multitudes of fine things in it which he puts in that spontaneous poetic way, always so charming to me. He meets many of the profoundest problems that none of us can "boul't to the bran;" and I do not find all his conclusions and explanations satisfactory. I wrote him especially about his change in regard to *Transcendentalism*, which I don't think he states at all as I should state the doctrine.

✓ In fact, the disciples of "science" and of "intuition," of "transcendentalism" and "experience," have in general, it seems to me, but little comprehension of each others' ideas. The whole subject stands in need of that preliminary course of *definitions* which Plato said was necessary to all discussion, and without which, discussion would be endless and profitless. Not that there is no difference between the position of the two sides: there is probably a considerable difference, and one that has lasted through two thousand years and more. But, the *points* of difference not being seen, no mutual influence nor understanding is possible.

Everything, almost, in our present heady way of per-

sonal dispute and platform *extempore* appeal to multitudes who are unfamiliar with general views of the subject, is in a muddle of words and phrases extremely agonizing to those who try to use words in their strict and rational meaning. The style of most writing is newspaperish; and the main point with the writer is that which the newspaper leading-article has always in view, — how to keep the attention of unthinking people up to the mark of following *something*, by all devices of sharp, startling, or antagonistic notions, a perpetual sword play. . . . Concede a point to most advocates and they think you weak. There is no strength but in desperate one-sidedness. By and by, when the fever of competition is tired out, there will be clear, calm thinking, and a philosophy will emerge worthy of the New Age and the New World. ✓

TO S. L.

February 22, 1880.

The telephone wires run by my windows, but they get no further toward Germantown than my neighbor Stevens's mills. I fear that Edison and the like will not greatly serve the turn of Transcendental preachers, shelved or stirring. I opine that, for this very reason, I am the more capable of recognizing the over-haste of science, physical and mechanical, to annihilate those sacred spaces and periods to which the personal virtues are more indebted than the times believe, for disciplines of faith, patience, and trust.

Speaking of Transcendentalism reminds me of Chadwick's book on Religious Problems. I found it abounding in good, brave, and beautiful things; but pervaded by a tone, or rather tendency, which so troubled me that I wrote him in full about it. He seems to me to be drifting as the American radicals seem to me to be doing as a body; following the popular current instead of leading it on to better things. For this contempt of reason as above understanding, of substance as against phenomena, this denial of direct or intuitive perception of realities even the most

universal, is certainly the high road to materialism. And Spencer, apart from his gift at generalizing phenomena and mechanically arranging them, seems to me a mere word-monger and pompous announcer of truisms in the name of solutions. For my part, a commonplace label on a heap of materials is none the more satisfactory to me for being expanded into a string of long Latinized terms; and I am outraged by the pretense of having explained what one has only *stated over again* in a swelling tone. Meantime, the solid ground of substance is cut away from under foot, and the infinite free spaces shut out by a new "firmament," worse than the Hebrew one in Genesis! And we who insist that there is no "supernatural" in the nature of things, that miracle is an absurdity on its face, are called supernaturalists by men who can digest, without a sign of wonder, such irrational or preternatural notions as those of a world of phenomena without substance, of things seen and touched without a faculty beyond understanding to bridge the way from ideal to real, of a moral philosophy based solely on calculations or on observed causes and effects, and on developing the whole conception of duty out of a synthesis of consequences! Would it be surprising if minds that have been led by "science" into taking up with pride such astounding irrationalities as these, should make their next jump into the pleasant fields of an external Catholic church? Well, I wrote Chadwick that I did not comprehend his treatment of Transcendentalism; and he wrote me a kind note in return, promising, some day of leisure, to lay out the matter more clearly.

I get on with my *Persia* as well as I could expect, having this winter been wrestling with the obscure and impalpable relations of Manicheism and Gnosticism with the early Christian Church. Now I am on the pleasanter track of the *Shah-Nameh*, and at the doors of Sufism, etc. Oh, for the mental spring and freshness of days gone by!

You can keep up these by your constant, refreshing con-

tact with the people, and the thought of your great city through your platform on the Sundays. It is friction and stir which brings thought, as well as *power of expression*. It seems to me the latter fails first, for lack of the accustomed stimulus of contact, and the former slowly but surely follows it. Moncure Conway has written to me to send or carry something in shape of essay to the conference of Liberal Thinkers in London next May. I have written so *many* things that nobody thinks of reading, that it seems simply an absurdity to put out any more. And to go to London is impossible.

TO R. H. MANNING.

February 26, 1880.

Just one word, to remove a misunderstanding respecting some, at least, of Grant's supporters. I for one do not favor him because I think the South needs to be put down or punished, but simply as the best protector of the nation against imminent dangers to its life. Gen. Grant seems to me to represent that precise position, between "over-severity to the South," and what I call a panic-stricken spirit of concession, . . . which is indispensable to national dignity and firmness. I desire no other "aggressiveness" than the vigilance which saves liberty.

TO J. HENRY BUFFUM.

1880.

What a royal time you must be having! Your description of the Alleghanies almost makes my eyes water. I weep when I remember, not Zion, but the "everlasting hills," wherein for so many years gone by my soul delighted. I have seen something of the Alleghanies, having crossed them through endless woods years ago; but I never went up the historic valley of the Shenandoah, still less explored the mystic land beyond. I enjoyed especially your description of the old stately Manor house at Luray, monu-

ment of what human and physical changes! . . . For me, I celebrate my elms and the low, sweet Andover hills. "Whene'er I take my walks abroad," what fresh wonders greet my eyes! The shades grow deeper every year, and I look out in the moonlight through the wonderful tracery of these stately boughs with a new sense of the true perspectives of life. The city tides roll by in the valley beyond the invisible river; and I have but to mount the neighboring hill to watch the sunset on mountain sides in the far horizon. But I'm not a Quietist; don't imagine it. Never was there so much to do, so little time to do it in; and I grudge every moment that does not *tell*. The Oriental Elephant is close at hand to claim every spare sliver of time. The future must determine whether I was justified in undertaking so absorbing a charge. I should shudder when I think of its probable doom, did I not remember that at least I have *had my reward* in the pleasure of exploring the fields into which it has called me, and in watching the flow of universal laws through history. I certainly can expect no other reward; and on the whole am glad that I cannot.

TO S. L.

July 2, 1880.

Alas for these ecclesiastical functions, whose demoralizing influence extends not only to the clipping down of high thought to the miserable span of *half an hour*, but to docking down your remittances of the golden coin of epistolary conversation to mere semi-yearly shreds! But even the shred is *homoousian*, and to a spiritual Pantheist conveys the whole substance from which it flows. Pause here! Never allow yourself to be forced by American restlessness and hate of continuous mental attention into a spurious compactness which sacrifices thoroughness to the art of nudging sleepy pews. Far rather cut off hymns, scripture, invocations.

You wish I might have been with you a little to wander

up the Wissahiccon, and recall the blessed days of Shanklin and Freshwater Bay! Ah me! the bonds the Parcae weave about me closer and closer still, they will not loosen till Atropos gives her scissors to the final cut!

By the way, speaking of European memories, who should turn up at Commencement but M—— O——, the blessed youth of Italy. . . . You slay me with the words *Mount Desert!*

I jump from pillar to post. Let me tell you what drives me almost distraught, — this seeing the labors of one's life at leaving an honest and clear record and standing in the world for what one is and believes, crushed in a moment in some irreparable way. The other day a letter from a Presbyterian lady asked for light on the circumstances which led to the production of my hymn, commencing "*Saviour, in thy mysterious presence kneeling.*" I have written *calmly* to the reverend Dr. who compiles the Presbyterian Hymn-book for putting a radical of thirty years into the ranks of pronounced Orthodoxy.

TO R. H. MANNING.

July 11, 1880.

It seems very long since I have seen you all. I am tethered like my own unruly cow; yet I am not unruly, only — what the Latins used to call their farm-servants — "bound to the soil" — *adscriptus glebæ*. Come and see my Homeric oxen, and the potato-field, that has cost so much precious time. The harvest looks promising; oats, corn, and hay have answered, so far, to our desires. But little time remains, or strength either, in this ingathering season, for far-off *Iran* and its heroic poetry and the raid of fiery Arabs on the old Eastern world. I have finished my tale of Firdûsi's great Epic this spring and summer, and I wish it might tell something of what a grand national Epic may be and do.

Probably if I lived in New York I should feel as you do

about "the machine." But for my soul I cannot see any more machinery for one candidate than for another. It is all bad, this machine-work in *everything* here in America.

Not the least so in "Free Religion." Here is A —, who has been trying to run that machine, organizing the Eternal Truth into "Liberal Leagues" and drumming up recruits. . . . You cannot hold the light in your fist. And A — retires disappointed from his *Index*, and the great morning moves upward in the open sky. Alas, the "Free Religionists," like the politicians and the manufacturers and the traders, are *utilitarians*; they want immediate concrete effects, labor-saving, time-saving, conversions to Truth and Good, neither of which can come otherwise than by personal insight and discipline. This wretched business, this squabble over the vices of officials and representatives of the National League — what possible connexion has it all with the progress of universal Religion and the culture of mankind in ideas and beliefs? I think A — will be more in his true place in writing freely and directly to thinking men than in trying to organize the unorganizable.

I agree with you about the plans of the Democrats. And the thing looks *very serious*. What they desire to do, they have full opportunity and tremendous temptation to do. Nothing but a mighty public expression against them will deter them from doing what they tried unsuccessfully in Maine, and are trying with full success and Northern Republican encouragement, in every Southern State, *all the time*.

Thank you for the excellent obituary of George Ripley, who deserves to be called the master in criticism. What a long, noble, faithful, and comprehensive work he has done! Who is to tell the story? Some one who has known him well, I hope, and who will do him justice. He was as tender and true a gentleman as he was a just and all-seeing censor of the literature of the day.

You rejoice that Grant was defeated. I should put it

perhaps to the same effect, but a little differently. I mourn that the outrageous proceedings of the men who set themselves up for his henchmen were not rebuked by the grand old soldier. But I should have been very unwilling that he should receive the nomination through such manoeuvres as Conkling, Cameron, and Logan undertook to put through.

October 17, 1880.

I have been sick all summer, with persistent splanchnic woes; and finally had to go to the White Mountains for a change. And such a change! Such glory in the autumn forests, such grand snow and frost transfigurations of the rock-faces and the eternal pines! From Kearsarge on the South, from Lisbon Heights on the North-west, I saw the ranges as I had never seen them before; in their true relations, from *without* instead of within; and at a distance which gave full dues to every shoulder and peak and outline and lifted mass. Of course I left all bodily miseries behind me, and returned a wiser and a sounder man after a week's enjoyment of the *true season* for mountain travel.

It was not till the other day that I learned that your good sister, that true saint of the *living gospel*, had passed away from your sight. . . . You will miss her — how constantly and deeply — in your home, so long blessed with her sympathy and encouragement in all high aims and pleasures. But you are too thoughtful and too experienced in the art of arts — that of reconciliation with the laws of life and the paths of nature, as the *best* laws and paths for us all, — not to find the consolations that the years bring with them, to those who have asked only to know the truth of our being and to conform thereto. Give my sincere sympathy to all your family.

March 20, 1881.

I have been all the winter at work on the universal relations of the great Mahommedan faith, its defects and their

parallels with those of Christianity. I assure you, a great subject, whether or not I can get a hearing for it, and any recognition of my own eye to the future, as well as the present, of belief and science.

Glad to hear from J. W. C. I read his sermon on the Christian name in the last number of the *Index*; and I wish I could say it was more satisfactory to me than it is. It seems to me that his reasons for adhering to the name were very inadequate, and would make any proper change in name from one positive faith to another impossible. He first says truly that we know little or nothing about Jesus, and then he bases Christianity and its fitness to survive on its relations to his personal character. He makes science (free and impersonal) as truly an evolution from this hypothetical conception of Christianity as are the doctrines of Roman Catholicism, with its logical central Christ, and the church that follows from his New Testament claims! For my part, every day I live, the name *Christian* seems less and less to express my thought and tendency. I suspect it will be so with the Freethinking world generally. As for making out *Unitarian*, at this stage, to mean larger liberty than *Christian*, as some are doing, — that seems to me another attempt at stretching Og's bedstead, so that the good radical fellows may all lie down in it.

Czar Alexander's death is a truly Greek *Nemesis*. Russian history is bound to be a tragedy; not a new one, for thousands of exiles are groaning in Siberia, and as many heads have been struck off to save imperialism. Now the red stream takes a new track, that is all the difference. And probably this is not the end. Nevertheless, I do not want these Nihilists, nor the International Labor League, hereabouts. Like ill-trained dogs, they don't know friend from foe, nor wisdom from folly, nor faith and honor from conceit and rage.

My articles in the *Index* fail to keep P—— to the points in hand. It is of very little use to try to set anybody right

nowadays. But there is something in saying your say and leaving it.

TO S. L.

June 5, 1881.

Your notice of Carlyle's *Reminiscences* just expresses my own feeling. They showed how capable he was of idealizing those near to him in the tenderest and most childlike way. Much of what has scandalized the world is due to dyspepsia; but much to the amazing keenness and truth of the criticisms themselves. Think of that inimitable description of Wordsworth; and Southey could not complain. Coleridge and Lamb both really had their deplorable sides. I read the whole book with intense interest, of course sometimes with pain; but it did not hurt my admiration or gratitude. I think in many ways it enhanced them. Have you read Wylie's charming book [on Carlyle]? Read it if you have not. I am on thorns of impatience for Froude's volumes of the letters.

The *Revised New Testament* has a great many remarkable improvements on the old text. Other changes are questionable. Some, at least, shear Jesus of his nobility. Note what a change is made in Matt. xix. 16, 17. Others strike at dogmas. Hell loses some of its terrors. The translators have been honest and brave. A host of verbal changes add greatly to the clearness of the text. And of course the effect on the doctrine of literal infallibility is decisive.

I am greatly struck by the contradictions that are growing up in the Evangelical mind under the influence of the progress of learning and science. Reading Stanley's *Christian Institutions* and Robertson Smith's *Lectures on the Old Testament*, I find their intense Christian prejudice jars in upon the fine poetic insight of the one and the astonishing critical keenness and breadth of the other, in a manner that must soon make itself felt in inward conflicts of a very

sharp and convulsive kind, for them and for others at a similar stage, on the border land.

I hope you have read my letters to Potter in the *Index*. I am wearied with the folly of the present drift of the "Free Religionists." What do they mean to do with the *foundations* that all freedom must stand upon, — personality, progress, transcendental perception, and law? These are all forgotten in petty "crystallizations," or else mentioned only to be abused.

As for health, I hope for better things. But last winter's troubles have so taken hold of my lower limbs that I cannot use them for any length of time. I think I am gaining. I am certainly taking my best care to that end. How lovely the world is up here under the great elms and the green hills I need not say; it only waits for you.

TO R. H. MANNING.

January 8, 1882.

This last year has been rather a hard one. After a whole spring and summer of sickness, the journey into the mountains and then to Brooklyn did me real good, which was so helped on by a fortunate medicine afterwards that I have gained exceedingly, till about a month since, when suddenly there caught me a rheumatism or neuralgia in the chest from which I am still suffering.

I am busy at the old work; a great deal that must be read and thought over and made the most of, for what I am weak enough to think are philosophical uses. "I hope to be spared till," etc., as the tiresome old commentators of the Bible were wont to say. But I won't admit that my writing is *commentating*. If it can only be true and large *interpretation* of human history, that is all I ask.

O. B. F.'s recent words and ways I don't wholly understand; though I can see the situation pretty well. I suppose I should only mystify you if I told you that the whole proceeding only proves to me how impossible it is for a

thoughtful man to live off and outside of a transcendental basis ; as I think he has been really trying to do. You know I find no inconsistency between evolution and the original fundamental necessities of all thought, on which the transcendental philosophy is founded. Some time or other I shall show you how fully you yourself agree with me, and I with you.

To change the topic. I am just full of that delicious operetta of Gilbert and Sullivan — *Patience*. I hope you have heard it at least twice. The satire is the keenest, the harmony of the whole, lilting music, phrase and dancing, is perfect, and the humor so irresistible that it runs in my head day and night. And right in the midst of all the broad fun is that exquisite little song about the "old, old love," which is perfect in tenderness and strength. It is singular that such fine and rushing comedy should come to us from England, where, we are wont to think, wits are slow and conventional. It recalls what I used to believe in theory, that the best humor requires the contrasts of an old and complex civilization. Yet how we haste, here in America, to anything humorous, to take off the grinding edge of our business and political life. Nobody, but a few literati, knows anything about the Swinburne, Rossetti, and Wilde school of æsthetics ; yet what a run this satire has !

What a pleasant little visit I had at your house ! Old friends grow more and more precious every year.

X.

The last time that I saw my friend was in the summer of 1881, when I spent a delightful Sunday with him. The day was perfect. The preacher, tired with the year's work and distrustful of his sermon, had begged that we should not come to church, and my time was short. We spent the day in the

study and among the lanes and hills — talking of many things. He read to me some chapters of his unfinished *Persia*, the third and last volume of his *Oriental Religions*. He was in excellent spirits, and seemed in rather unusual health. On Monday morning he drove me to the station; we parted there — and I never looked upon his face again.

He died on Sunday evening, the nineteenth of February, 1882, after a week's illness, the culmination of the disease that had long been upon him. The funeral services were held at the Unitarian Church in the village, which he had been wont to attend, rejoicing to find there an independent ministry of breadth kindred to his own. Sentences were read from the Scriptures of various nations, followed by prayer, the singing of his own hymn "I bless thee, Lord, for sorrows sent," and addresses from several friends. All gave heartfelt testimony to the noble qualities of him whom they honored. They bore witness to his simple manliness, his stainlessness of heart and life, his brave and willing sacrifices of place and popularity in the path of duty; to the independence in which he was content to walk alone, obedient to the inward law, and faithful to his own convictions of truth; to his consecration of spirit, his moral inspiration, his unfaltering championship of right against every injustice and every form of bondage, his strong spiritual faith and genuine religiousness, his patient cheerfulness under that "shadow of the cross which early fell upon his life," his devotion of all his treasures of thought and scholarship to the service of mankind and the furtherance of all noblest aims; to the unshaken constancy with which he "obeyed the voice at eve, obeyed at prime."

A few hours later, as the winter day was closing, in the city of his birth, the mortal part of him was laid away. "Above, tall fir-trees stretch their protecting arms, and as the glowing twilight fades into the mystic beauty of the cloudless night, the first crescent moon of spring-time and the friendly stars look calmly down upon his new-made grave."

But with us who knew him, and with the world, remain his work and his character. With us abides, as a memory and an inspiration, the genuine nobility of soul. With us remains, a sacred and secure possession, the profound and elevated thought; the absolute faith in God; the clear, spiritual sight of things divine, ideal, invisible, as the realities; the keen moral judgment of men and events, untinged with bitterness; the reverent sensibility to all truly sacred things, equaled only by the prompt rejection of all that only pretended to be sacred; the absolute sincerity and sturdy independence in thought, speech, and methods of action, which, while respecting the freedom of others, may not always have been able to do justice to methods different from his own; the devotion to liberty in all its forms; the unwearied search for truth, and the steady-working industry under the burden of bodily infirmity; the sensitive love of beauty in nature and in art; the kindly sympathies and warm attachments; the too modest estimate of himself and the cordial recognition of the good work and worth of others; the bright mirth that lightened out of his habitual seriousness, — all these things abide with us, now that the voice is stilled and the hand lifeless. Those who have had the privilege of his friendship must be ever grateful for what it has been, and is, to them.

“ The year is saddened, especially to those of us who are in ‘life’s later afternoon.’ But faith is strengthened ; for it is not easy to believe that the spiritual forces we have known and felt so long are *conserved* only by being translated into other forms.”

LECTURES, ESSAYS, AND SERMONS.

FLORENCE.

To Americans, at least, Florence should be forever the dearest, as it certainly is the fairest, of Italian cities. Its history affiliates genius with liberty, and identifies ideal life with popular institutions. Grimm, the biographer of Michael Angelo, opens his work with this fine tribute to its democracy: "In Athens and Florence we may say that no stone was laid upon another, no picture, no poem came forth, but the entire population was its sponsor. Whether Santa Maria del Fiore was rebuilt, whether San Giovanni gained a couple of golden gates, whether Pisa was besieged, peace concluded, or a mad carnival procession celebrated, — every one was concerned in it, the same general interest was evinced by all. . . . Athens and her destiny is a symbol of the whole life of Greece. Florence is a symbol of the prime of Roman Italy. Both, so long as their liberty lasted, are a reflection of the golden age of their land and people. After liberty was lost they are an image of the decline of both until their final ruin."

"Every Florentine work of art carries the whole of Florence within it. Dante's poems are the result of the wars, the negotiations, the religion, the philosophy, the gossip, the faults, the vice, the hatred, the love, and the revenge of the Florentines."

All this is true, and more than this. What Homer and Shakespeare are among poets, what Plato is among philosophers, that was Florence among cities, in her best days. A pope, speaking in wonder of her great ambassadors, called her the "fifth element of the world."

"Whatsoever may be done, I can do as well as any other," wrote one whose name stands for universal genius, beautiful in body and soul, not only master of all the fine arts, but pioneer of modern science, and best physical philosopher of the sixteenth century, — Leonardo da Vinci. "Better than any other," he might have said, for he is true representative of his Florence, where, whatsoever the age could do was done, and done in ways matchless then, and to be revered still.

First of Italian cities to assert independence of the German Emperor, last of mediæval republics to surrender municipal freedom; first again to yield local autonomy for the inauguration of Italian unity; least capable of enduring tyrants, yet least sanguinary in revolution; transforming goldsmiths and ivory carvers into monarchs of art, defending her fortresses by the military genius of her greatest sculptor; on her right, the tower where modern astronomy began in Galileo's night watches; on her left, the convent where Fra Angelico transfigured painting with the purest touch art ever knew; proud to claim the ashes of her once exiled Dante, and crown with laurels that wonderful imagination which could turn the terrible creed of the Middle Ages into an immortal flower and tread alone the spheres of judgment, meeting to every pontiff, king, and lord his place by the awful sentence of moral law; her people always the

most gentle in manners, pure of speech, and ripe in culture among Italians, — Florence is ideal in whatever aspect regarded, and at this day contains the choicest of those treasures which Italy offers to the culture of the world. Though with less breadth of historical significance than Rome, yet her appeal to the imagination is more direct, and her relations with the future are probably of a higher quality.

Shall I venture to attempt a portrait with its natural setting, taken in the early spring?

From distant, circling, purple and amber hills, through the heart of a stately city, descends a noble river spanned by bridge beyond bridge, whose generous arches, each closing with its own reversed image in the mirror beneath into a fair oval, lead the eye down through glowing vistas into the open sunsets they reflect. A wide Campagna of furrowed meadows and ferny brooks tempts you out and away where peasants are lopping their straggling olives into graceful urns to hold the tendrils of their vines and keep safe the purple clusters; and straw-plaiters sit at their thresholds, with bright-eyed children browning in sunshine about their knees, and ruddy country girls, sheltering themselves from heat under the quaint head-gear of their market burdens, are treading the highways with agile steps. Here shining hollows brim over with rustic songs, and there the very beggar under the Virgin's shrine in the wall, with his musical invocations and appeals and his artistic grace, stirs your imagination quite as much as your pity. You saunter among laurestine and hawthorn hedges and white stuccoed walls where the wild raspberry, rose, and ivy weave delicate shadows across the crevices, and clinging grasses thrust out gossamer-

like threads like gold, and startled lizards flash like sunbeams in and out. And so you slowly near those undulating lines of encompassing hills, wondering at their tender transformations and noble masses of color. Your eye follows long stretches of solitary road leading up their slopes to old towered homesteads among cypresses or shadowy olives, or more often standing out naked and clear, strong built, and guarded by stone lion or leopard roughly carved. It lingers on the huddled heaps of long gray wall and red and yellow tiles and heavy brown eaves of some ancient hamlet, with old church-tower and pierced belfry rising above them. It notes how Nature counteracts the effects of a certain dislike for shade trees in these Italian children of the sun which has stripped the Apennines of their ancient raiment, doing her best to give picturesque coloring to the bare limestones with her iron and rain, as well as by sprinkling every bank with hyacinths and daisies as soon as it is green, and with great rose and purple anemones even in February and March. And then it is led away to the stately stone pines, so common in Turner's pictures, dark domes of foliage lifted high on tall bare stems and standing alone, prophet-like, on jutting hill-tops, grandly real against the melting lines of earth and sky, steeped in the glow of latest sunset or earliest morning. At last, from some high knoll and in some happy moment, it is blessed with full vision of that wonderful Tuscan atmosphere, blending the blue of mountain distance with the russet of bare limestone and the suffusing gold of sunlight, into a color for which there is no name, turning February into June, and brooding like a benediction over a bright illimitable plain, that stretches away

fertile and populous to the misty heights. The city domes and towers flash back the sunshine from the heart of this loveliness where they have dwelt for centuries at home; and in winter the alabaster snows of the Apennines, far in the horizon, seem an outer garland of lilies, or the white rose petals of Dante's dream of Paradise. Is not that a setting for the vicissitudes and tragedies of a thousand historic years?

We cannot wonder that emotional aspiration is the main feature of Florentine art, as large dramatic interest is of the old Venetian, and genuine sympathy with nature and social progress, of the art of our own time. A tender yearning will be found to pervade it all, weighing down the eyelids, dilating the lips, and shaping forth the delicately mobile lines of that half sweet, half sad type of countenance which constantly reappears in all Tuscan painting of the fifteenth century, and still looks up into your face in every sunny by-way of the Tuscan hill country, so that the Florentine peasant boys and girls will always hover in your memory like the images of a happy dream.

Here was the fit surrounding of the monk Angelico da Fiesole, the most spiritual of Catholic artists, who made poetry of theology, who painted kneeling, with prayer and vow, for the love of God and man, as that age understood them, and failed only when he tried to paint sin. His most famous picture is one in which serried hosts, in robes of a splendor that is simply the outflaming of praise, are breathing their souls through lines of lifted trumpets, hastening with feet of gladness and faces of glory towards a central light, all drawn by the omnipotence of sym-

pathy into hushed and ordered lines. It must have suggested Milton's description "At a Solemn Musick":—

"Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow;
And the cherubick host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires."

But what suggested the picture? As I have watched the wonderful atmosphere of these Tuscan hills, their long lines upheaved on a vast sea of opal, wave beyond wave of vital hues stretching away till they passed into the mystery where no eye could follow and no horizon was, and as I heard the chanting chimes from a hundred unseen valleys and silent nooks, melting as they rose into one musical tone, while the brimming, deepening blue received them all into its rest, I could easily conceive how the artist's imagination, though trained to read his supernatural mythology into natural forms and colors, might well behold those really human hosts of his picture ascending and descending within this living glory, and treading these mountains of palpitating light, fit vestures of their ecstasies of hope and faith.

Here, too, in these veils of mountain purple belong Dante's Circles of Paradise, as I have already said. No wonder the exiled poet bore even to his grave the unutterable longing to return hither, sternly as he had been paying back, in his terrible *Inferno*, the party rancor which had made him homeless on the earth. One can fully appreciate the self-sacrifice which directed his manly letter to friends who had procured a remission of the decree of banishment, on condition that he should confess his fault and pay a slight fine.

"Is it generous *thus* to recall me after an exile of fifteen years? . . . If you have found a way by which I can return and keep my honor, how gladly would I seize it! But if there be no other than this you offer me, to Florence I shall never return. What then? Can I not everywhere behold the sun and stars, and devote myself to the disciplines of truth? Do I need *thus* to degrade my manhood? No, truly, I go not so to Florence, even for my bread!"

Scarcely less pathetic is Galileo's tower, on a hill-top a mile from the city walls. One ascends a narrow flight of stone steps, the lowest a broken capital, into a small bare room, the windows of which are now bricked in, and thence to the tiled roof of the tower, surrounded by a low crenelated wall. An immense black weather-cock perks its head into the air from a corner, as if to mock like the old Church at astronomy. Beneath, Val d'Arno stretches away towards the soft low hills and western sea. This was the reformer's outlook. And what a reform it was, that new theory of the relation of the earth to the sun! Texts confuted, dogmas nullified, infallibilities defied, traditions of two thousand years puffed away in a breath; no up and down in the spaces of the universe any more; the old heavens and hells sent to oblivion; the stable earth degraded to a planet and set whirling; eternal Rome, centre of creation no more; only scientific truth steadfast, all else but for a day, — this was what fell from the star courses through that artist's "optic glass" into the soul. What signified little Italy at his feet, so proud of her immobility, yet spinning through space the while? Conceive him looking down upon sleeping Florence with clear recognition of the unbelief, the wrath, the penalty to

come on him from man, then upward to the silence and sovereignty of eternal law!

But if one would see what Art can do to embody the spirit, he must study Michael Angelo's unfinished statues scattered about Florence. He will observe that this artist's conception seems to have grown as he worked, till he despaired of his material. Michael Angelo cut straight into his block without sketch or model, and as with a divine frenzy, so that it seemed sometimes as if the marble would go to pieces under his hand, the thought expanding even more rapidly within him the while. Could stone keep pace with soul? Every mark of those serrated chisels is a quick thought. You stand upon the verge of things inexpressible in form. You see just where the marble failed as before the pressure of a god, yet retaining intimations of the majestic idea it could not hold, hovering about it as in spiritual presence, perceivable not so much by the eye as by the imagination. In the chapel of the Medici family all you see is his work. These marbles are monuments not so much of the tyrannical and vicious race whose name they bear, as of a great intellect flooded with heroic feeling. Two of these groups are well known in this country by casts and engravings. In each a male and female form recline on a tomb, with the sitting figure of the prince who is commemorated above them.

They were the last word of Liberty to fallen Florence, when Art alone was free to speak it. These shapes are cast in superhuman mould. One has fallen asleep for very weariness of grief. "While power unjust and guilt prevail, awake me not!" Opposite her sits one, like Jeremiah among the ruins

of Jerusalem. Above, one, the face withdrawn into the dark shadow of his helmet, the head resting on the hand, which, for whomsoever it is meant, might well pass for Art's own image of a Destroyer of Liberty. Men have gazed on it with shuddering awe, as if none but he who made it could tell the terrible secret hidden in that shadow. "It is a spectre," they say; "and what stern remorseful gloom! What eternity of retribution brooding over the consequences of crime!" Yes, but do not pause there. As you look deeper and draw nearer, a new meaning is disclosed. A noble grief seems passing onward into repentance and reconciliation, as of one who at last beholds the law that from his evil educes good. It was not in the genius of art to despair of liberty. The other monument is better known. Night, with her head drooped under the bent arm and hand, in slumber as profound as that in which Freedom has sunk in many an evil day; and Dawn, rising in his gradual might like the slow coming of a great thought, like a nation's resurrection, like all awakening of power. In these works Florence answers the pretense that the fine arts are anti-democratic, that popular institutions cannot inspire ideals of intellect and feeling.

The world has no other marbles so great as these monuments of the love of liberty, no sculptor who equals this republican among artists, whose lofty philosophy made him regardless of rank and dignity in others, and whom popes and princes scarce ventured to offend. Pope Julius took care to bid him be seated as soon as he appeared, knowing well that so independent a person would not hesitate to seat *himself*, even in papal presence, if unbidden. Yet what a sense of insufficiency to his own ideal weighed

down his spirit! The tomb of this Julius was to have been the most stupendous piece of sculpture in the world, and every figure was to embody the soul's victory over death. But the plan scarcely got beyond the one great figure of Moses which stood forty years unfinished in his workshop, while the majestic whole was the nightmare of his hopeless desire. "My youth," he groaned, "has been lost, bound hand and foot in this tomb." Even genius must accept limits, — "transcendent capacity for taking trouble," Carlyle calls it. In his ideality he was truly Florentine, and especially, in that all he did in sculpture was emotional and spiritual. As architect, it was otherwise. His building was infected with the cold, stiff symmetry of the rising Renaissance. It was the personal *humanity* that sculpture deals with, that made it his real sphere. His to carve souls in stone, not to build houses to set them up in. His to melt the rock and make it flow in waves of tenderness, sorrow, and awe. Here he is maturest of artists. Raphael only has painted the inspiration of childhood in his infant Christs. But Raphael never painted motherhood as Michael Angelo could carve it, as in the Medici Chapel group, and the Pietà of the Duomo. His whole life, it has been said, was composed of four adorations, Art, Vittoria Colonna, Dante, God. The last was its "path, motive, guide, original, and end." Of Vittoria he says:—

"Better plea
Love cannot have than that, in loving thee,
Glory to that Eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts."

And he whom tyrants could not force, nor riches

bribe to the ignoble use of genius, whose wrath was terrible where he detected meanness or pretense, had yet learned to receive his inspiration as a little child : —

“The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :
Unless thou show to us thine own true way
No man can find it ; Father, thou must lead.”

A certain anthropomorphic spirit, natural to artists, at least in those days, and which has not yet learned, in the common conceptions of worship, to withdraw before the profounder thought of the Inscrutable and Inconceivable, will come more and more to be held the defect alike in Michael Angelo's religion and in his art. God was to him a man whom he could paint and in other ways subject to finite conditions. And as Raphael could represent Deity in the vision of Ezekiel, as a benignant Jupiter, riding on beasts and upborne by children flying through the air, so Michael Angelo actually, and with even much less success for the cultivated imagination, has depicted the Eternal as a personage drawing forth the primitive man from nonentity ! And this absurdity has actually been described as superior to anything else in the realm of art, in its suggestion of the idea of omnipotence ! But these are the *extravagances* of ideal aspiration, and we can honor this, even where we must recognize the limitations of art, in obedience to a deeper reverence before the laws of nature and truth.

In the streets of Florence you cannot feel as in other cities. Art here wears a serious countenance, and is justified of her children, like justice, heroism, or love. What you see was not made in a day or

for a day. Men were content to spend their lives in doing a few things, or even a part of one thing only, so great that other ages must be left to end it, and a common task and triumph bind many generations as one. For they were buoyed up on a popular appreciation of genius and labor, which insisted, not on *much* doing but on *noble and perfect* doing. To see that the whole world should come to Florence for its best, that nothing was made which by any possibility another age should have to unmake, — this was the strain of each and of all. Ghiberti spent fifty years on the bronze gates of the Baptistery, but all the years of human history have not produced their equal in that kind of work. A hundred and thirty years was the Cathedral of Florence in building. Architect after architect died and passed on the torch of beauty. Even yet it awaits the crowning touch of Italy's regenerated genius. On the church of San Giovanni the city wrote the words, "This shall stand till the Judgment Day."

Patronage never did for art what this popular enthusiasm effected in the development of genius in Florence. Explain it as you will, it is one of the ethnological mysteries, like Greek taste and Hebrew passion. The credit of Tuscan art used to be given, by historians like Roscoe, to the Medici family. It was the whole people who bore Cimabue's picture of the Madonna in festal procession to its throne in Santa Maria Novella. A colossal marble form sits beside the Cathedral Square, looking up at the magnificent structure in its centre; and underneath it is written: "*This is that Arnolfo who, when commissioned by decree of the people to build for Florence a temple which no industry nor skill of man could pos-*

sibly surpass, proved equal to the sublime desire of the citizens." Giotto was bidden to build a Campanile that should eclipse everything in Greek or Roman art. And it is doing him small justice to say that he fulfilled the task. Individual guilds of artisans built the great churches, and expended more money on a single door than would build an American factory. Does this look like useless work? Let us remember that labor, and not rank, had sway in Florence. The skilled artisan held the purse of the state. For years no noble could hold office unless enrolled in a trade-guild. Although, of course, personal rights had by no means so wide diffusion as with us, yet in no state of Italy were the people so nearly recognized as the fountain of political power. And in none was prosperity founded and maintained in so large a measure on the basis of popular industry and skill. It was not the patronage of kings or nobles, but the spontaneous instinct of the producer of wealth for culture, that crowned Florence queen of art.

The Cathedral represents that grave simplicity and sincerity out of which all beauty flowed in Florence. You will be disappointed at first by a certain sombreness in that swelling mountain of black and white paneling. But how heroic the scale! And no idle ostentation, no frippery of a day is here! This is built for all time, for all experience; place and sect have no claim here. It is a voice of essential humanity, "not unto us but unto Thee be praise."

Now let us draw near, and we see that it is steeped in fine tracery of rich mosaic and richer moulding, whose low relief and modest color are absorbed in the majesty of the whole. It is the inexhaustible garner into which age after age has gathered its best.

Within, scarce one ornament of carved or gilded work, scarce one image, painted or sculptured, of aught in heaven or earth, breaks the bare sublimity of those stupendous columns which probably sustain a wider extent of arch and vaulting of vast reaches of sombre wall, almost limitless spaces lost above in the mystical twilight of the dome, than any other equal number in any other edifice ever built by man.

Gothic architecture usually breaks up surfaces and scatters the feeling on innumerable aspirations. Here thought is concentrated on an absolute Unity. It says, like Egyptian Isis, "I am that which was, and is, and shall be."

Savonarola's pulpit-thunder reverberated through these spaces; through these glooms the breathless populace beheld his eyes glowing with an enthusiasm that seemed preternatural, and abolished fear and doubt as it did these shadows of the Temple. Often scarce able to reach his pulpit from his cell, the place and the work would exalt him with an inspiration that swept all Florence on its tides through the gates of liberty and love; then, sinking back at the close, he could do no more for days.

This symbolic art neither Protestant nor Catholic theology can take up as its own. The life it flowed from in the builders was broader than their extreme belief. It is only when music, statuary, and painting shall be consecrated to the highest personal and social experience of man that these arts will dwell in grand architecture like this, as nerve and muscle and blood dwell in human bodies, — as so many special forces of its all-embracing life.

Close beside this symbolism of Eternal Law is

Giotto's Campanile, or bell-tower, a pillar of light, an upstreaming of world-life, an interweaving of all forms of delicate grace that Gothic art ever attained. Around its base a belt of inwrought escutcheons celebrates the lives of saints and the labors of artisans.

And, fronting both, is the old octagonal Baptistery with its plain, pyramidal roof, for hundreds of years the city cathedral. This grave and modest structure forms the setting for the bronze gates of Ghiberti, which Michael Angelo thought "worthy to be the gates of Paradise." In each gate the several groups, idealizing scenes from Bible story, are set in frames sprinkled with statuettes, and all together inclosed in a border of animals and plants. There is something stupendous in the wealth of dramatic life concentrated in these charming Oriental groups, as well as in the casting of so many figures projecting so far, and so minutely related to each other. But the miracle is in the wreathed borders. It is not the accuracy of science merely, not the grace and cunning of those flowing lines of leaf and blossom, grass and fruit, so handsomely disposed, nor the skill with which the living creatures are interspersed among the various natural perches, nests and coverts; it is the genuine vitality of the creature and the plant, caught and conveyed into the bronze. These flowers drink dew and breathe air; these little leaves clap their hands in the sunshine; these birds warble and hover and peck and brood; the owl looks through the night with oracular eyes; the squirrel half chuckles over his nut, half trembles at the rustle of the spray close by; the serpent aims its fang at the startled bird above him, the tardy snail bends the rose petal under his cautious

foot; insects flit in and out of the foliage, and life breathes and beats and flushes through the whole. Ghiberti's gates are less the "gates of Paradise" than the paradise of real life, of nature and man.

How faithfully this historic city keeps the sternest impress of feudalism in streets now alive with the liberty of the better day. The men who built those grated Romanesque fortress-palaces, so severe and frowning, of Cyclopean stones, their only sign of hospitality the questionable one of a heavy stone seat running along the front just above the pavement, their only intimation of joy the heavy iron rings inserted at intervals in the wall to hold torches or banners on festal days, made no half-way work in accepting the stern fact that every noble's palace was his castle, stamping that faith into stone so that it should not die. We shudder now at the savagism of this crude effort at civilization in the ages that preceded our social science. But they are types of social evolution, not to be despised, lest in forgetting the earlier stages we cease to honor the law of growth. Man is there and his work is genuinely human. After all, one can respect a barbarism that leaves behind it coliseums, or pyramids, or catacombs, or Ellora caves, or Florentine palaces to testify that, unlike modern barbarisms which have outlived their day, it had confidence in its own future, and believed that other ages should be taught to honor it. The negro slave-pen and the Florentine palaces, in this point of view, come under very different categories; and these stately piles bear record, not of aristocratic pride alone, or selfish and cruel greed. In the one whose chambers beheld the fatal ambition of the Medici, Charles VIII. of France, entering Florence to

impose their yoke on the citizens, received the committee of the still unsubdued republic. "If you dare to speak so," he said, "I will order my trumpets to sound." "Then," replies Pietro Capponi, "we will order our bells to be rung;" and, starting from his seat, he snatched the king's ultimatum from his secretary, and tore it to shreds before his face. The crowned invader trembled before the unarmed citizen and yielded the point.

The cloisters in Catholic Europe testify to many noble aspects. There is enduring meaning in those serene and ample arcades; those plain walls set with small lunettes opening out from corridor and cell; those frescoes, the republican element in Roman Catholic art, delineating pure lives and martyr deaths, the semi-mythological biography of men who were really the benefactors of the people in the Middle Ages, as they were themselves of and from the people; those stones within which so many thoughtful souls have pondered the problem of life and death; those spaces opening upwards only, the drifting world shut out; those green retreats pleasant with the changeful bounty of passing seasons, yet themselves unchanged from age to age; those memorial tablets and busts all along the quiet corridors, leading from seclusion to seclusion, reminders that there were brave hearts and noble heads before to-day's trials and tasks, — they are not mere Romish relics. I wish we had something analogous to them, only secular, not technically religious, on the wild and weary beats of American city life.

The cloisters of San Marco are seven hundred years old. Here was the first public library in Italy. The monks of San Marco became famous for their

learning, and the convent was a centre of literary pilgrimage. Its Prior was at one time the founder, or reviver, of almost every benevolent institution in Florence. A society was in existence for the extermination of heretics. Fra Antonino changed it into one for saving orphans and neglected children. He founded another for the general care of the poor. He was often seen leading a mule about the lonely hills, laden with provisions for the sick and suffering. And here is his life in fresco by loving hands. The painter-monk Angelico illuminated these cold walls of corridor and cell with the soul of color.

Last came a young preacher from Ferrara, of severe speech and impetuous gesture, who had fled his father's house, his medical studies and hope of fame, to follow his vision of a palpably approaching judgment day for the crimes of Italy, papal and political. The sentiment and scholarship of these quiet cloisters did not tame the ardor which had sought Florence, because she was the fiery furnace of Italian passions. She heard his lifted voice as one who loves better the tune of a pleasant instrument than the thunder of a moral rebuke. But Pico della Mirandola, rising star of Platonism and chief of philosophy, won and conquered, reported to his adversaries that a greater than himself had come. Mythology, of course, awoke at the sight of such genius for moving men. It was reported that a supernatural glory invested his head in prayer, and that ruffians went down on their knees at his reproof. It was Lorenzo dei Medici, the chief of Florence, who invited him to the city, thinking he was bringing an ornament to his magnificence, not a Nemesis to his pomp and pride. But he took the strange, weird Apocalypse for his text; first expound-

ing it typically in these still cloisters to novices, then to larger crowds in the cathedral, reading more and more tremendous meaning into the Bible words as the presence of the people revealed to him their perils and needs, and sparing no foe to public virtue and public liberty. It was in the papacy of a Borgia, when the Italian republics, dying of corruption, were passing over to ferocious nobles and foreign kings; and even Florence, intoxicated by the bacchanal songs of Lorenzo, turned over her carnival to debauchery and riot. The convicted conscience of nobles and people was smitten, and entered on the ascetic reaction to the other extreme.

Lorenzo tried in vain to silence these Puritan thunders. He sent messengers to caution the preacher. "Tell him who sent you," was the reply, "to repent of his own doings; 'God is no respecter of persons.'" The next step was a threat of banishment; and the answer to that was, "What is banishment to me? Your city is but a lentil-seed on the earth. But let Lorenzo dei Medici understand, that though I am but a poor preacher and he the chief citizen, it is I shall stay, and he shall go." Religion was serving liberty and knew its prerogative. The chief citizen could not get noticed. Then came unmistakable gold coin dropped into the convent coffers. And these the incorruptible Prior sent off for alms, adding that "for my convent, silver shall do." "No soil this for chief citizens to grow political vines in."

Not many months passed, before the great merchant prince lay on his death-bed at Carreggi Villa, out on the purple hills, where, from his frescoed and pillared terrace, he could look forth over the glories

of Val d'Arno and claim it all as the empire of his intellect and wealth. Now all was fast dwindling before an empire of another kind. There was need, at this Catholic death-bed, of absolution for many things; but how futile was absolution, if given through servility or fear. All his grandeur would he give for one honest, God-fearing monk, whose voice should indeed speak for the Church which, in his thought, held the keys of Life and Death. There was but one unmistakably so commissioned. And he came at the call. "Absolution? Yes, but not to the unrepentant. Earth nor heaven can grant that. Wilt thou pay back the funds embezzled from the children's savings-bank? Dost thou sincerely repent of all transgression? And wilt thou put thy trust in God?"

"All this I do."

One thing more. "Give back liberty to Florence!"

Ah, that is too much. The proud face turns to the wall, and the patriot monk departs. Is not Florence worth a hundred chief citizens? And so the democracy of religion, in the person of this unawed monk, declared itself stronger than princes, irreconcilable with tyrants.

It was the time, perhaps the very day, when Columbus, turning in despair from Santa Fe, after eighteen years of vain effort to enlist royal support for an enterprise to which the maps of the Florentine Toscanelli had inspired him, was suddenly recalled by Isabella and bidden forth to what was destined to be the discovery of the New World. How fine the augury! Florence unconsciously associates her liberties with grander political experiments on a hemisphere yet to rise out of the unknown sea.

We follow the reformer and his perils. At Bo-

logna, a lady, whom he had rebuked for interrupting his discourses by pompously entering the church with a conspicuous train of servants, sent emissaries to assassinate him; but their courage failed before the moral power of the man. Then he publicly announced that he should return to Florence that same evening, on foot over the mountains. Overcome by faintness on the way, he was restored by a vision announcing to him that his mission on earth was yet unfulfilled. In the plague which desolated the city, he refused to take measures for his own safety and remained to watch over those under his charge.

From his pulpit he continued to sway the masses, stilling party strifes, but thundering at the licentiousness and temporal ambition of the clergy. Forbidden to preach, he kept quiet awhile, but returned at the call of public need. He expelled the Medici, gave Florence the freest constitution she ever enjoyed, made the French king, at the head of an invading army, tremble before his warnings in the name of God, and forced him to respect the freedom of the city. He established savings-banks for the poor, introduced the Italian in place of the Latin language into public documents, reorganized criminal administration upon a popular basis, and so reformed a licentious city, that it resolved itself into a theocracy. Even Machiavelli, Giannotti, Guicciardini unite in unstinted praise of the political genius and public service of the inspired monk.¹ But the hour had arrived, as the hour will, for nations that wait to be scourged into right doing, "when no man could work." The reaction came, though for a while he

¹ See full notices of these testimonies in Villari's admirable Biography of Savonarola, 1859. Lib. II. c. v.

carried the city with him, against Vatican abroad and vice at home. He had suppressed immoralities, but alas, had encouraged the religious superstitions that are as perilous as immorality. The reaction came in the interest of party and aristocratic hate, of the passionate revenge of a pope, against whose vices he had appealed to the whole Catholic Church, and of the deeply rooted vice of a city which could not be galvanized into righteousness by a day's religious revivalism. I will not here detail the sad history of his fall, a sacrifice mainly, after all, to that faith in Divine miraculous interposition which he shared with that whole age, and which the ages have not yet thrown off. He had allowed a follower to gratify the popular faith by offering to go through the ordeal of flame, to prove his inspiration ; and the thing naturally ended in a farce, not to the advantage of his reputation. A more real trial by fire was to come, and in his own person. I cannot describe the mock assizes, the cruel torture, the final horror of the scene, when an insane rabble, watching the flames swaying round his body in the wind, half expected a miracle for his deliverance, and even believed that they beheld his hand stretched forth to bless his murderers out of the tongues of fire, while he repeated the crucifixion triumph of love.

Essentially a spiritual man, a whole-hearted believer in the immanent presence of God, the omnipotence of love, and the identity of prayer with all noble conduct ; combining the exaltation of a Hebrew prophet with the simplicity of a child ; marching straight to the stake as his destiny ; saying when a Cardinal's red cap was offered him, " Mine rather must be the red cap of blood ; " strangely

calm in the midst of these terrible civil strifes, when every one else seemed a creature of gusty passion; if a fanatic, preserving such hold on the everlasting principles of free government as to approve himself to the best statesmen and patriots of Italy in his day; if sharing the superstitions of his day, more logical than later co-believers, in that he believed his God of signs and wonders to be present with signs and wonders still. It is not Savonarola alone who identifies inspiration with violation of nature, and wonder-working with the authority of religion.

It is touching to see him struggling to direct that stormy age, yet drawn by his struggle into the centre of the storm, his martyrdom its culmination. His face, as the painters have rendered it, is the portraiture of that deep, concentrated passion for self-abandonment to which the Christian Church of the Middle Ages gave the name of love, a mystic rapture inconceivable since. He is the Cassandra of the last days of Florentine greatness; his eye caught and held by the presentiment of a coming penalty on rulers and people, for which the Biblical spirit of his age had but one form of utterance. "Repent or ye perish, for the day of the Lord is at hand." He was no mere image-breaker, no mere frantic bigot. He burnt no Servetus like Calvin; he burnt only a heap of licentious books, dresses, masks, songs, and other things associated like these with a debauched state of society; collected by troops of boys from the dwellings of a self-reproving city, into the great square and disappearing into their elements to the sound of Signoria trumpets and Campanile bells, while the children, in white robes with olive branches and red crosses, marched around the bonfire, singing

Savonarola's hymns in place of the old bacchanal songs usual at the time. At all events it was a carnival where, for once, nobody was stoned nor maltreated, and where one may pardon much, if to nothing else, at least to the popular reaction against intemperance, for ages the occasion of half the miseries and more than half the most barbarous crimes of mankind. Sensational, to be sure, and a piece of heady revivalism, bound to be short-lived in its moral effects. Nor was a republic even then, far less is it now, to be converted into a close corporation of confessors, a so-called kingdom of Christ, by any theological tinkering of constitution and laws. But of the bonfire in Florence streets, this at least is true, that no work of genuine art perished in it, no book, painting, or statue that deserved to live. The prophet, whom Buonarrotti and Bartolommeo loved and by whom Angelico was almost adored, could not have failed in the finer æsthetic sense. The monk who induced his fraternity to purchase with their own earnings the magnificent library of the exiled Medici and place it in the convent collection which was already open to the public, might be permitted without special blame to destroy a few copies of Boccaccio's *Decamerone* and other like slime of genius. He stands on the border line between the Middle Ages and our modern time; a Catholic who denounced the temporal power of the papacy as the ruin of its spiritual; a thinker who dared to affirm that reason must not be sacrificed to faith. His crime was nevertheless, not heterodoxy, so much as, first, love of Florentine freedom, and, next, defiance of a Borgian pope; yet he aimed at no less than the radical moral purification of the Christian Church.

"I stand here because the Lord hath sent me, and I wait his word. Then will I raise a voice that shall be heard throughout Christendom, and make the body of the Church tremble."

At the end of a long, bare corridor in the convent of San Marco, set with little dormitory doors, are two small vaulted rooms, eight feet by twelve in size, approached through a larger apartment, now used for a chapel. Each has a tiny round-arched window set deep in the stone. They are empty and dreary, and nothing tells their history, but the Latin inscription, to this effect: "In these cells dwelt the venerable Father Jerome Savonarola, an apostolic man." Such the confession of the Church which excommunicated and burned him.

The Signoria of Florence, fearing lest his ashes might work miracles dangerous to his enemies, cast them into the Arno. Pico, the Platonic philosopher, fished up what he imagined a piece of his heart and kept it to cure diseases and exorcise demons. The papal commissioners pronounced him neither monk nor man, but a monster compounded of every crime. From every side his murderers received the congratulations of the Church. But the superstitious terror, idolatry, and hate alike have passed. And the record of a nineteenth century historian is this: "Two Italians initiated the modern age. Columbus opened the path of the sea, Savonarola that of the soul. Each touched with his hand a new world whose immensity he could not comprehend. The one was rewarded with chains, the other with fire. Savonarola sought to reconcile reason and faith, religion and liberty. With the Council of Constance, Dante, and Arnold of Brescia, he opened that work of reforma-

tion which has been the eternal aspiration of all great Italians."

With this sacrifice of her last saint, the liberty of Florence perished, and with liberty, art. While Michael Angelo and Raphael lived, sculpture and painting indeed survived; but they had no successors. The reverent simplicity and tender grace passed out of her architecture and her life at one and the same moment. Nothing else in Florentine architecture is so satisfactory as that thirteenth and fourteenth century work. I rejoice to see that it is coming back into view in America, in Boston, where are specimens of it or parts of it.

With the middle of the sixteenth century the political corruption and social demoralization which began with Savonarola's fall, had fully set in. Charles of Germany and Clement of Rome laid hands on the doomed city, and gave her over to the returning Medici; and Michael Angelo, stern and sad, after vain efforts to save her, refusing to build a fortress intended to overawe her, put his sorrow into the Night and Day and that woe-worn face under the awful helmet.

After this is no more great art. The Renaissance, so called, has set in with its idle frippery, its vain-glorious upholstery in stone, its death-cold horizontality, its meretricious display. Everything the last three centuries have done, in Italian architecture, is the offensive débris of an era of political degradation. But the two have ended together, and the earliest years of Italian liberty are signalized by a revival of the taste and genius of the elder day. Let us pass over this chasm of three centuries and greet the long-deferred morning of a better age.

Sunday, the sixteenth of March, 1861, was a day on which it was well for an American to be in Florence. On that day, — for Catholicism is not Puritan and does not keep a Lord's day separate from days of secular freedom and patriotic joy, — the jubilant city celebrated the proclamation of Victor Emmanuel as constitutional king of Italy by the United Parliament of Turin, by a military review, by a *corso* and the indispensable salvo of cannon and bells. The whole city was hung with clusters of glass globes flashing in the sun. Their lines ran along arch and parapet and corbelled eaves; up tower and spire, and round antique columns, swept the tide of crystal garlands, among tricolors, green, white, and red, which floated from every window, and canopied every way. Florence was a city of bubbles and an Aladdin's palace of dreams. Alas! how symbolic of Italian aspiration for three hundred years was the vanishing glory!

Oriental feasts of lanterns and childish pipe-bubbles, shall this also be mere yeast and spume? No, the glorious moment gave it a meaning beyond the fact. Twenty years before, a mild despotism was corroding Italy, the murderous policy of Austrian Metternich: "My master desires to abolish all idea of Italian unity, to reduce Italy to a geographical expression." It was my fortune to have seen her apparently hopeless degradation in 1844-1845, and now to be able to compare with that the high promise of this real resurrection. The terrible experience of 1849 had not been in vain; the premature revolt, stifled by local jealousies, city rivalries, treachery of Rome and Naples; the spectacle of Piedmont hurried into unequal war by reckless promises and then abandoned; her chivalrous king, victim of heartless polit-

ical cabal, spurring against the foe along the lost field of Novara, groaning, "Is there no cannon-ball for me?" and dying discouraged and broken-hearted. Not in vain, the spectacle of the little subalpine state reared to political and religious liberty, and to European position, by the democratic spirit of Victor Emmanuel, the refining virtue of D'Azeglio, and the diplomacy of Cavour. A race impassioned rather than intellectual, dazzled by the exclusively local traditions of more than a score of historic cities, the Italians had to learn the indispensableness of unity, and in twenty years had passed from political childhood to manhood calm, serious, aware of the conditions of liberty and the price it demands. Coming responsibilities had changed the countenance of the light-hearted race, and sent away its childish dreams like the coarse torch-games and monstrous masks of the old carnival nights. But the manly compensations have come. A free and cheap press has made Italy one living body sensitive in every fibre to the sufferings and desires of every other. Looking at the crowds that gathered about the windows where the daily papers are put up, you would have thought yourself in America, for the frank generosity and zeal with which the whole day's issue of news was exposed to public view.

Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour, — how diverse the policies, how bitter the personal outbreaks of political passion! I thought they would burst that first National Parliament at Turin as a volcano bursts the mountain it has upheaved in an hour. But both the red-shirted warrior and the wary diplomat knew that Italy was more than policies or leaders, and at the word of Victor Emmanuel joined their hands, in

at least seeming harmony. Even Mazzini, the uncompromising republican, postponed his protests to accept the national will, and patiently awaited his time.

A vast multitude gathered in the Duomo, as when the Puritan Savonarola thundered there of coming judgment. What an hour to reverse that sentence in the name of religion and indorse the new hope! Had the archbishop under the gorgeous canopy come to bless the people's right? Ah, no, it was to honor the declaimer from Milan, who was to give voice to the dislike of the ecclesiastical powers to the innovation of free speech and free government. Not one word of sympathy with the enthusiasm which had robbed the city in glory! Instead of that, denunciation of every liberal element in European theology or politics, the old death's-head of stagnation and decay.

But, whatever be true of ecclesiasticism elsewhere, in Italy it must subserve liberty. Italy still loves the Catholic dogma, rite, historic associations; loves their appeal to the affections, the spiritual needs, their affirmation of universal brotherhood; but not the ecclesiastical discipline, or the temporal sovereignty. On the other hand, Protestantism can make little progress there, even under best advantages, even in Piedmont, the plain that stretches out beneath the mountain eyrie of the Vaudois. The intuitive genius of the race overleaps the half-way logic of the sects, and passes over to rationalism when it escapes the old traditions. It is not the papacy that can hold it back; and the people have discovered very rapidly that they can worship without an Italian bishop as well as be ruled without a foreign king.

What holds them to Catholicism is the best thing in Catholicism, — the mother-heart of Mary. It has lived the longest, and will be the point of transition to a religion of larger liberty and light. The Catholic Church has no dispensation from the universal law of change. Faith in the nation had come to recast the Church. Many had been crowned kings of Italy before ; but there was never an Italy to answer to the crown. That day it meant the united will of twenty-two millions, consecrated by the magnanimous surrender of splendid municipal traditions to a common stock, sealed by the solemn act of a deliberative Parliament, represented by a king who had risked his crown and life for the sake of the nation. That evening Florence illuminated her froth of bubbles from a sea of central fire. So, along the line of way, bridge, arch, parapet, and pier, ran the shining host reflected in quivering shafts in the river, every spear there pointing to its star above. The graceful sweep of the Lungo l'Arno was a double line as of twining palm-trees, and flaming cressets beset the roof of the corridor that reaches from the gallery of art to the palace of law. A mysterious moving inward light, as the hidden flames swayed in the wind, gave the stately bell-tower of Giotto, standing up strong and beautiful, with the deep-toned bell reverberating within it, the semblance of a living soul, while the mass surging below were like shadows cast from its substance. The flaring cressets of the great dome seemed bursting from within, not resting on the surface, and gave a like vitality to the whole majestic pile. A world of hidden fire was struggling into freedom, and every neighboring tower and spire shot to heaven its answering tongue of flame. Every

window, arch, and cornice of the Pitti Palace was outlined in points of light, while the huge stone walls were invisible, so that in the starless night it stood out in black space a palace sketched in stars. Was all this splendor of symbolism a childish dream? In the compact mass that swayed along the great thoroughfares, there was no disorder, no ill-humor, no violation of good breeding, — a fact I noted in all great public gatherings in Northern Italy, political or religious, without exception.

Down the main historic street came Young Italy, with torches and banners, singing Garibaldian songs, cheering Rome and Venice, whose incorporation with the new kingdom was the only step lacking to Italian unity, and whose bitter captivity and appeal for deliverance were the theme of press and pictured wall throughout the land. In Florence, the restraining force at that time required for national preservation, which Cavour exerted at Turin, was wielded by Bettino Ricasoli. His imperturbable will had the respect of all parties, and Young Italy in Florence, at least, did not overstep the limits of order.

During the ten years which followed the Austrian restoration, the guard disarmed, the Constitution overridden by military tribunals, the press suppressed, freedom of religion prohibited, capital punishment revived, citizens flogged, the people fired on while hanging garlands on the tablets of their martyrs to liberty, — Ricasoli's wisdom safely directed the gathering storm. And so when the hour came, the citizens rose with dignity on their oppressors, and without shedding a drop of blood, or transgressing civil order, turned the cannon which their ruler had pointed at his people and dismissed him under escort,

to disappear forever behind the sunny hills of Tuscany into the black Austrian north from whence he came.

What elasticity and perseverance in this national resurrection, spite of its inevitable blunders ! It was strange to hear Young Italy applauding the united portraits of Victor Emmanuel and Louis Napoleon, the interwoven flags of Italy and France. Thrice already had she been betrayed by the crowned deceiver at Paris, — at Rome, at Villafranca, at Nice. Yet they hoped against evidence that a “despot might will to set men free.” Was the trust of a brave people ever more cruelly met ? Year after year this modern Prometheus waited, bound to the rock, an impassioned heart doomed to count the weary ebbing of opportunity and to turn its zeal and devotion into the agony of hope deferred ; while that outrageous intrusion of a French army forbade the inauguration of the king in his national capital, till the unceasing exhortation and warnings of Mazzini and Garibaldi were justified in the rude breaking up of all cherished dreams of French sympathy. And then it was plain to see that the long thwarted nation had not bated one jot of hope. From discouragements even sadder than his wounds, Garibaldi could greet with kindly eyes the emancipation of the American slave.

The great diplomatist in whom all hopes had centred was suddenly withdrawn ; and, as it always is when a great leader dies in the crisis of the fight for freedom and nationality, all seemed lost with Cavour. But lo, then the grandest and most needed lesson, — that the cause did not stand by personal strength or skill so much as by the gravitations of human nature

and its unerring laws, the true and only saviors of the world. Here again, as in so many past emergencies, Florence contributed the man for the hour, — austere, self-involved, gloved, and buttoned to the chin, a patriot if an aristocrat, with look at once to the future and the past, Teutonic nerve and Italian heart. Still, bitter drawbacks follow on the days of enthusiasm I have tried to describe. The people, cheated again of the unity that seemed within their grasp by the wretched policies of France and Prussia, turned in on themselves for a season almost in reaction. For years Italy was rent by satellites of Napoleon and Jesuits in disguise, resolved on foreclosing the possibility of acquiring Venice and Rome.

Even Ricasoli dissolved a parliament because it refused to restore sequestered church property to its old possessors for a price. The youth who rose at Garibaldi's summons in 1867 with the cry of "Rome, or Death," were mowed down by French chassepots at Monte Rotondo, and the civilized world looked on while France tested her new guns on heroic boys, and the army of Victor Emmanuel stood by with folded arms, because a shameful "September Convention" had been extorted from Italy in repayment to France for her half-way help in 1861. No possibility of organization remained, nor of a respected government, and so the land went over to anarchy, swarming with bandits defying law. It was not for the interest of her powerful neighbors that Italy should be a European power; they would fret and tantalize their victim till her heart should go down in despair. Even a parliament of long-tried patriots seemed disposed to yield to the spell of these demoralizing forces, and the king himself was not beyond suspi-

cion of playing into their hands. But Italy was not to die. Her John Brown was not wanting. Garibaldi's raid on Naples joined the south to the north, and gave Victor Emmanuel the chance to drop that enforced submission which had made him imprison his noblest subject. A new thrill went irresistibly through the nation; leagues were formed to buy no French goods and have no dealings with Frenchmen.

The lesson of civil and religious liberty was learned which Bruno, and Mario, and Bernardino Ochino, and Arnold of Brescia, and Savonarola, and a long line of great Italians had sealed with their blood, in prison, or exile, or noble warfare. Then came the guerdon of nature to their constancy and cheer. To the true, even nations come round. Prussia, once the evil genius of Italy, became perforce her liberator. In 1866 Königgratz gave Venetia; in 1870 Sedan gave Rome. At last, politically as well as in enthusiasm of prophecy, "*Italia è.*" The religious question hastens to a crisis that can have but one settlement. Reconciliation with the secular arm is already recommended by distinguished Catholics as the policy of the future. Elementary education has been declared not only gratuitous and obligatory, as it had already been since 1859, but secular also. Religious instruction is remanded to the care of the family, which is now free from the enforced intrusion of a priesthood.

Nor can it be regarded, in the present condition of the popular mind, as other than a good sign, that Italy, already provided with thirteen academies of the fine arts and all the splendid intellectual traditions of her cities, shows just now a diminution in the number of pupils attending the higher schools and an increase in those of the lower. Not that the

former class of schools is neglected: Milan academy, for example, has fourteen hundred students. The gifted race has not forgotten to dream of great things, and its great dreams are now of useful things, becoming the dawn of national unity. Plans for popular education, industrial organization, revival of science and literature, renovating worn-out lands, redeeming unhealthy marshes, clearing the Tiber from the slime of ages, opening Rome to commerce by the old port of Ostia and the pier of Hadrian, utilizing the splendid harbors of the peninsula, exhuming buried art, — are only limited by the poverty of the just emerging state. Political construction suffers as yet from that inevitable consequence of a period of degeneracy, the lack of wise and cultured leaders. Statesmen are not made in an hour, nor without schooling of a great public conscience. For three centuries the world has gone to her, not to honor the living, but to brood over the dead, wondering, —

“Alas, this Italy has too long swept
Heroic ashes up for hour-glass sand.”

But she was not dead. In some shadowy fashion the continuity of national being and hope was preserved in those thirty sundered cities, each hugging its own glorious memories in its sleep.

Liberty answered the cry of Garibaldi in Rome and Naples; and Venetia welcomed its deliverers; and even the mild despotism of the last Austrian archdukes, so long as it was unresisted, had spared the old fine manners and tastes of the Tuscans, and shown no lack of interest in practical philanthropic works. It was domestic life that suffered most in the long epoch of foreign sway, when no manly aims were allowed to quicken manhood, and no social inde-

pendence in men or women, to give dignity or self-respect to the amenities of home. But the native genius is now free to rehabilitate the hearths, so long deserted for the theatre, café, club-room, in the insanity of social and political despair. The bare, mouldy, barrack-like stories, the desolate stairways, the blind alleys, the dreary stateliness of which only stone is capable, will warm into nineteenth century homes. The jealous seclusion of maidens, the shallow listlessness of woman in a race which was once so prolific of cultured women, in the college of Bologna and the palaces of Florence, are explicable enough by causes now speedily to be removed. Great duties and interests will develop a thoughtful middle-class, and secure a national system of education in place of the old clerical schools.

Shall there be no resurrection for native art? Look into the eyes of the Florentine peasant lads and ask if the genius of Giotto, the shepherd boy, is gone from his native hills. What a climate is this Italian; by its kindliness so attempered to the human frame, that the nerves are saved from all that rasping and rending by atmospheric demons, which in less favored zones distract and thwart us, and the faculties enjoy their free play like children tempted out by the sunshine and breeze, — the very climate to foster genius in its highest forms! And what a race is this Italian; the rich outcome of an infinite intermixture from the old days of Roman conquests, pouring together the blood of all tribes of the earth, and gathering up their cultures and their gifts to the later attractions of Italy, as the constant magnet of Christian nations and the battle-field of European states. Shall we wonder at the fact, strangely enough but

little noticed, that as England has given the great practical interests, and Germany the great metaphysicians, and France the great mathematicians and masters in method and expression, so Italy has till recently shone beyond other lands in genius for original discovery, and in the intuition which initiates fresh spheres of thought, and opens new worlds.

Relaxed and unstrung as this antique nerve has been, its fibre is not spent nor spoiled. Let us doubt no more the future of Italy. We should know that it takes time to earn a national conscience. But we do not know what help to winning thereof there is in inheriting through twenty centuries an historic crown; in the inspiration of thirty ancient seats of arts and arms, every city of them a ganglion of historic fire. Such a product of the genius of humanity does not die. It is an immortality of evolution; its changes but the correlation of persistent ideal force. The glowing marbles of the dead will no longer make more ghostlike the deathly faces of the living.

From these golden hills of Florence, Galileo and Dante will bless the consummation they heralded in pain. Saxon and Puritan, England and America, will share the benediction, pilgrims to sainted graves. For here, beneath the cypresses that look off to the purple Apennines and their white crowns, rest the heart and brain of one who knew not how to be weary of serving justice, freedom, and love; his heroism resting in the bosom of his piety; his ampler humanity sounding rare resources of knowledge and faith, and gathering them home to practical use; his function mediative and judicial, to break the living bread of natural religion to the people and to burn up the chaff of superstition with unquenchable fire.

And if his work was initial, not final, and new statements come with advancing liberties, none the less is the memory of Theodore Parker a national inspiration, as of one who, in those deep spheres where the thought and conscience of a people are born and fed, destroyed only that he might build, and swept away vain traditions that he might found the people's liberty in the laws of science and the soul.

Nor will any true American fail for Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sake to love the city of her adoption. In the days to come, when England and America shall be bound more closely than ever by their indissoluble ties of nature and culture, it will not be forgotten that she who once with heavy heart wrote the righteous anathema across the sea, with her last breath sent us this blessing: "I feel with more pain than most Americans do, the sorrow of your transition time; but I do feel that it is transition; that it is crisis; that you will come out of the fire purified and stainless, having had the angel of a great cause walking with you in the furnace."

THE ALPS OF THE IDEAL AND THE SWITZERLAND OF THE SWISS.

WE build our cities on the lowlands, where we can walk on a common level, and trade along the rivers, and across the seas, and work easily as a mass for production in quantity. But, when the atom of the mass would learn what condensed fire it is, when politician, trader, artisan, student has to stand alone, and find intrinsic values, then, as the nation in its extremity flees to its Rock Rimmon, or its Tyrol, so the man to his mountains; in the body if he can, at all events in the spirit.

For the mountain is nature's symbol of personality; her word of decision, vigor, outlook, serenity, self-respect; of humility also and awe,— whatsoever reconstructs the disintegrating moral force and renews spiritual substance.

Our dreams are haunted by unseen table-lands; some vision of "Delectable Mountains" upholds our nobler trust. They are history; "Beautiful is Zion," says the Hebrew. Rome also rules from her seven hills; Athens from her Acropolis; Memphis from her Pyramids,— mountains that are the steps of man to the vantage of his ideal. His gods sit on Himalaya, Olympus, Ararat, Elburz, nearest the stars. Around Meru, the dome of Asia, revolve her deities

and worlds. On Parnassus, the Muses of Greece circle their fair-haired god of light. Mountains are prehistoric, and poetry begins the world at them with descending tracks of patriarchs and long-lived happy men. Zoroaster, Moses, Mahomet, Christ, legislate from mountains to the imagination and faith of races, who have turned away from all cities of the plain to lift their ideals upon these natural thrones, and make supernaturalism itself pay tribute to a grander truth. And our civilization, which makes highways for the people, must not level downwards to the common flat of blind competition, jealous of eminence, or beastly with the betting-match and the prize-ring. Liberty is no dead level, else were Peking, with all its houses of one height and all its pagodas of one fashion, its supreme type. For the lower personal quality must recognize the higher; nature will bring us also to the mountain's foot. And, when our American wave shall have swept on to the lifted crest of the continent as the older civilizations gathered about Ararat and Belur-Tagh, and our scrambling conceit is forgotten in the nobler humanity that railroad, and telegraph, and migration, and revolution mean, we shall doubtless repeat the old awe; the patriotic and poetic spells will gather about our own Alpine world.

Now, the power of mountains is not material power; not as mass do they master us. They are but ripples, the loftiest of them not a two thousandth part of the earth's diameter, mere crumplings of her skin. Geology is at its wit's end to know if they are not due to mere sinking in of the cooling mass. No longer are their roots set in fire; and we know no more of the "central heat" than we do of the theo-

logical burning lake, or of Dante's circles of the fiery pit. Their volcanic uplifts are but as bubbles on the sea. Dhwalagiri or Kilimandjaro, the peaks of the Himalaya and Atlas, that rise to the inaccessible limit of mountain height, pierce scarce a tenth of the thin air envelope of the globe. Mont Blanc is but a pebble in this air-ocean. "Stay the Morning-Star in his steep course?" Why, it is but a line across his path, and the dawn is swift to drown these bits of sand-bar as it rises to flood the continents and seas.

Not their mass, then, makes mountains significant, so much as their affinity with man's ideals, directing and shaping them as well as lifting them into imagination and faith. For his civilizations follow their scoops, like the winds of his atmosphere, the tides of his shores. Their silent Rhone glacier, spreading out its great ice-fingers among the clouds, is first father of Geneva, of Lyons, of Marseilles. The deltas of Nile and Ganges, Thames, Seine, Mississippi, where history centres, where the generations find permanent foothold, are but their silted sand. Man stands on his mountains to triangulate the globe, to gauge and weigh and scale the invisible forces, in which he lives. They show him metal and star. A savage, he takes the tops of the hills for his signal-fires. A master of science, he lays his speaking wires along the ocean plateaus. If "mountains interposed have made enemies of nations," there is, nevertheless, no such provocative as they are to the work that brings men together and makes them friends. There is nothing more suggestive in the history of Europe than the transformation of the petty Swiss Cantons from fighting clans into a peaceful and patriotic Commonwealth through the impulse of road-building

and the yearning for society, enforced on a scattered peasantry by the mountain barriers that shut them in. Well may they love the frowning walls they have mastered, and call them by the pet names of their domestic and hunting life. These are the mediators of Europe, the common sanctuary, true field of the "Truce of God," which diplomacy and rapine alike must recognize; and even a rude Louis Napoleon dared not violate far or attempt to hold. A nation is always more united and more permanent for its mountain basis, though it is not apt to reach the *finer* education which this basis yields, unless it can escape at will to the open plain, and know the highlands by distance and in relief. The higher mountains must appeal to the sense of contrast and the freedom of contemplation. But when these are given, he who can lift his eyes above himself receives such interpretation of life and the world as can only be likened to new creation of both. Light is not light till it shines back from these worn faces, ploughed and scarred up to their inviolate summits, in hues of immortal youth. Stars are not stars till they burn large and lustrous through the blackness of the upper air, or islanded in seas of twilight above dark ridges where every pine stands waiting to be clothed in a new body of light from their inaccessible shores. Even clouds are more than clouds when they rest on the lower hills and by hiding their summits make the least of them a mountain; and mist is more than mist when it sweeps over a world of peaks and passes, effaces them in an instant, and leaves you, who just stood amidst a living universe, in the blank void alone. You know not how the air is courage and the fire of will, how toil may cheer, and trouble

pay as it goes, till nature meets you as you climb, with the aspiration of her stone stairways, to the repose of her ledges and the triumph of her highest outlooks. Their gifts are pluck and perseverance, the upward look, the better hope, the pick of vantage, the quick ear and eye to which all great and little things are instant and vital, the soul watching at the gates of sense, and specially this prime lesson of personality, — that it is what and where *we* stand that shapes our world. How Browning has worded this plasticity of mountain shape to our point of view : —

“Oh, those mountains, their infinite movement!
Still moving with you —
For, ever some new head and breast of them
Thrusts into view.”

Whoso has learned by many-sided thought that we see but what we are, and *make* the visions we see, is strong.

It is conventionality, it is impertinence, to “feel our insignificance up there,” as the phrase is. Rather we are self no more, but lose our limits in the whole; older than winds or rocks, we, like the laws and the spaces, were always here. As our poet “climbed to the top of Calvano,” —

“And God’s own profound
Was above me, and round me the mountains,
And under, the sea,
And within me, my heart to bear witness
What was and shall be.”

The endless fascination of mountains is in this: that their meaning is in us; and not in our common place, but in those elect hours when the mystery of its own origin and path and purpose touches the soul.

"Who knoweth," say these *earth-born* Titans also, "how our buttressed strength was piled, or how our tender outlines were carved?" The path of the wild goat, the eagle's track to her nest, the cradle of the torrent, who hath known; or how came they hanging aloft in the sky? As none beheld that fine splinter on the easternmost crag that caught the first ray of morning, so who can tell where in the unsearchable heights of his nature came down the first glow of what is now the daylight of his life? Or on what secluded dream fell the first ray of a great dawn in human history or faith? How were those fathomless chasms scooped that part the cliffs forever above the glacial sea, rivaling the mystery of those spiritual gulfs that divide good from evil, right from wrong? What is the mountain, what the conscious soul? We walk and work under the unanswered problems of both, where it is the very void of silence that makes us full. Can any rational man imagine that science explains the one more than the other? How were slowly settling layers of living organisms and dead atoms compressed and transformed to make the solid strength that towers above us, we may learn, when we know how the *thoughts* have fared that fell one by one into the deeps of experience. For is not memory also metamorphic, since not one mood of the past can ever be recalled, unchanged? Science dispels the pretty dreams of mythology, but analysis never solved the metallurgy that sets life to burning and flashing in the amethyst and diamond of the mine, any more than it has solved the feeling that rises unbidden in the heart. Who shall track the mountain experience, the dislocation of masses, the idiosyncrasies of shape, hard to explain as one's own

disjointed fancies and dreams? Picking his way among them one cannot predict where his next step shall be; every fresh foothold gained is a special wonder; many a leap a pure act of faith; many a dizzy path where only one can go at a time, like the Moslem's Bridge of Judgment, sharp as a razor's edge. Steep bare fronts, whereon should be written the hieroglyphics of the mountain history, will often seem blank as the great Egyptian tablet of your *memory*, into which your whole life has entered. Yet it is all there, only the lines, like those of temperament, tradition, fate, and will, are too minute; the crisp curls of dry lichen that will not be detached; the frost seams wrought by microscopic levers, all heaving together, foreordained to split the mass; the mystic lines of cleavage, diluvial grooves, ghostly records of a world of rushing currents, eager straining ambitions forever past; weather-stains, rain-channels, polished water spaces, the fixed ideas and routines of the mountain mind. The Switzerland of nature is the mystery of man. The statistics of time reach the root of neither. Yet both, serene in their laws beyond the avalanche and the storm, in a patience "without haste, but without rest," in a progress which is ever old and ever new, beyond man's understanding as they are, will never prove beyond his love and trust.

You have spoken the secret of this human attraction to mountains, when you say that they are the great physical types of personalities of the globe. There they stand, clear-cut, strong, self-poised, self-possessed, radical, upright; backbone, rib, and muscle not to be bent; not reflecting sky, bird, cloud, like the passive lake, but transmuting whatsoever touches *them* into radiations of their own original life; cloud

compelling, storm-ruling Joves. Each is himself and none other, and faces the elements by his own proper force. I once saw from the terrace of Bern the long line of Oberland kings, — Jungfrau, Eiger, Mönch, and Wellhorn, and Wetterhorn, and Finsteraarhorn, — on their great white thrones along the horizon; each refusing preëminence, yet maintaining his individual form and tone. A new Olympus seemed to reaffirm the old truth, that the gods are divine men. So far they seemed and yet so near, I thought of Sterling's verse, —

“Ever their phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;
By bed and table they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty and words of good.”

Cotopaxi or Dhwalagiri is a personality that sums up the world; all zones from equator to poles, all products in orderly ascent on its sides; all primal elements and powers fused in its grandeur and its peace.

Nor do the higher mountains lack suggestion of the very *finest types* of personal greatness. For, while the lower platforms and slopes of these clothe themselves in manifold products of native culture and growth, and then higher ones, in the strength of pine, and hardy grace of spruce, and still higher up, harvests of wild berries and pretty grasses greet the guest that climbs so far, and even then come pastures where the herds can glean sweet food, as if the mountains could not bear to cease from open bounty and use, — above all these levels are spaces where they seem to trust in *no* fruits or uses of their own, but just in lying open to the infinite and being clothed only in its light; as if to *be* was of itself to

have sight and strength and eminent domain. And the further up they are, the more they seem to hide their comparative elevation, as Mont Blanc's depressed dome looks less conspicuous from below than the needle peaks encircling and bending towards it. Coleridge called architecture "frozen music." Surely the mountain is the soul in hieroglyph; and Tennyson has interpreted the symbol:—

"The path of duty is the way to glory :
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands
Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining table-lands,
To which our God Himself is moon and sun."

The mountain is type of the soul, but not of the God of the soul. Personality is not infinite but finite; I cannot give even that greatest of concrete names to the eternal substance of the universe, the inscrutable meaning of all laws and forces, the life that contains all and is all, immanent and whole, while personalities come and go. And so the loftiest summit above the sea level penetrates but a little way into space, and parts its unity only to lose itself in its bosom, and repose in its necessities of order and peace.

And now we will pass from these Alps of the Ideal to the Switzerland of the Swiss. It may seem to be a far descent. But the eternal realities do not stand in symbol around a people for ages and leave no vestige in their consciousness. And *first*, Switzerland is a living monument of the superiority of moral over material forces, of the conversion of hindrances

into helps. Everything is symbolic of this mastery of centrifugal forces by constructive and unifying law. I cannot this evening speak of the wonderful illustrations of my statement in the history of Swiss liberty, political and religious. I wish to confine myself to the direct relations of this people to the presence of their Alpine world.

They number twenty-two small cantons, separated by mountains that pierce the clouds, sinking into valleys of corresponding depth, some of which behold but a strip of the starry sky. They have made these barriers yield them the noblest highways in the world, types of some grand idea found in all races and religions, binding the ages, and testifying of an irresistible brotherhood.

From the savage desolation of the glaciers to the green and wealthy plains, from the homes of the keen-eyed mountain guides to the land and lake of Tell, sweeps down in stately solidity and grace the magnificent *St. Gothard* road. Down the solemn gorge it sweeps, at intervals bridging the inevitable torrent that attends it like a fate, as if it laid a human hand on the rage and roar of a Caliban, infuriate at the bold intrusion of man; between bare precipices, splintered, shelled, shattered, carved, every square yard an infinite intricacy of rock structure and a study in the mysteries of color and form. And where these walls break away, the eye is led off up amphitheatres of mountains, seas of pine and glacier; and where they gather over your head, yet far in the distance behind or before, shapely domes and peaks ascend, blue beyond blue, in infinitely delicate gradation, till they pass into transparent sky. The looped curves of the descent have an astronomical

perfection. This more than Roman structure is the tribute of two poor Catholic cantons to the spirit of strength, beauty, and use; and their busy hammers keep it in repair. Thus have the Swiss everywhere treated the prodigious obstacles to communication, in a land which resembles a petrified sea of storm-tost waves. Its earliest tribes were isolated clans, the wind-borne waifs of many races. The awful precipice, the mysterious glacier, the whelming avalanche, the lonely barren pass, the treacherous ice-slope, the Föhn-wind from Africa melting accumulated snows in a night to engulf hut and hamlet, combined all the destructive forces of nature to quell the souls of these rude men. Here were gathered, as time went on, as many nationalities as make up our American race, yet with no absorbing quality in either, analogous to the Anglo-Saxon with us, to overcome the isolations of nature. In the Grisons are no less than thirty distinct valleys, parted by enormous ridges, in four of which Italian is spoken, in ten, German, in the rest Romanic, a mixed speech with half a dozen dialects. I observed in the valley of Chamounix alone, the Celtic, Italian, and Teutonic varieties of face; and in general, the prevalence of two distinct physiological types, determined, as I believe, by the differing capacity of races for meeting the severities of the Alpine climate. One of these has a ruddy, lively countenance, a clear and quiet expression, deepening into thoughtfulness with age; the other a stunted form, loose-jointed and weak-limbed, a low forehead, broad flat features, and an expression tending towards, and not unfrequently reaching, fatuity, and this not in the districts alone where cretinism prevails. The people of the upper regions are, of

course, greatly overworked. Probably the mere climbing tells heavily on the nervous energy. They look Liliputian, as if snubbed by the mountains, which have bred dwarfs for the sake of contrast, and

"Taunted the lofty land
With little men."

These toilers of the heights get lean and angular, and the women grow old prematurely; anxiety wrinkles the face of youth, and while the head lengthens out, the body fails of due expansion. It is a question of heel-work. I suspect that too steep mountains, and too easy levels (Switzerland and Holland) breed short statures; while hill ranges kindly pull at bone and fibre and lengthen the limbs. In the lowlands of Switzerland the depressing influences give way, and thence come further contrasts as obstacles in the way of national fusion. Consider what large numbers of the Swiss live in hamlets or secluded cots, absolutely cut off from society during most of the year. No access to mankind but by some dizzy path skirting precipices and winding down their sides, over debris and torrent for miles and miles. Above the Mer de Glace, solitary keepers watch their herds all summer long, without seeing a human face. It is said they knit for pastime. But what garments do the impersonal hours, the storms, and torrents, and grazing herds knit around them. What does Nature make of these molecules of consciousness, to whom she vouchsafes only mountain masses of utter loneliness, and supreme power? Eyes are but lenses, not sight; and these eyes, we must think, are so opaque as to kindly temper the infinite splendors and terrors to simple souls. From lower heights you may discern here and there a peas-

ant moving about his homestead pasture in the sky ; a butterfly could scale the snow-cliffs above him better than he, and seems quite as significant a creature as he, beside them. Yet there he lives, year in and out, and guards his household treasures, and rears them in the pride of old traditions to know themselves free Switzers and trust Nature as their next friend ; as,

“ Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow ;
And the bold chamois go ;
On giddy crags they stand,
And drink from God's own hand.”

As for you, there was need of that human insect moving in your far prospect, to make the solitude itself palpable. How many times the mere tinkle of a herd-bell, a shepherd's voice on the height, or a hunter's gun-crack in the pine-seas below, has broken the terrible dream-like spell of mountain universe and made it an instant reality ! I suppose that the lonely speck of a herdsman up there is not left to be visited only, like Mont Blanc, “ by hosts of stars,” but has his world-reviving vision of other human specks over the vast expanses he knows and tracks with his eye so well ; and the good they do his heart and hope may put to shame our use of telegraph and steam-power.

One sees how familiarity must help the isolated Switzers to disregard and so conquer the antagonisms around them, just as the roar of a thousand torrents, blent into one deep under-roll, an audible eternity, becomes so intimate to the hearing in the Alps, that you never think of its mystery, nor ask its explanation. And one might almost say that it is only when herd-bell, or horn, or bleat of sheep floods this low

perpetual voice of nature with a *human* gladness and peace that you are aroused to take note of its all-pervading presence. So the peasant, keeping his goat track over the high Alps, does not hold his breath when the avalanches thunder down beside him, nor shrink from dizziest cliffs when need is to cross them, and this just because they front and frown on him every day he has lived.

But the brief summer smiles on him all the more sweetly for the shortness of her stay, and the lengthened winter brings at last all the swifter and happier surprise. These green alps (for the alp is the high meadow, not the mountain face), under bare crag and snow-field, are radiant in a twinkling with pansies, gentians, purple heather, potentillas, bluebells, buttercups, daisies, thyme, and the blushing rhododendron, or Alpine rose, whose color is distilled from the sunset on ruddy peaks and domes of snow. Even the rock-debris flowers out, and the thin-clad knoll; and every flower nestles close to the ground, with scarce a leaf or stem. For the suddenness and swiftness of the season and the solar reflections drive the plant straight to its bloom, and all its life goes to color and size of flower. The dandelion turns to glowing orange, the clover to deep crimson, the gentian takes intenser blue; only harebell and pansy are pale, like the crystalline of the snows. And up, up over these flowery alps, by paths that skirt the eternal toil of the elements to build and to destroy, over the sea of mountains rent and ploughed, upheaved as in ecstasy out of hopeless depression in the gloom, over great brown ridges of the dust of ten thousand years, beneath mysterious reaches of an unexplored world of light — up the worn and winding tracks of daily

need, go simple folk, driving their white trains to high pastures, safe and sure as the wild geese fly northward to meet the spring; and their cheery "Ranz des Vaches" echoes back from the stately brotherhood of watching peaks, — watching day and night; now hid, now revealed; now far off in the clearness, now close in the world-shadow; now in colorless, inaccessible reserve, now in the inexpressible tenderness of that glow which only Alpine snows can take from parting day. Does it not sound strange to yourself when you say that the yodling boy or girl up there sees nothing of all this open book of the mystery of life? Can you think it? Life is his also, and death will be his. If he sees not all this that you see, at least he is in and of it; it has the making of him. From the hills also cometh his help.

In these remote hamlets life is under primitive conditions with little visible resource; it hangs with cramp-iron from the cliffs with one hand, while plying the sickle on scanty blades with the other; it bends like the pack-horse under constant burdens, as the weary head and feet of man or woman climb the unchanging ways; taking its religious tone doubtless more from the rigors and perils of the surrounding than from its beauty or sublimity; and so writing out, as men do, on many a stretch of desolation the old story of human wickedness and fall.

From the hamlet of Mürren, five thousand feet above the sea, one looks across the deep gorge of Lauterbrünnen up the Roththal snows into loftiest ridges of the Jungfrau. This arctic world, which the chamois scarce explores, was once, so runs the legend, a green and smiling alp, and then blasted forever for the sin of its possessors. Rocks projecting from the

snow, in shape of uncouth beasts and men, are spell-bound criminals, or demons shut for a season in stone. As the Hebrews heard the whispers of devils in the desert, so many a Swiss peasant takes the mysterious voices of the mountain for the moans of tormented souls. These legends haunt many other icy recesses of the mountains also. Such pranks all vast solitudes will play with the human conscience and give traditions of a Fall and a Judgment. But the legend of paradisaic verdure having preceded a penal desolation on the Alps has doubtless other causes. Nothing is more natural than that the utter absence of verdure in vast mountain tracts should suggest its very opposite by the law of contrasts. It is probably connected, also, with actual physical changes. The secular advance and recession of the glaciers imply great climatic changes in these regions. The fertile valley before us was really once a polar wilderness, and the lofty slope now bristling with pinnacles of ice and yawning with crevasses was once covered with pines or flowering sward. Unwasted as the glacier seems, it is alive with inner movements ; and far within its hollow sound of issuing or falling waters, and the strange gurgle and splash of rock and ice, the primal reservoirs are forever filling drop by drop. As you look up from the foot of a glacier, its immense forehead or snout seems plunging through a rocky mass, tearing and heaving it up on either side, though this is not the fact. It seems alive or driven on by some living force, resembling a sea-monster's head, a mighty wedge, an upturned ship's prow. Its highest layers split away, opening a vaulted cavern, whence rushes the newborn Arve, or Rhone, or Reuss. An azure gleam plays in the crevasses ; little rills course

down the sides scooping their way. Far above you hangs the threatening ice-wall waiting to burst and fall, and so recover lost ground for the once magnificent torrent, now receding for centuries. Little time would be needed to convert the valley into a polar sea, but for the swift melting and evaporation that is going on. Mont Blanc would rise four hundred feet in a century, by the mere heaping of the annual snows, but for these tremendous arteries of pounded and packed, but fluent, ice. Add to all these signs of living power the scarce perceptible creep and lapse of the ice river, noted but at intervals, like the ebb and flow of human times, the boom and crash of falling rocks upon the surface, the slow-rising moraine-heap at its side, the dust of crumbled mountains pushed before it to the plain, the eternal resources from which it is fed, — and you will see how much there is in a glacier to impress the lonely generations with a sense of *continuous forces at never-failing and resistless endeavor*, and how this sense would be reflected in their traditional instincts and habits, the real basis of a people's character.

They know that the ice-stream is the architect of their whole mountain world, the scooper of the gulfs, the builder of the barriers; and though it presses too close and familiar to leave the imagination free, its ceaseless presence is surely the father of much of that patient, persistent striving which has enabled the social instincts of the Swiss to become conquerors of gulf and barrier alike. It helps this victory of theirs even more directly, fertilizing the valleys and relieving the accumulated snow mass on the heights. The glaciers are highways of geographical connection for the elements, though not for man, and by their vast

related systems suggest unity on the grandest scale. Three feeders flow together from different sides into the central stream of the Mer de Glace. From that scarcely accessible plateau of the Bernese Oberland, upholding all its mighty peaks and facing the four quarters of the heavens, descend nine great glaciers, by whatever paths they can find a passage, to the deep valleys of Grindelwald, Rosenlauri, Hasli, and the Rhone,—furcating from the one vast chamber above the clouds, where their lines of separation cease. It is a majestic symbol of unity lifted in the heart of Switzerland, though its altar-rim overflows not with fire, but in streams of ice that melt into beauty where they fall. And now comes science, to trace the ancient lines of glacial motion east and west, from mountain range to range, and make the boulders on the flanks of Jura report their far-off homes in the central Alps. What thrills of sympathetic feeling must have flashed through all the cantons when it was made known that the prediction based upon calculations of the rate of glacial motion,—that after a stated number of years, the remains of a party who had been lost in the upper crevasses of the Mer de Glace would be found at its foot,—had proved true! Or when Saussure and Forbes and Rendu and Agassiz and Tyndall, one after another, revealed the beautiful laws that drew the regular curves of movement across the wildest wrinkles of the glacier's face, and pulled the plunging crevasses into orderly lines; and arranged the bounds of drift like the leaves of a scroll, and spread out the petals of that great rose of ice at the cradle of the Rhone; and tumbled the *névé*, new-frozen from a hundred heights, over ridges of rock in broken fragments, to

be shaped by the sun into pinnacles and towers and blades of light; and made the melting surface a honeycomb of pretty cells, and gave a tender blue to the cold caves within the mass, and the hues of Tyrian purple to the clouds above it, as one may see of a summer day, if he lies upon the ground and looks at them across the tremulous exhalations of its upturned sea! What endless mission it has! As the myth of superstition looked backward to isolation, so the law of science points forward to even deeper and richer unity of thought and heart!

But to return to the hard conditions of the secluded hamlets of which I spoke. Some are many centuries old, and suffer little change in the lapse of ages. Some are mere groups of log-huts, their roofs held down by stones, with footpaths straggling from house to house; rudely furnished, the sum of their literature and art, a Bible abstract, a reading book, and a few dauby prints. Even here, you will probably find a school. But in many of the better sort, especially where a tidy inn stands waiting for the traveler, you will find that taste for delicate carving by hand which the Swiss seem to have caught from glacier, waterfall, frost, and storm,—a national genius for fine art, transmitted through centuries, and compressed by natural conditions within narrow and domestic limits. Amidst the roar of waterfalls and under the beetling mountains, deft fingers beside cottage doors are cutting out of bits of wood their dainty chamois, scarce larger than your thumb-nail. The isolated life I have described has been common in all periods of Swiss history, and in earliest times was almost universal; and it took hundreds of years after the settlement by Germanic tribes, to say nothing of

the earlier colonization by the Romans, for even the conception of national unity to be formed among the scattered tribes. Another obstacle to unity was the warlike character of the early communities, fostered by an environment more suited, as we have seen, to make the endurance and courage of a soldier than the free insight of a seer or poet. The Swiss have therefore been a contentious people from the beginning to the end. All the nationalities of the continent have been continually dashing against each other in these narrow highlands, just as the continent itself seems pressed inward by some centripetal force, which upheaved it into this stormy sea. Every canton was a kind of Sparta, and the warfare of petty antagonisms that went on for centuries promised anything but the unity and freedom now attained. I know of nothing resembling them but the rivalries and conflicts of the Greek states, which ended in a very different way. I shall not enter on the wonderful story of their achievement to-night, but will only say in passing that a staunch individualism persistently bore witness to the isolating power of the mountain walls, while it kept awake and vigilant the spirit of liberty, and is now justified by its fruits. Observe that as the civil feuds wore out, the old habits ran down into a taste for foreign military service, which I ascribe to no special mercenariness in the Swiss character, as is often assumed, but to the ancient military spirit demanding fresh fields abroad, especially in the poorer Catholic cantons; and to the mountaineer's natural longing to escape into the open world. Their passion for emigration is not more characteristic than their industry and persistence; and the stern training of centuries must have brought

from the Alps their tenderness as well as their vigor, for the Swiss *heimweh* to have become a proverb through the world. The martial energy of the Catholic cantons was always in demand among Catholic powers. The gift of whole provinces was strong temptation to a poor and hardy race. In those wars of the Middle Ages, when there was always as much intrigue and as little principle on the one side as on the other, and the foreign hireling did the fighting in place of the citizen, it is after all the special *courage* of the Swiss adventurer, rather than his indifference as to which side he fought for, that attracts our notice. All the inbred valor and passion has now found field in that vigilance which is the eternal price of liberty ; and every able-bodied citizen of the little republic is a drilled and watchful minuteman. Bound into the monotonous struggle with permanent physical conditions, by which they have slowly achieved their unity and freedom, the Swiss have great obstinacy and tenacity combined with unequaled simplicity of thought and taste. They do not forsake ancestral laws and customs ; they neither invent new relations nor diversify the old. For seven centuries they have admitted only three profound changes in their legislation. One of their writers has said that "in the most radical Swiss there is a conservative." In some remote cantons there are still no printed statutes, and the simplest form of legislation survives. The Swiss constitution, where the Federal Assembly elect all functionaries, is the simplest kind of democracy. Of a grave turn, avoiding passionate excitement, they are yet *by a very natural reaction* social, inquisitive, often garrulous, fond of fêtes and rustic games. The gravity easily

passes into disputatiousness and satire, as of people whom hard pull-backs have made skeptical or somewhat jealous or even cynical. They find relief in humor, and in a quaint grotesqueness that is probably the irony of reduced expectations; have a turn for banter and a shrewd practical wit; a busy fancy with clipt wings, as if one should say "it is a fool's part to climb Mont Blanc, when he can go round it." They carve this prudential wisdom as a prophylactic on the beams of their houses, leaving God to put dash into his avalanche and torrent, and disdain of limits into the cornice of the crag. Here are a few of their oracles of domestic architecture which I copied, as I went by: —

"Whoso walks upon the street,
Many slurs is sure to meet."

"A pretty thing it is to build a house,
But, alas! I did n't count the cost."

"This house to God's hand is resigned;
'T is new in front, but old behind."

"The master's gold gave out, or you
Would see a mansion wholly new."

"Men are always mourning
That the times are growing worse;

"If men would but live better lives,
The times would change their course."

"If only envy and malice would but burn,
Fuel would not be half so dear."

"If there be any one who can do right by all,
With all respect I pray he teach me how 't is done."

Or take these samples from their proverbs of thrift and common sense: —

"He who hunts with a cat must bring home rats."

"No bird flies so high, but he must come back to the ground."

"Bitter mouth can't speak sweet."

"Devil's meal turns to sand."

"Talk to the fool, but trust the wise."

"Lord save us from a pleasant February."

"Snowball and scandal grow by rolling."

"Homespun and homemade for the farmer's best."

"One God and one coat."

"Mist and vapor are great men's favors."

"A word is a man."

"Priest's sack has no bottom."

"Lies have short legs;" and so forth.

One is closely reminded of Reynard the Fox, and the old popular satires in which the reformation of Middle Age oppressions in Church and State began. It is pleasant thus to note that the first lessons from the mountains were slow, sure germs of liberty and progress, planked in solid understanding of man and his honest hold on hard conditions of success.

Time has proved it to have been no taunt, when the Alps said to him, "Foothold first, my brave boy, not wings." The grotesque skeptical humor I spoke of, which reminds us of the contortions of a prisoner wrestling with his bonds, or of the half-formed lion in Milton's Creation Scene, — "pawing to get free his hinder parts," is conspicuous in Swiss art. In Bern a knock-kneed, woe-begone wooden giant flourishes a monstrous sword on a tower and is called "Goliath of Gath."

Every one has heard of the inevitable Bears of Bern; great bears and little bears, ogre bears carved on fountains, clad in armor, sentinels at the gates and on the squares, burlesques of humanity in all

kinds ; the live public bears kept in a court-yard and castle ; the puppet bears running out and in the old clock tower, when the harlequin strikes the hammer, and the cock flaps his wings and squeaks, and the old iron knight beats the heavy bell far up aloft. What a good-natured travesty of mediæval church and state *that* was once, and what a satire of human works and ways it is *now*, and so fascinating the gaping crowd as much as it did centuries ago ! Bern is not alone among Swiss cities in its apologue and epos of the animal world. As the herds go gladly to the high pastures in the spring, so the wild beasts of the mountains have come down into the streets to sit as models, and teach art. These qualities combine with climatic influences to give great picturesqueness to the architecture and life. A Swiss farm-house seems to be evolved out of the rugged pine and the rock-strewn, carved, and splintered crag, and the village is a huddle of mountain utilities and ingenuities. The cities are quaint enough. The houses of Bern rest upon heavy stone arches, forming a covered arcade on both sides of the streets. The intervals between the piers are filled with wares of all kinds, which often overflow these too narrow limits. The population swarms along these sheltered walks, on which obscure doorways open, disclosing stairways and caves dimmer still. As you look down the streets, the line of massive piers looks cold and hard. But the long windows above, of ever-varying style of arch and jamb ; the pretty openwork balustrades, and their red cushions and gay curtains and bright flowers ; the innumerable dormer windows of all sizes and in all positions ; the quaint chimneys bristling in hosts over all the roofs like a maze of impish forms, dancing on

the housetops; the overhanging eaves, oddly ornamented and thrusting down straggling spouts and water-tubes everywhere; the grotesque ever-flowing fountains with their stone bears, lions, knights, harlequins, ogres, and their great round basins brimming with bright waters; the parti-colored caps and kirtles of the women who frequent them, with buckets dripping, and the great currents that run down the middle of the pavements,—all throw a charming play of light and life about the brown sandstone walls that imprison a clean and busy population. Outside, along the river, terraced gardens descend the bluff to the rushing Aar, overlooked by a labyrinth of quaint architecture, which has grown up in bits and piecemeal, to suit the changing moods or convenience of generations, and so has resulted in a thousand undesigned beauties. The closeness and the picturesqueness, the dark and the light, are alike strange to the American, and he learns what perhaps he needs to know, that republican liberty can strike its roots into the past as well as flourish its eager boughs in the open air of the present. The social and domestic virtues are fostered by the very insecurity and helplessness of individuals amidst the gigantic forces of nature. The serious meaning of marriage and parentage and friendship and mutual dependence is felt in Switzerland in fullest force. The inviolable sanctities of home are here (and have always been) the root of patriotic sentiment, and the soul of poetry and music and legend and faith. Are not the Alps their monitors in all generations? These mountain-severities are ethical laws; these serenities are loyalty and fidelity; this light and shadow is the play of tenderness and love. There are lessons too in

social self-restraint; and in some neighborhoods the people have learned instinctively to adjust their family responsibilities to their means of support, and have given to this rare wisdom the dignity of established rule. There are no rustic festivals so common as those that bring together the people of the mountains and the valleys. In Canton Vaud the lake-shore folk used to load themselves with harvest fruits and go up to visit the Alpine herdsmen, who feasted them with cream and cheese, and there was music and dancing around the chalets far up in the sky. In leafing time of the vine, the national song commencing on the shore was taken up from terrace to terrace, and carried from height to height, to the very mountain tops. In autumn, the vintagers lifted their great banner inscribed "*ora et labora*," (pray and work) and marched through the streets of Vevey celebrating agriculture with all Switzerland to see.

That some taint of avarice should have touched a pinched and impoverished life is not strange, nor yet that the foreign wealth that cools and suns itself so complacently in the Swiss summer should have to pay for the luxury. You cannot set to work a people for your own pleasure without making them seem at least to be mercenary. That the Swiss are specially so, I wholly deny, and with some experience to back me. In Unterwald the people explain the absence of mile-stones and sign-posts by saying that from old times it was *every one's* business to guide the traveler on his way. I roamed over Switzerland for months, yet rarely met inhospitality or rudeness; and I confess I was not a little surprised thereat, in view of what the people have to endure from selfish and arrogant visitors.

For free nations, or states striving for liberty, to charge the Swiss with churlishness is almost atrocious. This mountain fortress and its brave defenders have been a refuge to the thinkers and reformers of every race, sect, and class. The greatest names in European history are debtors to them for happiness, for health, for security, for knowledge, or for final rest. The footsteps of Goethe are tracked through the Grison valleys. The grave of Schelling is in the little churchyard of Ragatz. The inspiration of Schiller came in part from these lakes and mountains which he never saw; and who knows not, that the lake of Tell is musical with his poetry and his praise? Byron and Shelley, Rousseau and Voltaire, Lamartine and Hugo, Gibbon and Necker, and De Staël, and a host of others found stimulus for their best work on the shores of Lake Lemman, whose vine-clad hills rise in steps of music to the heights where sunset lingers till the stars appear. There Parker rested from an American burden and heat so long and grandly borne. There Quinet, crown of French genius, who would not swear allegiance to a despot, found a home among the peasants and their vines. Every spot on the mountains, or by the lakes, which strangers love to see, is identified with men who have moved the world. The crags that for ages frowned on the rude fathers of the wilderness now beckon the Parliament of Science and the Pilgrims of Liberty in the name of their children.

The intellect of the Swiss is not speculative, but practical; free thinking, but not introversive. They have neither Italian intuition, nor French method, nor German depth. Their mental gifts are the flowering of those qualities that befit the mountain guide;

sharp-eyed for things close at hand and for minute details. They have inventive faculty, and some genius for discovery, less in the positive sciences. And so the attractions of the Alps for men of science and culture secure opportunities which have helped to bring out a list of native names that place Switzerland in the front rank of nations. Strange as it may seem, in all that concerns the foundations of social order, the primal floors of virtue, public and private, the Swiss are idealists. I need but instance their patriotic valor, their prevailing morality, their fine ardor for the universal diffusion of knowledge, their noble philanthropy,—fine petals all, of this human Alp-rose which the whole world loves to study and admire in its snow-girt home. Each of them deserves detailed description, on which it is impossible even to enter. Every form of benevolent and educational institution is at home in every canton and every important town. From the noble hospice on the mountain pass of St. Bernard, where Catholicism sends her relays of noble monks, each band to endure the rigors of the climate till they compel it to give place to another, that the traveler may not perish in the snows, the spirit of mutual aid flows down through the land on every side, and crowns every fair outlook with its asylum for the unfortunate, its house of deliverance from some human ill.

The wisest of the nations have sat at the feet of the Swiss educators. The triumphs of the humble republic have been in laying highways for the mind as well as the feet. And the strong guide who lifts the fallen traveler out of the crevasse, or saves him from the avalanche, or helps him up the peak of outlook and delight, is presenting in parable the dealing

of his people with the erring, the ignorant, and the poor. And so ends the long struggle with conditions that threatened a helpless self-absorption in the poverty, isolation, mutual jealousy, and cramping terrors of their mountain world. Do not the laws of Nature justify our new religion of absolute trust in their intrinsic harmony with man? In this strain, Shelley, poet-prophet of the century, sang his grand hymn of homage to Mont Blanc, —

“Thou hast a voice, great Mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and wo; . . .
The secret strength of things
Which governs thought, and to the infinite dome
Of heaven is as a law, inhabits thee!
And what were thou, and earth, and stars, and sea,
If to the human mind's imaginings
Silence and solitude were vacancy?”

The strenuous, tenacious, dogmatic spirit of the old Swiss must under such training have softened into something of this tender relation with natural laws. Even out of such a temperament and its bitter ages of strife, there has bloomed a finer flower than toleration, — even liberty of thought. The mountain presence is too real to suffer any religious forms it has once suggested, to fail of an instant inspiration for the simple folk, who are more intimately moved by its motion and rest, its silence and sound, its perils and its protections, its all-encompassing serenity and strength, whether they know it or not, than by any traditional creed. The cheery peasant above the clouds, listening for the horn that makes his wilderness glad, is singing in the very attitude and glow of his being, though not in words, “On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.” And the Soul of Nature, nearer than the man-made Christ of churches, must

have its part, and keep it too, through the repetition of life-times, in that seemly ritual of the Grison shepherds, when, returning from high pastures in the autumn, the festive train pauses at a certain spot, and then and there, with bared heads and folded palms, praises God in silence for the blessings of the year. Let us be grateful to Berthold Auerbach for so graciously fulfilling in his novels the part of invisible guide through many of the mysteries of the spirit in Alpine homes. And now let me take you to a pastoral scene in Eastern Switzerland, that you may see the simplicity of life with which freedom loves to dwell. It shall be in the wide green valley of the Upper Rhine, in canton Graubünden, near Ragatz.

It was a clear, crisp day in May. The snow powdered the pines far up their climbing hosts, and lay heaped in gleaming hollows, and sheeted the long ridges, and tossed up against the tallest granite and pines. Meadows and orchards were alike in bloom, and the peasants busy at spring work. Here, at the meeting of many valley lines, I could see down the long snowy ranges of the Wallenstadt, and far into the blue open distance of the Trübbach, and through the narrowing pathway of the Rheinthal. The narrow streets and green lanes of picturesque old hamlets were besprinkled with children at play, driving snow-white herds, or leading tinkling kids; they would run freely to make friends with the stranger, or look up brightly into my face when they spoke. Everybody bade me a cheery "good morning." Girls sat knitting under apple-trees in the orchards, between the long lines of sunshine and the shadows cast by overhanging cliffs, or came and went along the white road, bearing burdens on their upright heads and

necks. Everybody indeed was at work. Neat houses roofed with daintily rounded shingles and set off with windows like honeycomb; ever-flowing fountains, and basins overflowing, in whose omnipresent murmur health and purity seemed unstintingly poured over all; hedges of thorn, that could not hide their fresh buds and flowers; quaint old churches with bell-shaped tower, or hoodlike spire, white and clear, the little Gottesacker beside it, where generations had lain down under the changeless mountain to be seen no more, its long lines of gabled crosses beset with tiny remembrances and with gleaming letters that shot out like heart-flames above them; the wood-carved mot-toes on the houses, devout and quaint; scattered farmsteads, dotting the high cliffs, or peeping out of the apple-blooms; chalets nestling with the eagles, stretches of pine, then breezy ridges and mountain stairs, — all were folded in fullness of content, as though the aims of religion and science were accomplished in a single idyl of purity, and man and nature were one and the same. The most delicious home-idyls of modern time, Goethe's "Herman and Dorothea," and Schiller's "Song of the Bell," seemed breathing through the very atmosphere. Nor, indeed, do I believe there can anywhere be a happier people than these Grison Swiss.

Let me try to share with you one twilight scene, that will never leave my memory, on the threshold of the Bernese mountains.

Passing through a green upland valley while cool shadows were descending round the immeasurable pine forests, we rounded a hill-shoulder and stood in an instant within the portal of the Alps. There was a hush, like gentle breathing, all through the world,

and our first experience of Alpine life was the sinking of all things into rest. The wide, low intervale beneath us first grew dim, as if gently receding, and then lay cradled within the shadows. The long mountain ridge still stood out against a pale sky, but its delicate grace and sturdy strength were relaxed as if in sleep, and the vigorous play of form and color on its far-spread countenance slowly faded into passiveness. The setting sun had been pouring floods of quiet light into great scoops above the snow-line, as if their white faces were transfigured by an indwelling soul. But now they seemed to have yielded up the ghost, and assumed that unearthly pallor of snow without sunshine, which resembles nothing else on land or sea, all semblance of force and feeling fled. They seemed withdrawn beyond vast spaces of somewhat as much beyond death as death is far from life. Over these mysteries the familiar deeps of evening brooded quietly and one yellow star shone there at home. The peasants were returning from labor, in groups, a sweet jangle of herd-bells and pleasant little voices breaking the silence and almost making it infinite. Patriarchal cottages of immense size, whose windows might be counted by scores, were gathering themselves as if to sleep, under the heavy hoodlike eaves, dropped gently over them, so that they lay at last like brown hillocks on the russet sod. Here and there, as twilight deepened, stole out a glimmer from some casement within the shadow; here and there, through an open door, the light and crackling of big brush fires told us of the home-circle and the evening meal. Groups made up, as I think, of as many generations as are ever permitted to look into each other's faces on this earth, sat silent or

talking in underbreath on long benches under the outspread wings of these ancestral eaves. And a father had gathered his household in one quaintly carved porch, and was reading aloud, whether an evening service I know not, but it fell as a benediction on the hearts of the travelers, as they passed along with hushed tread, unseen. And the silent prayer rose unbidden within them, — “May these awful Thrones of the Everlasting forever shelter the traditions and homes of free men.”

SYMBOLISM OF THE SEA.

HUMBOLDT's brilliant description of the indebtedness of modern freedom and science to the great epoch of oceanic discoveries in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, is one of the most marvelous pictures in literature. It suggests an inquiry into which that great physicist did not enter, — how much culture of the ideal sort is due to the play of imagination (that organ of higher truths) with the symbolism of nature, read and loved for her *companionship alone*. The opportunity now afforded by the wealth of natural science for such reaction from ignoble interests and coarse competitions is not more vast than the need of such healthful play and noble intimacy, amidst these material tendencies and forces, is imperative. They are the deliverance that opens in the very bosom of the flood that sweeps us on.

In the historic fulfillment of Solon's vision of a great republic of freedom and culture, islanded in the unknown West, a tradition which Plato honored as nobler than anything in Homer, — it is not the prophecy that impresses me, nor the Platonic political ideal, nor the splendid fortunes of the new Atlantis itself, so much as the meaning, — for the higher elements of personality, of this passion for unexplored worlds in the great deep, of man's undying instinct to plunge into the unknown, to commit himself to an

infinite search, problem, resource. This, the fascination of the sea, — that vast silent invitation, summons alike to limit and liberty by which man is evermore stirred; so that he must sing with Theognis, listening to its murmuring in a spiral shell: "A dead form cast up from lifeless water, yet speaking with a living voice, hath invited me home."

Now for us moderns, whether we dredge or dream upon it, whether we know it as a presence, or as a bit of useful contrivance for our commercial profit, the sea really means *universality*; and, whether in lines of thought or business, of faith in nature, or trust in man, really draws us to that, — not universality as an abstract idea (the type of that is the atmosphere), but as all real, living, efficient forms of unity. This makes it the true type of our times: first, of their *communion of uses*, in that it is solvent and distributor of the elements, like the trade it sustains and floats round the globe; next, of their *communion of races*, in that which they are speeding across its surface, and on the lightning thread beneath it; and again, of their *communion of religions*, in that these are flowing together, Mediterraneans and Baltics of faith, into a grander identity, whose vast level sweeps down all heaps of exclusiveness, just as science suppresses old fictions about sea-levels, while the great tides go round the world, shaping all spiritual continents by common laws.

These symbols are patent to the practical mind. But they are external, compared to those meanings of the sea for the free imagination, which have made it in all ages man's consoler and strengthener, teaching him by the conditions of toil, peril, and renunciation, the greatness as well as the sadness of his

destiny. It is well to remember that the sea is not a mere heaving mass of salted waves. It is an idea. What broods over us and rolls around us on the shore, with stir to adventure and discovery, is the mystery of our own being,—that blending of longing and rest, of what we are with what we may be, of clinging to the known and call from the unknown, which makes the pith of all earnest human thought. This bitter brine, this barren waste, this low moan as of heart-break, are the limitations that beset our life,—our sense of failure in the past, of impotence in the present, of decay in the future. The boundless reach, the mystic winds and currents, the grand uplift of unseen power over far horizons into depth of sky, are the ideal insights and faiths that transform these limits into enforcements of courage and desire. How full is man's speech and song of these types of his most nobly human life !

Homer compares the parting of friends, never to meet again, to seamen borne away from shore by stormy winds, watching the fire kindled by a shepherd in his lonely fold high among the hills.

The Hindu proverb says, "As pieces of driftwood meeting in mid-ocean remain together but a little while, so friends and possessions pass; there is no return."

It was a Greek legend that one, exempt from the common lot of death, was dwelling beyond where ocean stayed its waves, delighting his heart with golden-throned morning, which rises, ever renewed, out of its bosom. But when old age came on, then came, too, the inevitable sorrow for lost companionship and energies decayed; there remained but vain and endless yearning for the happy lot of men who

have the power to die. Philologists may call this "fable of Tithonus old," a "solar myth;" but sun and sea do not explain, they do but voice this note of human sadness, the longing to escape death, forever joined in mind with the conditions of decrepitude and loss involved in that escape,—the dull endless plash of low-beached years on a prisoning shore, bringing no births of power to stem new perils, or reach nobler worlds by loosing the hold on this. Such the meaning of this old appeal to the symbolism of the sea. It is answered by the unchanging soul of poetry after a thousand generations of man.

" Oh well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
Oh well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To the haven under the hill ;
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

See where Pindar resorts when he would describe the sacred quest of love and duty, singing of Hercules that " He traversed all lands, and went through the heavy sea-waves ; and, having calmed the mariner's path from fear, he dwells in joy among the blest."

Is that the mere picture of the sun's progress through the zodiac, which the labors of Hercules mean for the philologist ?

Ocean means for thinking man the might that

grows from patient disciplines, the toil that earns victory, the unappeasable purpose that gladly fulfills all conditions of success. Thus old philosophers explained it as the "sweat of the earth," made bitter by straining through it, or as made to seethe and boil by the sun's heat, or as running swiftly round the earth (*ὠκεανός*, from *ὠκύς*, the swift), just as the Hebrew said of the sun, "at His commandment it runneth hastily." The Norse Edda chooses for a symbol of these human conditions of success the struggle with the ocean's barrier and advance, to widen the borders of the land.

" Gefion from Gylfe drove away,
To add new land to Denmark's sway, —
Blythe Gefion ploughing in the smoke
That steamed up from her oxen-yoke;
Dragging new lands from the deep main
To join them to the sweet isle's plain." ¹

Mark the prophecy of sea-born, sea-worn Holland, nurse and guardian of modern liberties, educational, political, religious.

The sense of irreversible moral sequence has also lent meaning to the sea. Grecian tragedy says "retribution grows slowly, like the wave that rolls up the black sand." ²

The Greeks even held the ocean to be the father of Nemesis, or ethical requital, ³ by that majestic reserve of impending natural power with which it confronts the unnaturalness of the very crimes which yet it seems so to shelter that their success bewilders our moral sense. Thus Greek Sophocles saw, as you and I have done, — nor lost his faith in the ocean's higher law, — that

¹ *Heimskringla*, Laing, 220.

² Sophocles, *Antigone*, 586.

³ Pausanias, II., 178.

"No wind retards the pirate's work,
When his time comes for theft and plundering." ¹

Even the pirate was puppet of an oceanic destiny, not in his own purpose. And men divined a sweep of space and service, of the sea's own proportion and quality; and thus bards of the old Norse kings celebrate a courage and will that builded states, — that spiritual parentage of our stirring life,

"Riders of dark-blue ocean's steeds!
The king who at the helm guides
His warlike ship through clashing tides,
Now gives one law for all the land —
A heavenly law, which long shall stand.
A clang of arms by the sea-shore —
And the shields' sound was heard no more;
On Esthland's strand, o'er Swedish graves,
The East Sea sings her song of waves." ²

"Forests and hills are not for me, —
I love the moving sea.
Though Canute block the Sound,
Rather than walk the ground,
And leave my ship, I'll see
What my ship will do for me." ³

Was it piracy that taught these Norse rovers to place their Mimir's well, or wisdom fount, at the bottom of the farthest sea, where Odin earns it at the cost of an eye? That means, in the philologist's dictionary, that they saw the sun's one orb sink into the sea as if lost. That may be; but the kernel will not appear till we crack this shell also. For a happy legend is always a song out of the singer's heart; and if it lasts through generations, it is because it means a gospel of man's *ideal* life. And this is indeed his Mimir's well beyond ocean's rim, reached only by paying the price, — by parting with

¹ Sophocles, *Philoctetes*, 643.

² *Heimskringla*, Laing, *passim*.

³ *Id.*, II., 256.

the sight one had for a larger and better knowledge hidden beyond perilous tracks that close behind the lonely voyager and leave the next heroic seeker to find his own way; yet ever pursued over sunset-kindled waves through hopes of an all-compensating light. Too much for the heathen world to see? Ah, man is man, and the poet in him is ever greater than the pedant, though he have read no Bible but his soul. Ideal aspiration and the battle of life have, after all, one mother-tongue, one in its elements; and nature responds to their experience, which the understanding may afterwards analyze or make more complex, or religion fix in personal symbols; but the process engrafts no new humanity; it is ever the same spiral conch of life that murmurs its prophecy within the listening soul of child or man.

Well! the fisheries are a great commercial question, and employ the deputies of nations; but think you this high diplomacy, more or less respectable, about the right to cod and haddock alongshore, can hide the value of that old story of Glaucus, the mythic fisherman, whose delight in the vigor of his netted prey stirred swift longing for an ocean birth; so that he ate the herbs of the shore, and became a sea-god, putting his human breast under a hundred streams? Here again, the human thirst for irrepressible joy and strength uses the sea and the fisher's craft for its symbol. I do not despise the fishery rights: there is money and food in them for one nation or another; but the old fable is better: it means *manhood* for us all. And thus the tale goes on. Then the gods make this old sea-lover a prophet, and the people of the coasts and isles look to him for their warnings and hopes. And he it is that

builds the Argo, freighted with tragic story of conquests and sympathies for the Mediterranean races, this ever-thirsty fisherman, fed by the salt herbs of the shore. Well, I think the poetic truth carries the day over the superstition here, and so in the larger belief that *all* sea-gods were *human* prophets. To the sea belong the legendary teachers of the simple tribes of East and West, in the arts of life. Out of its mysteries comes up Phœnician Oannes, half fish, half man; into them sails away Mexican Quetzalcoatl, beautiful fugitive from the world he has blessed, thence to return in better days. For Hindu, Greek, and Hebrew, out of heaving deluge-waters, come the good men, in saving arks, to repopulate the desert earth. Out of ocean, after the "Twilight" of the Norse gods, and their ending of the world, rise these fresh isles, where a new race finds the old dice of destiny unharmed in springing grass. Do not new religions rise thus, from the unwasting soul, when the old are outworn, and have passed away? The Roman poet, Lucretius, whose protest against superstition anticipated so much of modern science, makes the sea outlast the world:—

"Worn out with age, the Universe decays,
Borne on and stranded on the shoals of time."

It is a mystic sentence of the Platonist, Proclus, that "Ocean is, in sum, the cause of all motion, both intellectual and natural," and a true one, if we will read the symbol between the lines. It is no mere water-tank, this restless, heaving, many-voiced, vast, mysterious sea.

II. Enough of mythology. Note now the ministration of the sea to that inward renovator, the sense

of reaction and surprise. The dredge is now revolutionizing our notions of limit, as once the telescope did. It reports that the sea-spaces show nowhere a zero point of animal life, nowhere a pressure too great for living tissues; that ammonia and water are there decomposed by life without the agency of light—an impossibility in the atmosphere; that at two thousand fathoms the water is not appreciably denser. These surprises indeed show the human god, parting with his old sight to win new wisdom. That is the spiritual sense of science. Again, we thought the sea's bed was our nearest type of the unfathomable, but now we find its greatest depth a little more than four thousand fathoms. Yet every atom of that depth is more unsearchable than ever. That is the spirit's report, not the dredger's. We thought the bottom-waters were heated by the earth-fires; they are at about the freezing point of fresh water. We had visions of a motionless calm beneath the waves; but there, too, is the sweep of currents, passing each other like busy men, and stir of living purpose. Is the sea less ideal for rebuking dreams of an idle heaven and a purposeless peace? "Plant-life is possible there," predicted science, "but animal life must surely be stayed at the coralline zone." But, behold, it is the plant that is limited, and the hidden floors of nature, bare of herb or flower, are thick with the sensitive pleasure of infusorial forms.

Cross the Atlantic, and you shall know how far the ocean can carry this function of breaking spells, and renovating by surprise. The sea voyage is a stream of oblivion. It devastates the mind; vacates memory; sweeps away tradition, fiction, routine, and blind belief; scatters fixed moods and haunting

sorrows; takes you from your very self. You shall not think, nor study, nor grieve, nor will, beneath this heavy hand of the sea. That old personality of yours, that looked so real, suffers a "sea change;" for you are drawn apart, as by ten thousand magnets, dissipated on this restless, heaving space, and can but wait a resurrection in some new and wondrous form, on some virgin shore. So every passing sail is a white mystery of expectant faith; and the first land that looms is the new-born world, and the watchman on the cliff is Adam, before the fall. The Old World before you, the old life behind, alike transfigured, you are

"the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

Have you dreamed of waking into a life beyond death? It was no such spiritual uplift as this new dawn of unimagined light.

There is a poet in every man, and his hour comes in the surprises of the sea. The shout of Xenophon's weary army at sight of the far-gleaming Euxine, — "Thalatta! Thalatta!" — the cry of Balboa when the Pacific first rose to view over the cliffs of Panama, kindle imagination to its very roots. Nay, some poor, little, rude print of the Dungansby Head, — such as I recall from my boyhood, — an impossible John o' Groat's House, toppling on an impossible jut of rock, over an inch square of black blotch that meant the ocean, and the happy householder, too big for his own house, because grown to a giant with the familiar vision of that immensity which I could not see, standing at gaze on its tip-top, — shall set the child's imagination to more crea-

tive work than comes in after years, by the grandest sea-truth the artist ever painted, or the poet sang.

The mountain is the natural type of strength and vision; the river, cleaving and carving fresh pathways, of reconstruction and reform. But the sea means universality; the Infinite and Eternal, speaking in its murmur, when the philosopher cannot find them in his logic, and the theologian has sunk them in his human God, shall assert their implication in man's ideal life. But its summons at the same time is to liberty and labor, as the condition of that life.

This was what the Hebrew lacked in his aspiring religion, which was a lyric of prayer, but not of progress nor of toil. Therefore, while he longed for what he *called* the Eternal and Infinite, he never loved the sea. His Jehovah speaks from under a firmament. In his Apocalypse, "there shall be no more sea," as in the Buddhist Nirvâna there shall be "no more wind." Greek, Phœnician, Teuton, would not have said either of those things. The Christian follows him in a religion inherited from the same tendencies, limiting the Infinite to a single human nucleus, once for all, instead of sweeping out its endless and boundless tides of invitation and possibility, an all-embracing sea of spiritual life. Here and there a mystic sings "Christ is a sea of truth and love," but the metaphor comes hard; it is easier to make him a sacrificial Lamb or a Messiah-King. The Hebrew knew not the terrible unrest of the land,—earthquake, volcano, snow-storm on the prairie, tornado in the populous town. He nursed his creed and his pride in his little chosen land. From Abraham to the Maccabees, his self-sacrifice is to an awful God, whose hand smites

from beneath the firmament, or invites to self-surrender through blood or through love, to what its mastership commands; his is not the flight of the soul through boundless spaces, with freedom on its wings. The Bible has its warnings against the restless pride of knowledge, — the Babel towers of pushing labor; what would it have said to the perils of oceanic steam navigation, or even of locomotion by rail, making the land an open sea, — ventures whereof it could not even conceive? The Hebrew loved not the sea. The Chinese is in his furrow, and dreads it. The Hindu is on his mountain, and cannot come down to it. The one lacks ideal freedom, the other expansive toil. First of men, the stirring, venturous, irrepressible Greek hails the sea as a home:—

“Ocean, father of gods and men!”

Let me try to picture this Greek sense; for we too inherit it, though we hear but little about it.

If you will look over a boat's side on a breezy day, along the water level, as you bound past groups of islands into open sea, you can understand why men have held water to be the primal element. What productive energy in this undulation, vital in every atom, — these multitudinous waves, so swift to break up sunshine into fiery flakes, and fling it off in a rain of delight! How mobile and plastic this liquid element, obedient to stir of wind, to lead of tide! To the unseen brooding powers it seems to say, “Shape me as you will — I am ready for your largest as for your finest thought — to your light and your law.” Were they not right who said the earth was its product? Are not the green isles its children, the continents its heaped sediment, records of its secular

art? Has it not piled the uncounted layers? Are they not its footfalls, its architecture? And as the creatures came swarming in their time and order, has it not numbered and fed them, and laid them to rest under its gentle rain of atoms,—the continents crumbled, as they had been builded, by its hand?

In this restless liberty of motion it is a natural human instinct that reads the visible conditions of beauty, order, life. Yes, even for the Hebrew, "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," ere the dry land appeared. So ancient myth and modern science, poetry and progress, unite to hail the fatherhood of the sea.

Well may we fancy this rippling laughter, this pulsing rise and fall, this long commingling and commotion, to be the very quiver of the fecund life that swarms beneath, foreshadowing all forms that exist elsewhere; types of the bird's wing, the insect's tentacles, the mammal's spine, the human hand, its wondrous feel and spread and muscular grasp; flowing types of every herb and tree, arborescent coral, parterres and rainbow gardens on dull rocks; types of every spiritual fact or law that makes penalty or progress,—the *oyster's* patient deposit of noble pearl around the wound that cannot be healed; the *holothuria*, shedding off what members he cannot feed, adapting size and living to his income; the mining *teredo*, finding a path of his own through the already riddled timber, without so much as crossing or marring the million tracks of his fellow laborers; the *sea-anemone*, that can fast as long as fate demands, and hides his purple and gold in dark submerged rifts, serving uses unseen and unknown for ages to come; the self-perpetuating *stone forests* that outlive

our Gothic traceries, and show that only tireless patience builds for endless time ; the *echinus*, quarrying hard rocks with delicate spines, that no repulsion can discourage ; that glassy thread-work of gossamer and star that girdles the *soft sponge*, a fragile grace, unharmed by rush of currents, strong by the inviolable dignity of beauty and trust ; the teeming infusorial tribes that form mountains and continents of their cast-off shells, infinite fecundity of the minute ; vast issue of forces that live but to tender to the whole their own infinitesimal lives without haste or rest, and lose themselves in a world-destiny, that weaves their moments into its web of countless years ; swept down the great rivers of the globe in yearly monumental heaps, that dwarf pyramids of kings into petty mounds that cover poor human bones ; invisible batteries that multiply their fires till they become seas of lightning and storms of electric power, — of all sea wonders the best type of spiritual force and law, of the infinite in the finite, the God in the atom, strength in weakness, liberty in limit, life through death.

Look here, O scientific brother, at the marvelous meaning of generative power ; and see how every step in evolution involves an infinite element, that forever forbids us to confound parentage with causal production, or to account for life only by that which lies behind or beneath it.

But let us accept the laws of limit, and cling to the shore. See how the universal meets us here also. Take up a handful of this fine sand ; mark how scent of sea-weed and stir of minute life mingle with gleaming powder of pearly shells, and friction of graveled stone. When the great deep would lay its new foun-

dations, what element has it forgotten, in its impartial art of evolving that common earth that shall be fresh herb and flower, and beast and man?

Can you stoop to what lies under your feet? Mere bits of tide-water splash, left in rock-hollows, swarming with eager life, preach the universality and spiritual meaning of the sea. Sauntering on rocks between the tide-marks, your feet crush at every step what seem heaps of salt-spray, flung dry and dead upon the shore. They are the cities of the *barnacle*, silent, far-spread rock-prisms, aping alike the tents of the nomad and the petrified city of the poet. Yet within every one hides a wonderful life; a tender instinct animates every stone-crypt of them all; a patience not to be balked is waiting its hour. When the unhasting tide oversweeps these dry expanses with its flood of opportunity, every rock-sepulchre opens, gathering air and food with vibrations as regular as your pulse, as ardent as wing of shore bird flitting above it. You have crushed this dry crackling spray, without any of the scruple that John Chinaman has in harming bits of written paper, or of the dread of the Jew at possible treading on the name of Jehovah. But turn and look at your track. It is wet. Every stone casing you ground down held sea-water stored up for the drought of low tides, within its parched cell. Well might he be patient, the little hermit, till his flood-tide came. How tender and timely is the wide sweep of instinct, teaching the wild goose to find her path through "desert and illimitable air," and rock-bound barnacle to store his measured supplies! It is almost touching to think of this little living prisoner, more firmly bound to his rock as he grows, yet making of the friendly tide his own world

of beautiful growth, his liberty of the limitations of his lot. See how, as he grows, he adorns the segments of his white cone till they are ridged like teeth and fluted like Ionic columns ; and on islands far out at sea, I have wondered at their bended length and graceful slenderness and their great clustered efflorescence, covering roods of rock with their luxury of growth and grace.

But is this stone-bound creature a mere passive fixture ? No ! He records the beauty of the law he serves. What more than that can you or I do with life ? and how many of us do it ? He marches to the limit of the tides, and registers their steadfast pulse. See that creamy line, stretching along the rocky shore for miles, holding its perfect level round crag and through cove, past beaches and woody capes : it is the barnacle's high-water mark. If a hand bended the rainbow, an eye leveled that line as well. Can you or I lift and lay the lines of conduct in such harmony with the laws and limits of our spheres ?

He can be tied fast, yet a traveler, using the freedom of another. He makes fast to unwieldy crabs, to restless lobsters ; he goes with swift ships around the world. Whatever he touches he clings to, following its fortunes, — not to be detached without force. What human quality does this adhesiveness suggest ? Obstinacy, tenacity, persistency, inertia, or faithfulness and love ? Each and all, as your mood inclines ; the sea is liberal to your taste.

But what a hold-fast have these puny creatures ! See what the pretty purple mussel-shell can do. Those tight valves will defy your force ; no dash of tides can harm them ; they are actually weaker than the little ligament that embodies the living instinct

not to open that house to a destructive prying hand, though it be from a higher power than it can measure. What poor cringing creeds and revivalisms men might escape with a little of this valve-strength of self-respect! To let one's self be scared by one's own sense of weakness into unreasoning self-abandonment to another as his soul salvation is just to bring about the very evil which makes weakness a ground for dread. Well, there is a wisdom of weakness, in barnacle or brain,—it is to hold thine own till thou art strong enough to admit all comers, or to repel, naked, the intruders on an inward order they would destroy. And cling, O friend, however venturous it may seem, cling to that which life has taught thee to be *best for thee*. Cling, O human heart, to what thou knowest of thine own finding; to what thou art building within thee after thy best instinct and will. Cling, and the strength of the sea shall help thee. Even on the stone-bottom of the pool the little patella-plates elude the hand's grasp, and refuse to be pushed or pried from their hold. Everywhere eager projectors want to utilize your force for their machinery; but remember, your force is in your own fit place and proper work; and if you have learned these, and love them better than ease, or fame, or profit, then let no charges of indolence, indifference, or waste of power on what is of comparatively no public worth, disturb your soul, though the fusillades, which proved ineffectual to change it, end in shelving and contempt. Be genial through it all, as he who knows that he can make his own work shine, but never another man's. Do not be put to shame by star-fish and sea-flower that can mantle the loneliest hollows of muddy rocks among drifting sea-weed with splendors of their own.

The sea is universal. Its tidal pools fail not to mirror *vices* also. What a picture of monopoly and greed are these lightning-like atoms, savages of this wilderness of minims, raging in hordes of competition through aqueous forests. Tartars without a Tchingis to give them laws, and devouring each other like the sharks and cormorants of human politics and trade! Is it a metempsychosis that I see in these voracious shrimps, making the pool alive with their fierce wriggling; fastening on everything that can be eaten, as the speculator does on the rag currency he wants to see thrown in heaps to his scrambling; heaping themselves upon it, and rolling it up and over with themselves in a ball of struggling appetites? Note, too, the *hermit-crab*, clutching at some dead cockle, and burying himself in its shell, like one who tries to save his soul by creeping into some outworn creed of another man's or another age's building, or thrusts himself into some vicariously atoning death for the keeping of a paltry life.

But the great deep has its types of character, as well as the petty pool. The immensity forgets not personal forces, but reflects their manifoldness in speech that is not Saxon, nor Sanscrit, nor Bible Hebrew, nor parlor French, but human,—the sullen roar of solitary reefs; the generous roll of all-compassing tides; the passionate gurgle and rush of pent waters through hollows that are their sole vents; the garrulous rattle over light, pebbly beaches; the soft continuous splash of surf on smoother floors of sand, as of love in happy homes, and the rippling of wavelets at child's play about the rocks; and beyond all, low and far, yet close as his own breathing, the all-dissolving and enfolding murmur, where the mystery

of existence finds its rest in the Infinite and Eternal. O mystic pantheist, that solvest doubts and faiths alike, O holy sea! — shall I dare to add this line to that grand invocation of the poet Rückert?

“ O cradle of the rising sun, O holy sea !
O grave of every setting sun, O holy sea !
The morning's and the evening's red bloom out from thee,
Two roses of thy garden-bed, O holy sea !
The ships of thought sail over thee and sink in thee ;
Atlantis rests there, mighty one, O holy sea !
My spirit yearneth like the moon to sink in thee ;
Forth send me from thee like the sun, O holy sea ! ”

Shall I touch the human expressions that come and go in the light of its countenance, in the shadows of its moods? What stoic devoutness in that long, imperturbable rise and fall, a pulse that moves with nature's law! Then the fret and wrinkling, under wind-flaws of sudden humor or caprice; the tossing of trouble, and the furrows of mighty toil; then the leaden gloom of a despondency that shall arouse and reveal its power; and then the peace that falls upon its pain and passion, when departing day lays a benediction along its furrowed brows, and the un-earthly touch, the radiant dream of moonlight, steals in music over their sleep, as

“ God's greatness flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest.”

Then busy life succeeds. On the blank horizon the waters quiver with expectation; and the sun is born, in slow evolving purpose, now a star, now an arch of flame, now a world-egg, now a lengthening urn clinging to its watery hold, at last a self-freed orb, girded for the labors of the day. Is it his living will that stirs the sea with all-consenting desire? See at last on shore that plunge of zeal, at white

heat, against a granite resistance, that must yield at last, even if it be a thousand years to come; and, close by, the press of green billows over the jutting bareness of the sea-wall, as if to clothe it anew with the warm life of herb and tree.

Let me celebrate *sea-walls*, — long lines of piled granite masses, and rounded pebbles flung far up low ledges, on whose barrier beat and roar the self-limiting tides of open sea. Here is the mutual margin and equipoise of sea and land; and this line of their meeting is an endless process, a fathomless mystery. Past and future, reminiscence and prescience, unite, and that point of union is a problem of thought. It is a record and a prophecy in one. "Whence and whither," the soul's ceaseless cry, is echoed in the untraceable ambiguity of these rolled pebbles whose infancy was but the sequel to stages of immeasurable time, and in the equally untraceable future of these solid floors eaten by the untiring waves. After all, then, the *reality* is that point of union in the present, where stands the seeing eye, conceiving past and future through its own relations with this unseen and infinite of time. It is mind that questions, it is mind alone that holds the reply. Look not to the symbol, but to that which it means. You are yourself the solution, and this the mystery after all, — that *you* remember, question, dream; that *you* are rest and labor; that you in this present instant combine the liberty and the duty that are to work while the day lasts, untroubled by the impenetrable depths behind you and before.

This is the burden of the sea-wall's antique rune. Such a sea-margin is the life of the race. Before or behind it, what silence folds in this roar and din

around our islet of consciousness, our sea-wall of time! But what could any vision of past or future be, but what we make it? In what terms, expressed or conceived, but what our conscious mind suggests? Islet of consciousness did I say? Say, rather, eye of the world, centre of these laws of spiritual perception, that must interpret all and shape all to what we call knowledge. Despise not the present moment. It is because this is so full, so dazzlingly bright, that past and future are so dark to man.

Over your track to-day, O mariner of life, gathers the whole meaning of wisdom and care; albeit 't is but a taper's shine in the great darkness, to the anxious eye.

Did you ever watch from a hill-top through the fall of night for the beacon-lights to come out, one by one, along our New England coast from Penobscot to far Manan; here a steady flame, there a revolving, now seen, now lost, but surely coming round true to time? Sole hints of a world of life, where all things are veiled in deepening night, they alone are there to prove the Care that matches the perils of the sailor's way. The ancients, we are reminded, made temples of their beacons, and made them colossal, to be seen far out at sea. The great Pharos of Alexandria was a light-house, library, and shrine in one, type of united conscience, culture, and faith.

But for the sailor, as for the soul, safety is in self-reliance and a fine instinct at finding the way. Pilots know their bearings by the special sound of the surf on every beach and crag around them in the fog. The dark is the best teacher; do not quarrel with mysteries that sharpen the perception of the facts and their laws. There is a symbolic wisdom in the

sailor's two chances in a fog, to look under it or over it, with eye at the mast-head or at the cutwater. To lie very low, when you cannot get above the dark hour, is often deliverance. And if both fail, the good sailor knows that he must nevertheless go bravely through, patient and watchful, trusting not in chart and compass, old or new, so much as in his own soundings and fine sense of wind and tide. His *own* soundings. He knows that is safety on the ocean. Why will he forget it in his creed? And will he have no eye to his own helm among the veering tempests? "O Neptune," said one of old, "thou mayst save or destroy me; but whichever it be, I will hold this rudder true."

The sea-shore, we say, is strewn with stranded relics of perishable things; but they have at least been borne beyond reach of storm and tide, treasures of nature saved up for nobler purpose.

"Here," as Thoreau says, "our hand on ocean's pulse, we can converse with many a shipwrecked crew." But the sea that makes the wreck has its symbolism of deliverance from all wrecks. And even if physical science, absorbed in analyzing processes of historical derivation, should insist that production means this derivation, and this only, and remand us for destiny to the dust whence we sprung, yet nature is the root of all science, and she hints, at least, a larger faith. Immortal life is beyond human comprehension, but so far as apprehension and imagination can reach it, it is written on the sea; unchanging substance; unbroken unity, like that indivisibility of the soul, which taught Plato he could not die; reach of voice and vision out into infinite relations; perpetual summons to

larger, freer life; untroubled rest in its own mystery, as if to point man beyond itself to that conception of eternal life, by which alone he recognizes the meaning of its touch. Not one flowing wave but is fast anchored there.

I trust you have not found this peculiar treatment of the theme, still less the theme itself, deserving as it is of so much better treatment than these poor hints, wanting in *practical* bearing. If we would not have mind and morals alike subdued to the material things we work in for private accumulation and ambition, we must study the æsthetic relations of the world to man as its seer and shaper, and cherish that sense of spiritual beauty which guards the sanctity and freedom of the soul, and honor the help which the senses bring to noble living and genial faith. The sea is an idea, a presence, seen or unseen; all about our life is that which it means. We may not know that we are walking by its side, in every serious mood, in every thought that defies our flippancies to questions that should have answer in us all. But birth and death lead straight to its mystic shores; there we receive the helpless child; there we wave farewells to the departing; nor is there science, study, or belief but will bring us up at last before the mystery, whereof it is the symbol, to be wisely read in its sternness or its tenderness alike. And if we can but bring pure ears and silenced passions to this presence of the unseen sea, we shall doubtless catch the rhythm of spiritual law, and calm our hastening days with "the grander sweep of tides serene."

"I walked beside the evening sea,
And dreamed a dream that could not be;

The waves that plunged along the shore,
Said only : ' Dreamer, dream no more.'

But still the legions charged the beach,
And rang their battle-cry, like speech ;
But changed was the imperial strain ;
It murmured : ' Dreamer, dream again.'

It was my heart, that like a sea,
Within my breast beat ceaselessly ;
But, like the waves along the shore,
It said : ' dream on,' and ' dream no more.' "

FULFILLMENT OF FUNCTIONS.

"Every man in his right place."

AN old Eastern proverb says, "Doing one's own duty badly is better than doing another's well." Old indeed are the laws of personal function; older than systems of legislation or systems of faith; deeper too, and stronger than our desires; whatever a man shall do, they shall make or mar forever. The intelligent fulfillment of them is personal culture. And all neglect or contempt of their conditions is failure and waste. We shall not overstate if we say that the proper business of a community is to get the rule of "every one to his own work" comprehended, accepted, revered, by each person for himself and by all for each. Political liberty supersedes caste, oligarchy, aristocracy, every forced or mechanical system of functions, simply in order to open the grand paths of *natural* function. So that the prime test of our liberty is whether it is educating us into the finer loyalty of earnestly seeking to know and do what we can do best, according to others the right of doing what they are more competent than we for doing well.

The question of practical moment is the bearing of an intense competition and consolidation on this indispensable loyalty. It is little to say that these elements fail of advancing it. They cannot even give it a hearing. The self-pushing and crowded genera-

tion counts deference to its requisitions, on a man's own part, as no less than folly, and even as a sort of crime against himself.

How treat a disease which infests politics, trade, manners, education, motives ; a disease, so confounded with the perceptions of real liberties, and so fostered by their natural stimulants, that it passes unperceived in the public circulation ; to touch it anywhere involving a suspicion of treason to what a free people hold most dear, — the right to full and fair opportunity ?

And all thoughtful men must confess the deplorable fact that the strength of this corruption flows in the very currents of our indispensable institutions. In the family, the school, the ballot — heart, brain, and hand of our civilization — we most dangerously ignore or set aside the truth, that every one is doing what he can to suppress the better services of others who is attempting what conscience, gift, or training have not ordained for him to do.

From time to time our public opinion awakes to a sense of peril on some political field from this insidious taint, but we have not yet come seriously to ask ourselves what is the root principle of our culture, and what *ought* it to be.

What the republic wants, with the free opportunity it seeks, is the sense of its own proper purpose.

That is not education, public or private, which aims to level all functions, so as to suit all capacities and gratify all desires ; nor that which drags all alike to a common standard, regardless of the differences which nature has implanted in brains and bodies. Much or little as we may have accomplished of such manufacture of a human pattern to order, time surely brings our products to a higher test.

We educate when we awake a self-knowledge and self-command, competent to choose one's own function wisely and honor every workman who proves him or her self to be in the right place and work. Culture will develop all the powers; but the idea that all persons are to be made capable of whatever place or work may offer inducements to competition is not a true motive in culture. It is not merely the root of an excessive school mechanism and drill, that trains young people to an artificial uniformity and makes independent judgment and original effort impossible; it ignores the law of mutual deference and appreciation, the very law by which social relations are preserved.

And, if a community drops that controlling principle, even in the name of equality, it will speedily find that nothing remains out of which equity, the only true equality, can be shaped. Unconditional expectations, the claim to have a lien by right on whatever place or work one may desire, is defiance of nature and suicide of power. There is no liberty, as there is no success, but in having the self-control to accept one's real limitations and conform to real conditions. "I have mastered music," said Beethoven, "by submitting to her immutable terms." "Thou shalt do what thou wilt," said Goethe, "if thou but wilt to do only what thou canst."

How wide the bearing of the simple fact that to meddle is to mar! Is not "minding one's own business" the true code of justice, the music of social intercourse, the dignity of self-respect; for every man or woman, content, efficiency, inspiration, salvation. The task that is set by one's own self-knowledge, not by projectors or managers, and advances one's inmost

being, adds to the sum of public values so much sincerity, thoroughness, dignity, faith. "Wisdom," says the Apocrypha, "remaining in herself, and being but one, can do all things,"—all things which it is wise to do; not all things that men *choose*, wisely or unwisely, to attempt doing. One man for all things is not wisdom; it is the essence of the quack nostrum, and will turn all spheres in the land into quackery.

Better than all our preventive preaching or our reformatory disciplines will it be to appreciate thoroughly how much the need of being delivered out of miserable dilemmas, involved in unsuitable functions and positions, has to do with reconciling people to acts of fraud, injustice, impurity, and other forms of degradation and dishonor. Our corrective science wants a new inspiration in method and aims. Hitherto vice has been dealt with on one hand by theological dogmas, or self-protective instincts, or blind contemptuous reprobation; and on the other, by *educational* methods that assume unconditional right in every one to assume and manage any sphere or vocation of life. Now we must teach not only nobler motives and sympathies, but clearer perception of the condition of human conduct. The social reformer rightly guards equal opportunity to all sexes, races, beliefs. But he must aim, behind all that, to make this inordinate self-assertion, pushing with blind greed for any or all functions, impossible. The soul that must be quickened under these ribs of social death is simply the desire, genuine and earnest, to know one's real aptitudes; the desire to choose place and path according to just self-estimation. Can we not, we Americans, if we will, exclude crude conceits

and boundless expectations from the atmosphere of culture by disciplines tending to self-knowledge and self-control? Can we not help the young people to aim at finding their real opportunity in paths of genial impulse and pure productiveness, self respect and mutual respect? Stimulate to these, and our youth shall go before us, leading on the fine training for natural functions now so bitterly lacking.

Geographical science, I observe, is convincing itself that the only path up into the great warm Polar Sea must lie in those equilibrating currents of the Atlantic and Pacific, which flow straight from equator to poles. Made wise all at once, like the courtiers, who saw how easily the egg could be made to stand on its end, we ask with open eyes, "Where else should it lie? Why has not this plain Gulf Stream track been followed long ago, and many a brave life saved?" So every youth has one path, only one, to the broad, free life beyond ices and storms that wreck so many bright and bold ventures, — to find and obey the genuine straightforward currents, wherein his conscience, faculty, and desire can flow as one. No wild, aimless pushing, but these natural lines of flow and warmth lead on to where the pole-star of his ideal life shall shine overhead, and the open sea of his proper love and duty expand around him.

Never are our powers their real selves till they have found their true relations to life and labor. A vice is a weed, a flower out of place, a forced plant, a good seed in the dark, run to leaf and stem. Though conditions do not make character, yet character has its conditions; and a high order of character comes of not being cheated of the self-estimating and self-directing energy, that insures finding one's fit place and work.

If a tithe of the effort which is now spent on pre-determining the paths and positions of young people by social exclusiveness, by idolatry of fashion, by contempt of industry, or the selfishness that traffics away their future to gratify parental vanities, making Sodom of cities and barbarizing education, trade, and work, were turned to study of the laws of function and limit, we should not wait long for the "sweeter manners, purer laws," for which we yearn! The need goes back of theology or science. It should dictate methods in church, and school, and politics. Of religion and morality the very rectitude lies in truth of personal relation. The modesty, the noble shame at ignorant and crude intermeddling, the leisure from self-pushing to seek fit qualities in other men for recognition and honor, is as indispensable to citizenship as it is to civility; and without it we may call ourselves what we will, we shall be but bedizenized barbarians, after all, our politics a scalping raid of painted savages, — Goths and Vandals in a new form; yet without the robust force that so redeemed those spendthrifts and filibusters, that they could purify an old civilization as all this self-indulgence is demoralizing a new one. Through this din where all are speaking, and this rage where all are grasping, there rises a stifled cry, a pleading for escape from false and mistaken positions with their misery and waste and sin. All our luxury, scientific resource, enthusiasm for art and letters, all the passion for mutual stimulation, all the magnetism of association, cannot cover the helplessness of multitudes, as of the naked or blind, before desires and ventures such as are foredoomed by the irresistible decree of nature to be fatal to genuineness and freedom, and to make life at best a failure and a fraud.

So the brilliant civilization has its bitter fruits, and they remand us to the neglected law of true and fit relation. We may well rejoice in the penalties which enforce its claims in the most external and practical spheres. For this accord with function, this truth of attitude and position, is, in fact, the secret of spiritual grace and growth. Win this and all is saved, — the harmony of man with nature, which is science, with progress, which is liberty.

How full is nature of this symbolism of function and relation ! Does not where I stand make my conception of the ocean's level, the mountain's height ? Not mere vibrations of ether are light and color, but what the fine attitude and dividing angles of the eye change these vibrations into, as they strike its lenses ; taking on, let not our science forget, more wonderful changes still, according to the attitude and relation of the *inward* eye, which the outward only reports, from the rude sense which sees a primrose as "a yellow primrose," and as "nothing more," to the painter Angelico's spiritual vision, that blended colors into pure heart-waves of sympathy, sacrifice, and prayer.

What else is science trying to say now in its meridian when it pronounces specialization of functions the mark of advance in organic forms, and a crude performance of all functions by each part the sign of the lowest stages of life ? What are "natural selection" and "survival of the fittest," but the perpetual edict of right relation, — each to his own place and in his own hour, in the name of universal order ? Do we expect to change all this in its human forms by theories of unconditional equality, or systems of uniform drill ?

In nature the moral element of free choice is lack-

ing. But let us not deceive ourselves. No more than natural order is social or political order, a mere power of seizing and using a sphere or relations adroitly; it is no mere science of management, no cunning aptitude, nor marvelous working force in certain lives, that makes functions productive or even safe.

The root vice of our politics is an insane expectation of getting the benefit of sharpness and smartness, without injury from any moral defects that are confessedly linked with them in personal character. Somehow it is hoped that in the available candidate the ordinary laws of ethical cause and effect will be reversed. But they are not reversed. Not even in politics can you get true service out of false hearts; to-day's gain is but a lure to tenfold loss to-morrow. We cannot cozen nature with our false labels. She pays coin for coin only; will take no insults, and punishes on, till we pay honest measure and drop our loaded dice. A hundred *Crédits Mobiliers* are not so bad as the failure of faith in each other's virtue.

No! the saving leaven is a *sentiment*. It is respect for the right of each place to be filled by the best and for the best ends which restrains from intrusion on the domain this rule would assign to another. It is a dread of abusing or perverting trusts; an ardor to be genuine ourselves, and to find the rightly disciplined natures for whose guidance our social orbits wait.

The so-called practical politician and man of business shrugs his shoulders at this idealism. But what other starting-point of reform can he propose? Must we not at least make a beginning? Are ideal re-

sponsibilities out of place for a people whose claim of practical rights is of the most ideal description? Or do we expect to maintain the rights without fulfilling the duties that match them, soaring to the ether without the eagle's eyes and wings? That is the suicide of liberty. That shrug of the practical shoulders confirms the charge we have made. The first radical steps of improvement are yet to be taken; we do not even recognize that there can be any difference between individuals as to the right to hold, or the ability to fill, any places they can succeed in obtaining.

In the absence of such recognition of real distinctions, what must be the end of our consolidated machinery of popular instruction? To what are tending these common standards and rules for all, these common expectations and desires for all, enforced by increasing uniformity in methods of drill? To leave so little margin for the sense of distinctive tastes and faculties, so little space for the self-determination of the ideal, for knowledge of real limits or real powers, and drown the sense of allegiance to that force which one really is, or may properly become, in a vague, unchartered, and unchastened desire of free ownership in all spheres, for each and all alike,—what subversion of culture it is! Uniformity enough to lay the foundations for universal duties and requirements is one thing, but uniformity become absolutism, all-penetrating and all-controlling, is another, and as much the peril of a free state as it is the power of a despotic one. As an illustration, observe the style of reading now almost universal in our schools,—that mechanical tone so fearfully and wonderfully made out of crude conformity and self-asserting finality, its totally depraved emphasis that hovers be-

tween that of the auction-stand and that of the popular stage. Whence comes it, do you ask? It is no mere childish sing-song, but the native result of the false principle systematically enforced by reading in concert, and by other forms of mechanized drill, — that there is but one way of reading your sentence, from which no scholar shall dare to swerve. So if you hear one, you have heard all. You would think there was but one machine, instead of a hundred minds; that the human spirit had but one string to play on in all these fresh harps, and that a cracked one; that mind and feeling were out of place in the rendering of Tennyson or Shakespeare, and that a poet's melodies were meant for a drill-practice in bad delivery. I think it would surely drive the former of these out of his seven wits to hear his Bugle-Song read in concert as they read it in our city schools. Nowhere will one feel more painfully conscious that the grind of the hand-organ has become organic, I had almost said national, than in the public exhibitions of most of our schools.

The school grades and competitive examinations drive all as nearly abreast as possible, rewarding the ready brain, punishing the slow one, giving to him who hath, taking from him who hath not what hope he hath; and all on the same false ground of one rule for all and one capability in all. We put the little ones through a common strife for the same distinctions, treating one whom nature has foredoomed to fail as if he belonged on the same plane with one who is sure to succeed. Our monstrous school-houses are types of the uniformities of mechanism to which we are subjecting the mind, — huge barracks, where the juvenile battalions shall learn a military precision

in their prescribed mental movements, suppress all peculiarities, and grow up in due awe of masses, numbers, and organizations, that will still further master their individuality in the political field.

I do not mean to be captious, nor to overlook the merits interwoven with the faults. These faults are incident to the great experiment of popular self-education. Mechanism and manufacture are applied to mind, as they are to matter, as the easiest and simplest way. We have as yet scarcely begun to appreciate the real meaning of this momentous work of providing fit means for doing well what cannot be left half done. We must make our interest in education threefold what it is ; count it of more moment than markets or churches to a people ; put a hundred dollars for ten, wise superintendents for ignorant and contentious committees, more teachers with fewer pupils to each, and chosen for gifts too rare to be had without skillful search and due respect, not for aptness in drilling a hundred as one, but for the rarer insight and sympathy that knows how to bring out of one a nobler import than any heap of mere numbers can show. Our self-laudations over our educational system are premature. The wisest experts know the schools to be in their infancy. What they want most is the moral inspiration to which all this mechanism closes the door ; a public sentiment appreciative of high personal qualities in teachers, and intent on finding and advancing them. I believe that when we have attained the spirit I speak of in our public and social life, its subtle stimulus will be found in the school also.

But no school methods can supply the lack of manhood and womanhood. Home-cultures lie behind the

school system. The separate life of the family is the seed-ground of individual character; and it is in our homes that the reform of our civilization must begin. Here again the indispensable thing is to break up the crude and conceited democracy now prevalent in them also. There must be recognition of the wise authority, that knows how to transfer itself over into the child's conscience, there becoming an inward freedom; and practical illustration given him of mastery over the self-indulgence and love of display that infect him with a barbarian lust of appropriation. There must be more thought and conversation on such books and persons as will lead into some quiet sphere of ideal aim apart from the world; more association of the ideal of gain with the sacrifice of lower desires, of truth with toil, and of success with the honest fulfillment of its conditions; so that the heaven of home shall not be expected without the steadfast love and patience that must win it, nor the honor and confidence of men without the faithful service that deserves them. There must be more culture of that insight into other people's gifts and claims which grows out of self-restraint and ripens into self-respect.

These are the disciplines of a free people, their saviours from French destructiveness and Russian inertia, from the dead-levels of democracy and autocracy; they are the generators of original mind and noble sympathies, and of work that is fairly and finely done because it is wisely chosen and inwardly loved.

I have criticised our school methods. I do not less appreciate the free schools in their principle, the broad foundation they aim to lay, in equal opportunity and preparatory discipline, for the common

tasks of citizens. Let us perfect them at the North, and stretch their net-work over the South. Let us fully secularize and emancipate them. But let us attend to a matter that lies behind everything else, which they ignore, — respect for that internal force, and personal function, without which all their teaching fails, and the grown-up youth goes forth to mischief, with the edge-tools of politics and trade, fencing with drawn knives over our heads, tinkering at our laws and liberties, as the mountebanks tamper with our senses and nerves. The want of this sentiment in education makes the best part of school discipline itself drop out, like the bottom of a basket, just when it should come to use. The boy who shall do no slovenly work at the black-board is turned loose into politics and trade, with no higher ideal than “to the victors belong the spoils.” But what else can be looked for, where no training is sought or demanded beyond the skill to seize the tools and reap the fruit of exploiting them? “My freedom!” cries the impatient youth. Freedom for what? For whom? For powers that have never learned to attempt one wise, sure, or earnest step to find their proper work? For the community, degraded and impoverished by perversion of functions and trusts? O Young America, not even for you is there freedom but in the use of powers in their proper place, and at work which they love and honor enough to do it after their best way. Popular liberty is yet to be earned. It will come when we protect ourselves against all work but such as this. It will come when we facilitate and insist on a proper training for all functions. It will come when we account official positions, not as prizes to be

seized, but as outposts of peril for sleepless consciences to guard. It will come when we make such estimate the alphabet of political culture.

The American takes his oath to public opinion in the name of freedom. But public opinion is not free, so long as it does not say to egotist and charlatan, "Who gave you the right to do as you please with the common good, to set example of unscrupulous work, to poison public confidence and scuttle the State?" Public opinion is not free so long as it incessantly claims every one for everything, and leaves itself no chance for finding thorough service in any pursuit. A general acquaintance with all public interests is of course indispensable to republican life. But there is no tyranny, after all, more terrible than the public opinion which forces all men into availability for all uses; and when that comes to be the ruling motive in education, liberty of choice and sense of limit are at an end, and a wretched general cramming succeeds; fidelity to special tasks is impossible; in this enforced distraction and dissipation, self-culture vanishes, and vain ambitions and wild expectations spring up like weeds in the wilderness. Public opinion will generate liberty when it leaves margin for the personality to choose and follow out its work. The freedom of public sentiment is in a certain delicate forecast, like telegraphic warnings on the railroad tracks, that can intimate, even to the best public servants, when they approach a false position or a new emergency unsuited to their gifts, — a danger in the way of almost every man, whatever his powers or his services. The great downfalls, or "recreancies," as we call them, are apt to result from some fresh turn of

events, which suddenly puts men out of place. Then personal defects pass into forms of public detriment, and good men mourn a "lost leader." Such was Mr. Seward when the appeal from ideas to bayonets disqualified and smote him blind; and the prophet of education and humanity, of Plymouth Rock ideas and Pacific-Coast progress and the "irrepressible conflict" of liberty, was found aimlessly shaking the conjurer's staff of his "ninety days'" illusion against the portentous revolt of barbarism against civilization. A strange power is this shifting of the scenes, that brings men into false positions. Often these are made by gusts of a less tangible kind. Even wise and noble persons seem, in the hands of their own physical fluctuations or personal moods, like figures in a magic lantern, which a touch throws out of focus, and into such shapes that we do not know them. As slight a touch will perhaps right them again, if they but tend of themselves to find and keep their true place. And we want the public power that stimulates men to nobleness by its appreciation, rather than frightens them into falsehood by its frown.

But what shall be done with the tens of thousands who never had an idea of fitness for public functions, yet expect to fill them all? What charity can cover the greed for place that has almost utterly dissociated place from duty in the public mind? What shall defeat the incessant trick of masking selfishness in the purest liveries and best logic of the political hour? Here is the voter's bewilderment. You doubt not, a moment, as to the side or the measure you should sustain. But how escape being used by the sharp hucksters of office, who infest the right side

when it is the strong side, — fluent and plausible managers, who have reduced the mechanism of the caucus to an art; who work the wires to force your support, seizing all gates, foreclosing choice, parceling out penalties and spoils? There is but one remedy, — resolutely to put into our education, from the cradle upwards, the idea that office is not a prize to be snatched for, but a function to be deposited with the best; utterly to dissociate it from the notion of personal claims, and to substitute for the rage of rotation the principle of holding fast to official experience and virtue.

Above all, must individual culture be guarded from the tyranny of mere mass-power. Nothing compensates for the lack of that delicate tact of self-knowledge and self-respect, those fine, warning signal-wires of the soul, which prevent men from pushing in where every step must be a temptation, and every act a public mischief. To follow the star of one's real capacities with content and faith is the secret of freedom. This meets the problems of republican liberty, of labor reform, of equal opportunity for race and sex, of personal inspiration and success.

If every one out of his place is a public mischief, every one cheated of his gift and its use is so much waste and leakage, and an impeachment of our civilization. God puts no more force into a community than there is need of. Laws of economy, higher than our statutes, say, "Dare not suppress in man or woman one capacity to serve society, or one power of self-development, in whatever sphere of politics, trade, art, manners; but as you value the common security, content, progress, help him or her to find *that*, and to bring it out." Then equal opportunity

follows, in all safe and healthy paths. What is the greatest fountain of demoralization? Surely not malignity, but aimlessness, bewilderment, want of such work as healthfully busies men because it is what they are made for, and what brings reward in the doing.

Let us make all haste to learn this. It is not what one has had given him that helps him, but what he loves to do, and so can do well. Do we not see this every day? Inheriting a fortune shall probably ruin a youth; discovering an aptitude shall make him a man. Let him but find that which he can love better than his own ease, and his feet are at once on the track of honor, of power, of joy. He shall be an artist of the beautiful, or an opener of the paths of truth; or his speech shall drop on men, and they shall wait for him as earth for the rain. He shall show how to rise elastic from defeat, and to walk with fate as with a friend. Find what fact of nature or form of art puts life into a child's fingers or feet, or makes his eye kindle, and you may dispense with much preaching and school drill, and many anxious thoughts. Clear the way for his love, and his function follows. Set him to do what he loves not, and water shall run up hill sooner than he shall stop running down. Find his faculty, and he shall play at his task, and distance machinery in the quality of his product, and wonder at the ease with which he masters obstacles and makes material tell. Who can estimate the faculty wasted, the conscience wrecked, in the hideous fetichism of modern dress? But I think a woman of fashion will cast off baubles when she has set her heart on something real to be done with body and brain. Theologies have crazed

men's brains with vain imaginations about the future. What superstitions have come of rushing blindly at the unknown; making for the next life as the politicians for offices; laying hold on it with faculties of sense and logic that are and must be wholly out of place, and crude and fear-bound at that! The superstitions about another life will vanish as we come fully into true relations with this life, and put gifts to sane and noble uses here.

What are health and spirits, clear eyes and strong, skillful hands, and elastic step, and mastery of sunshine and storm, but the body, doing its own work fitly in every part? I wish we may all have the clearest conviction that there is no health for the inward man or woman but upon like conditions. Did we but dare to be neither more, nor less, nor any other than what by nature we can truly and honorably be! I suggest a prayer not put up in the churches:—May neither my own conceit nor the expectation of others seduce me into trying to show for what I have no proper power nor call to become. May I do my own part well, and be ashamed, not for the gift I lack, but for the gift I squander, since it is not my business to do all things, but to do what I can do without spoiling either my special force or my proper self-respect. May I feel bound to the wise friendship that hints to me when I am out of my place. And may I be true enough to know when the hint is just and should be taken.

Have you not seen that there is something beyond thoroughness in work lovingly done? That is the old primitive meaning of *honesty*. I can see it in a bit of carpentering as plainly as in a great poem. What is the secret of productive work, the true la-

bor-reform? What forbids scrimping and double-dealing, and making the letter of contracts do service, instead of the spirit? What have we seen lending refinement, magnanimity, noble outlay of time and strength on ill-paid work, in irresistible witness against the monstrous profits made by frauds on industry? Simply the love of doing things as they ought to be done. This is civilization; this is liberty, culture, progress, holiness. For the art of finding one's special function rests on a deeper art, which helps to the right fulfillment of many, — the art of pursuing true and right relations in everything; the fruit of a clear moral sense, of blended modesty and insight, of an interior harmony, as yet most rare.

Let us educate for this principle. Let us flood these torch-light politics, this pitchy trade, these pyrotechnic manners, with its simple, open day. Let us substitute it for the herded dependence and noisy Baal-worship that is called religion, and vindicate the name that is broader and more beautiful than Christianity itself. For this is the prophecy in the struggling heart of humanity to-day.

Let us cheer desponding ones, who complain that the world has for them no sphere and no demand, to seek in this free atmosphere the conditions of self-knowledge, — to obey the patient invitation of their own souls.

“‘O dreary life,’ we cry, ‘O dreary life!’
And still the generations of the birds
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds
Serenely live while we are keeping strife
With heaven’s true purpose in us, as a knife
Against which we may struggle! . . . O thou God of old,
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these! —
But so much patience as a blade of grass
Grows by, contented through the heat and cold.”

EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR WOMAN.

VICTOR HUGO, referring to the French and American Revolutions, said, in his striking way, that as the eighteenth century emancipated man, so the work of the nineteenth would be the emancipation of woman. And there is a certain truth in this grand antithesis. But nature does not finish off her moral effects by piecemeal, nor perfect a part of humanity at a time. And it would be truer to say that the emancipation of man and woman goes on as one work. The emancipation of each can only come in and through that of the other. How can man have found his manhood, while woman has not free play for womanhood? And in fact the new demand for the suffrage shows him to be subject to the moral and mental bondage involved in a false assumption, which of itself alone hides the truth of the case. It is assumed that man, as exclusive possessor and distributor of the franchise, may grant or refuse the exercise of it according to his own judgment; and to him these new claimants must make appeal. They have thus the burden of proving to his satisfaction a right which in the nature of things is really as good as his own. It is not creditable to us that the question of right should have to be discussed at all. The position is a false one, and it raises issues that are neither

necessary nor productive of that mutual sympathy and respect which become the sexes. Here are started apparent differences of interest, and opposing lines of defence, merely by the fact that man assumes to be the final court of appeal on a question whose decision, upon his own democratic or republican theory, would belong as much to one sex as to the other. From these needless grounds of strife, he should hasten to relieve it, by abandoning that assumption. Then it will cease to be a claim for "woman's rights," and become what it naturally and properly is, a question as to what are woman's aptitudes and duties.

Some women have abandoned petitions and gone to recording their votes at polls of their own. Why should they not? If the votes are not counted, it is not their fault. Besides, the position of petitioners involves the additional wrong, that their claims are subjected to the *political* method of being granted or refused according to the numerical strength of the petition. Woman is treated only as a whole; and so those who do desire to vote must wait the indorsement of the majority of the sex. Individual right becomes sacrificed to the method of looking at each sex only as a whole, as having or not having rights as a whole. It is as if there were something inherently unbecoming in women's taking a part in government, which can only be removed by the conversion of the *sex, as such*, to the desire of voting. Surely this is to throw discredit on every individual claimant who is thus treated; she is put on the defensive against the charge of forwardness, at the very moment when she should be heard with special respect, as exercising a function forever held sacred, — the choice of his rul-

ers by the individual citizen. Now, all this harsh ordeal to which individual women are subjected, because unsupported by the general voice of their sex, however it be excused or explained, goes on the supposition that it is man's place to see to it that woman acts in this matter only as a whole, and to grant the ballot only on that condition. It is a false position, for which the actual voting list will find it a hard matter and a very ungracious one to render account. The true point for reflection is, not how many women do not want the ballot, or how many do want it, but how long is one sex to vote itself the sole depository of the right of personal representation in a government by the people, and of determining the conditions on which individuals of the other sex shall be admitted to it. It may be true enough that the question of woman's best method of influence in politics is not so simple as many enthusiasts for her use of the ballot think it. But certainly it seems plain that these needless complexities, these causes of recrimination, these mischiefs of a false position, should cease. Pretensions of this kind do not become our civilization. The claim entered by even a few intelligent women should be enough to suggest to the voter that he has a duty to fulfill before he undertakes to advise the other sex on the subject of voting, or even to gratify the wishes, or protect the tastes, of the majority of women by his political action. Ought the appeals of Lucy Stone or another to be necessary to admonish him that while he keeps the word *male* in the clauses about the franchise, he is really settling beforehand a question which it is not his province to decide? Whatever it may seem best or wisest for women to do as regards voting, it is

none the less unjust for him to exclude them by positive law. I am far from saying that this word *male* intends the tyranny that once disgraced our statutes in the word *white*; but not the less do I say that it records a false and unjust assumption, and should at once disappear. Then, and then only, can we begin fairly to understand what woman is to gain or to lose by entering this new field of labor and competition. At present one word to her can put us right. "You shall not ask me for the privilege of voting. The ballot is not mine to give. It is yours to take." The claims for equal suffrage are neither the project of certain dissatisfied persons, nor an agitation worked up by theorists against the natural order of things. They are neither a mere "movement" nor a predetermined plan. They come in the track of our civilization. The demand is not to be judged by the spirit, the methods, nor even the character of its actual advocates alone; it has a value beyond the best they can say for it, and it will be vain to rebut their arguments. For what it really claims is beyond confuting; it is involved in all rational conversation and all mutual responsibility. We shall mistake it altogether if we think it merely part of the push for universal suffrage. It is involved in the very idea of *equal opportunity*. This path must open to woman simply because all paths must open to mind and will, on like terms for all. Faculty! faculty! The whole age is a magnet that draws it forth. Suppression is pain and wrong. The future summons every resource. It is superficial to dwell on charges of bad taste and imitation of male habits. A few women are not moving for certain positions and powers. What moves these agitators is moving us all. What

if it does seem easy of belief to most people of both sexes that men are made for managing affairs of state, and that women are not? Does that make it less true that refusing equal *opportunity*, in its full length and breadth, is to reject the very faith which every step of our social progress confesses to be true? Already the wrongs and rights of labor and the needs of employment are so plain that prejudice makes but feeble stand against women who resolutely undertake any new form of trade or profession. Outbreaks of opposition tell for their cause at once, and prove it irresistible. Educational opportunity is rapidly advancing; college-training for women will not be long to seek in any part of our country. Universities are springing up, especially at the West, where the sexes have the same opportunities. In the most enlightened parts of the Union but few changes remain to be made in the laws of property to secure equality of the sexes in the possession and disposal of it. Why should the hinges of the political gates grate hard? Even if there are reasons that explain this reluctance not discredibly, if both sexes agree that woman's organization better fits her for other than political methods and functions, what would this signify, except that it is precisely this point at which fair opportunity for the *individual* should be especially guarded, since here it would be most likely to be lost sight of in the *general* distaste for its exercise? Arguments from taste, from chivalrous protection, from fear lest woman's peculiar functions should receive detriment, are as irrelevant here as in the question of freedom to labor. They do not touch the right to opportunity at all. When women have misused this right, it will be time enough to in-

terfere for the protection of womanly functions ; and in this true conservatism their own sex, as most interested, will assuredly be found quite as quick and sensitive as the other. Certainly to presume inability before trial is an outrage. One sex cannot determine this question for the other. I am not discussing the question whether woman, as a sex, does not regard the present state of things as an exemption rather than an exclusion ; nor whether, in fact, to be outside of politics is not a vantage rather than a loss ; nor whether altering the political status of all women, because a few demand the change, is withdrawing from the sex itself a certain protection in the law for other functions of more moment to her than the ballot. These are simply questions that point to future arrangements in the matter of voting, in which woman herself must have her free voice. But they do *not* touch the first duty of removing disabilities and abandoning that exclusive jurisdiction which has been hitherto assumed. The way to the duty of all will be clear only when all are free. Whatever the difficulties before us, the one thing to be remembered is that equal opportunity does not regard sex ; that liberty knows, like faith and charity, neither male nor female. Organic differences between the sexes may make it wiser on the whole for most women to take less active part in political movement than men. However this may be, it cannot be well that they should be *forbidden* one inch of the path that teaches political duty. Are wifehood, maternity, home, to suffer by this freedom ? But how can these be rightly valued or used for their human uses so long as woman is *barred* out from practical experience of the public interests ? Do not all these functions of

hers *terminate* in government, institutions, social relations? Must not the insignificant political position of the wife, by exclusive laws which he has made, tell upon the political capacities of the husband? Can his legislation be noble, while he cages himself within it, and her without it, lest her mind and heart should dream themselves fit to walk with him in those broad fields of service? Is wifehood in this situation the help and strength it should be in the growth of public and private virtue; in making social manhood and republican self-government? Or how is it with the true ideal of maternity? There is a feminine element in every man, that is imparted at his birth; it should bring moral refinement and spiritual power into his world of competitions, of appeals to numbers and strength. But its character depends on what the mother is, who implants it from her own life. Is it the true ideal of motherhood that this fine element in the child, that turns him away from the love of appealing to force, should come from her, as a spirit of weakness and self-distrust, shrinking from great public interests and responsibilities, subservient to petty passions and prescribed exclusions? Is not a great sense of amplest opportunity necessary for the function of maternity, if we would not have the finer instincts of the generations learn to leave politics to the baser ones, and die away into sentimental dreams of a virtue it dares not put into laws? Or is it the ideal of home relations that the sphere from which all public virtue must spread should lack that freedom and breadth of intercourse on public affairs which only a common, direct, personal interest can give, so that even the functions supposed to be peculiarly feminine cannot be fulfilled without, I do

not say, every woman's voting, but without every woman's fair chance to join man in political action on equal terms, if she will? There is not one highway or by-path, in the realm of self-government, which man may tread, where woman must not have equal opportunity to stand beside him, if wifehood, maternity, or home culture is to become an intelligent and ennobling element in our civilization as a whole.

Our civilization educates man by actual participation in all these functions, which he is competent to learn and fulfill. Not for worlds would the American abandon his claim to this direct contact and practical discipline. I think the power of the ballot as an element of culture is apt to be exaggerated, for the ballot appeals to the majority; and I hold that finer forces, counteractive of the coarseness of the appeal to mere numbers and mass, have always come, and are still to come, from outside of this special symbol of his democratic equality. But would not he regard his education as an insult and a farce, but for the admission the ballot gives him to handle every tool of that fine art of government to which it points? Would his moral power gain by *exclusion* from it? Is it to be supposed that woman can remain in the position of a looker-on in this great school of cultures? How she can best improve its spheres, or reach a fuller symmetry through its many-sided relations, how she shall turn this political life which is now but a human hemisphere into a human *world*, from a half life to a whole life, is not yet possible to determine; but to suppose she can remain indifferent or hostile to the removal of restraints on her freedom to do this is to imagine her the inferior half of

creation that dead and dying creeds of the past have pronounced her. Can there be open access to literature, science, conversation, social intercourse; can steam and lightning, war and peace, can newspaper and school, carry home every throb of the world's life to every civilized household; can every stir of its pain and its promise thrill society to its fibres' ends, and woman be content with the prescribed function of gazing at rule and misrule, the strife of right and wrong, the half life that wastes opportunity and brutalizes power, content to gaze at these through gates she may not pass? That she will generally use the ballot I do not affirm; but that she will open the path to it, to be used as her sense of duty prescribes, is involved in the whole current of our civilization, and in the self-respect that secures her moral power in politics or out of it. It is through their sympathy with the best opportunities of the age that so many of the most enlightened and refined women of England and America are found advocates of equal suffrage. I do not say that it is to the discredit of others that they do not desire the ballot, that they feel their own chosen and ample work can be better fulfilled without the interference of this new function; but a just claim, bringing opportunity, culture, humanity, and lessons of the time to back it in the persons of the claimants, should none the less be admitted. If the scruples and objections above mentioned are really *womanly*, if they do point to a common need of the sex and come from a high personal experience, they will infallibly command respect; they will constitute a moral force which will surely make itself felt and tell upon those who are more eager for the excitement of political life than for their personal and private duties.

But, leaving aside the question of abstract and real right, it is asked, Did not woman substantially choose her present relations to politics? Did they not grow out of her natural fitnesses, rather than come by the injustice of man? Is not this state of the law itself the record of her own desire to transfer or lease to him the charge of government? They who ask these questions will find them answered in the whole history of the old English common law, and the still older canon law, the statutes of the Church. In these, woman is practically and theoretically a slave, merged in her husband, merged in the authority of a priesthood to which she is not admitted, even more utterly incapable than in the old law codes of the East. Paul and Moses alike remand her to subjection. The Roman law began the process of her emancipation from positive servitude to parents, husbands, and step by step it is moving on to perfection. Political disabilities, yet to be removed, are a part of this old status of subjection, originating in a variety of causes, but always making the free expression of woman's real desire impossible.

But then this also is not less to be noted, — that civilization has now brought the political power, in the most enlightened parts of this country at least, to the point of asking what her desire really is. It is not true that she is left out of political life from the present wish to do her injustice; on the whole, the feeling, if it were analyzed, would be found to be rather that of defending her right of exemption, relieving her from tasks she does not desire. And just so soon as she indicates her pleasure to use the ballot she will have it. I have said I do not think politics should wait

for this free expression ; the monopoly that stands in the way of it should not stand one hour. But it is none the less true to say even this : that among intelligent men, at least, actual delay to wipe out the anomaly of the voting rule is not so much owing to a spirit of domination or contempt, as is too apt to be assumed, as it is to a respect for what woman has made of the functions she has hitherto filled, and the belief that she holds herself entitled to be left free to work through them alone. If it had not this palliation, the present state of law would prove its makers fit for nothing but to be deprived of self-government altogether ; and we must look for the causes of this feeling in long-established traditional associations, into which inquiry has never till now been earnestly made.

Thus there is a great deal of traditional acquiescence in supposed inherent differences between the sexes, about which comparatively little is *really* known. Much of the talk about them is sentimental and purely conventional, mere appeal to the prescribed limits of action which it has been held indecorum and sacrilege to attempt to pass. Male and female do not mean the same thing ; differences in physical structure involve and imply psychological differences. But how shall the limits of these differences be determined, until full opportunity for culture is afforded ? It would, indeed, be equally wrong to affirm that we have *no* data as yet to go upon. Women have been tried in many fields of thought and work now mainly or exclusively limited to man. Indeed, there is scarcely one to which they have not found access, at one time or another, in Greece, in India, in modern France. Herodotus even

tells us that in Egypt the man did house-work, and the woman managed business, and that the husband took a vow to obey his wife. Yet it is certain that partial trials, under imperfect civilization, have not greatly enlightened us as to the "inherent differences" in question. For must not politics, business, finance, first be wisely apprehended, and got into something like right relations with universal uses, before anything like *a true theory can be formed of woman's relations to them, or, for that matter, of man's, either?* Thus far, certainly, we cannot claim to have arrived at their *ideal* meaning. But let me call attention to one very significant admission. Singularly enough, woman always held the place of presiding divinity in those parts of man's mythology which relate to intellect and politics. They who have refused to open the common paths of those spheres to women have filled their thrones with goddesses. Thus Saraswatî, the wife of Brahma, is the Hindu deity of literature, science, and culture of every kind. Hebrew wisdom, representing a theocratic union of religion and politics, is personified as a female. Athena is the wise guardian of Greek liberty, queen of laws and justice. Minerva holds the same rank in Roman faith. Numa receives his laws from the nymph Egeria, and so on. As Hebrew tradition ascribed the fall of the race to a woman, so the Christian Church, with like one-sidedness, declares its sole saviour to be a man, though with a kingdom not of this world. But it has learned to do better justice to woman, at least in theory, than these dogmas would properly imply. It has not failed to give the feminine form to all its personifications of Liberty, Justice, Law. It has inconsistently enough claimed

the actual field and sway for man; but the word for its ideal has always been not He, but She. Civilization stamps the head of woman on its coins as liberty, and lifts her form in marble on its temples of legislation. Even the French Revolution, breaking away from every other tradition, held fast to this intuition, presentiment, or whatever it be, of mankind, and crowned, not a man, but a maid, as symbol of reason and of rule. Does he think coin and pedestal and symbolic homage are forever to satisfy living brains and hearts and hands? Is not the contrast between such confession and the actual laws which determine woman's share in government—the contrast between ideal and practice—enough to indicate that it is idle to talk of data for deciding what woman may or may not do in this sphere? What shall we say of a sphere whose acknowledged presiding genius is not admitted to a voice in its regulations! Is it not plain enough that many old formulas, still plied to satiety, about woman's nature and sphere, will by and by be regarded as those fine scribblings, over maps of the sky, that passed for astronomy before the discovery of the actual laws of celestial motion?

America, it is thought, yields positive knowledge at last. And platform and newspaper abound with new-fledged anatomists of the female mind. We are treated to the secrets of private experience blown out into general rules, to fulsome praise, and morbid contempt, or vulgar slander, in the name of Bible revelation. We are promised everything here, forewarned of everything there. We are reproached with shutting out angels; we are charged not to open the doors to maniacs or fools. America will be wiser in all this matter when she has done her first duty, and opened

all spheres to woman with cordial welcome. At present the more thoughtful will modestly wait clearer light about woman's nature, and venture little in the way of theory. Generations bearing down the fruits of equal culture are needed for the data we desire.

Yet to doubt that history has brought out many of the special characteristics of either sex into clear light would be folly. Mr. Mill, with others, has called attention to the curious fact that it is precisely in those points where women have shown decided capacity that they have most prejudice to contend against. No one thinks of forbidding a woman to write poems or philosophies, to compose music, to paint, or to carve, while it is very certain there has never been a female Shakespeare, or Plato, or Beethoven, or Raphael, or Michael Angelo. Yet from the queen regents of the old Hindu states to those empresses of the East and the West, Zenobia and Victorina, who divided the world between them in the third century of the Christian era, and thence down to Elizabeth and Maria Theresa, woman has shown beyond all question a capacity for government fully equal to that of man; at least as large a proportion of queens have governed wisely as of kings; and if queens have governed through the aid of male counselors, have not the wisest as well as the weakest kings followed counsels of women skillful in statecraft and fond of sway? The skill now manifested by women in the organization and management of benevolent associations, from the great Sanitary Commission down, is nowise inferior to man's, and would be as natural a gift for political uses, though under different conditions that may not be found so favorable to its higher qualities. Whether the directness

of feminine perceptions is not the very thing needed to scatter the complexity, circumlocution, and red tape in which the political industry of man has involved affairs is yet to be seen. And certainly, if the special abilities of a whole sex have been hitherto excluded from politics because they are moral abilities rather than what is called logical or practical, the time has now come when this cause alone should fling open the doors, and these moral powers be bid to enter in God's name and help us all they can.

In America the masculine energies have sprung forth, at last, uncontrolled, with boundless desires and boundless resource. Man has thrown off the Old World compressions that served some good purposes of restraining discipline in his immature stages of progress. He has flung himself out upon the idea of freedom and the authority of human nature to follow its own developing laws and forces, and let all its best capacities be heard and obeyed. So far he has listened mainly to ambitions that, by his own admissions, exclude the feminine element; and the present political world, wherein he seeks for faithful men as Abraham counted them up in Sodom, is the result. Intent on infinite ambitions that run out beyond the nearer duties, he has had no resort but to keep these swathed and inert with complex interests and methods, till his laws defy codification, and the plainest instincts of justice and humanity find them a thicket of delays.

Will not woman help remedy this state of things, both by the greater intensity of her emotional nature, and by her concentration on what is nearest at hand? How much, on the other hand, will a love of intrigue, at least quite equal to man's, counteract this

turn for simpler and directer action? And will not man's tolerance have to grow larger to offset her extreme religious susceptibility and zeal, and swift and summary dealing with the complex problems of practical freedom and duty, when it comes to take in hand the making of the laws? All these and the like questions of action and reaction time only can answer. But if history has any record, it is that the finer moral and æsthetic forces in society have always been measurable by the degree in which woman has been respected and set free to follow her own instincts of culture and use. And so it is to be hoped that, while the debate is going on as to whether women desire to use the ballot, that question may be resolving itself into another, as the first consequence of the *prospect* of her desiring it, namely, whether the ballot itself is, in a moral aspect, what real civilization requires that it should be. The demand for equal suffrage is a reminder that the polls be fitted for the presence of the new-comer. Let those stables, it says, be cleansed. Let mutual respect and the amenities of life have the floor there. Let the political press learn to cultivate decency and good manners, and to avoid personal slander and abuse. Let bear-gardens give way to conferences where the serious interests of the subject shall be reflected in the becoming conversation of those who shall discuss it.

Here I touch on what I regard as the most important bearing of the subject of woman's suffrage upon the present and future. Leaving aside the unquestionable injustice of her compulsory exclusion from the polls, it has always seemed to me that there was involved in her position outside of politics a certain

independence of its party interests and crude passions, which gave peculiar play to her moral power, wherever she has chosen to exert it, in counteracting the worst features of our political system,—the brute force of mere majorities, the pushing and driving of men into masses, on one side or the other, under the sheer *force* of mass over personal conviction or will; the contempt of minorities, the swamping of individual conscience in immediate policy, the overwhelming despotism of drill. All this *mechanism* of politics needed counterbalancing by moral forces not *subject* to its logic of necessity, nor its passion for success. There was always some sense of guardianship and relief in noting outside of it all the proofs which no thoughtful man could ignore, in this influence of the truest women, that the deepest and best power was after all personal, individual, not dependent on the roll-call or the fugleman, not driven in the harness by party alternatives, nor stained with enforced compromise or the suspicion even of political ambition.

In this point of view there was a vantage in woman's position as a non-voter, which was illustrated in her immense influence in holding the political world to a great duty in the whole Anti-Slavery struggle; an influence which I believe would have been greatly lessened, had she acted from within the parties instead of from without them. And I am fully convinced that in a true republican State there will always be a necessity for such form of personal influence, exerted from a position, voluntarily assumed, of course, if not outside of political action altogether, yet outside of all suspicion of pursuing or expectation of possessing other opportunities of influence than those which are purely intellectual and moral. If now the

very force of civilization itself is compelling woman to leave this point of vantage; if she whose purely moral power has proved itself a great fountain of noble practical reform is to be transferred into spheres where a lower force has ruled, and the appeal to numbers is the sovereign law, I do not deny that this untried path has its difficulties and its apparent disadvantages. It has had its perils for man; it will have them for woman, as real, if of a different kind. I think I am more impressed by the sense of a certain loss the best women will incur in this direction than most of those with whom I converse about it. But these difficulties do not shake my faith in the leading of our civilization, in the clear demands of justice, in the compensations of these new sympathies and relations, in the opportunities of liberty thus opened to the citizen of either sex. Two of these opportunities especially interest me. One I have already referred to. If woman enters politics, then politics cannot stay as they have been. Both their method and their purpose must change. For the new element cannot fail to bring with it much of that peculiar form of influence which it has hitherto exerted; an influence altogether independent of majorities, nowise compulsory, purely personal; an influence that has been wont to move men, and will not fail, in these new relations, to move them through their respect for other sanctions than those of either numbers or force. The immediate presence and action of women must constantly suggest this appeal from the tyranny of numbers to finer forces of persuasion and private judgment; for it is by these *alone that woman's organization fits her to govern*. I do not mean, of course, that I expect this

power to be always nobly used by individual women, who will differ, as men differ, in the quality of their political conduct; but I believe that wherever the feminine element enters even as a *right*, exercised or not, its natural associations with influences more interior and noble than mere physical force and material energy must accompany it. So far, then, in the present state of political life, it must be helpful and humanizing. Not war, not intemperance, nor penal methods will show this special good influence from woman so much as the whole prevailing theory of politics, as a mere way of appealing to men in the mass. It is to be considered, too, that this peculiar aptitude and destination, as it were, to influence through *personal* and *interior* forces, rather than through outward combinations and masses, is not a thing to be *put away* by the new claims of the ballot. The ardent zeal of advocates for equal suffrage may incline to disparage its right to keep women from the political field, but it will not be set aside. It is too deeply wrought into the structural individuality of the sex, whose central function, though by no means the only one, is motherhood. It inheres in the spiritual guardianship, committed to her by nature, of sanctities which enforce a certain concentration on the inward life of sentiment, and demand a certain liberty to find shelter and privacy. Exceptions only prove the rule here. It will make itself respected. The natural reluctance of a large class of women to engage actively in political personalities, party machinery, and competition for office will have to be respected. The devotion, of such as are already amply occupied, to domestic or other cares that interest and satisfy them will have to be respected.

The zeal aforesaid will accomplish nothing by taunting this devotion with obtuseness and indifference to public duty. Rights like these will be maintained against the reactions of politics and the drum-beat of special agitators. The right of not being interfered with by the claims of the party canvass, of standing outside of the personal strifes that great public questions concentrate at the polls, will have to be respected in the new class of voters, as they never have been in the other sex. A degree of personal liberty, in respect of choosing or not choosing political action at special occasions, will thus find admission to the political world, which has hitherto treated such independence with contempt, and branded it as the unpardonable sin in politics, from whatever motive it has been assumed. Thus when voters cannot be dragooned to the polls to vote for the lesser of two evils, for the one or the other of two unprincipled candidates, a better day will dawn on political morality. In the independence, then, which woman's *natural* liberties will bring into these spheres, I look for an abatement of the prevailing idolatry of the ballot; the better understanding that it is not the end, but the means to an end beyond itself, in great moralities that alone justify the use of it. I hope it will open the way for suggesting higher sanctions and standards of political justice than the will of majorities, or even the will of the people; that it will help lift into view not only the rights of minorities, which the worship of numbers slurs, but the sacredness of personal conviction, — the first duty of each to obey that, whether he can make a show of hands for it, or must stand alone for it against all parties. In a word, I hope help will come hereby towards dis-

covering the true practical foundations of the State ; light on the great problem, as yet unsolved, with all our pretense of a perfect theory of liberty how to get at the expression of the highest moral sense that exists in the community, the idea *fittest* to help and to guide, and to get that embodied in institutions and laws. And what division of labor, what speciality of function, are yet to be found conducive to this end, only such freedom can reveal. In what I have here said, therefore, of the independence woman may assert, in relation to political action, I do not mean to treat lightly her coming opportunity for clearer insight into the public interests, and the larger fields of service that invite her. The value of enlarging the narrow spheres in which thousands of women move ; of substituting great common ideas and aims for the petty intrigues, jealousies, rivalries about trifles, that consume their hearts and heads, simply because they have not that free open air of the general life which men are breathing all the time, it is not easy to overestimate. This is especially true of the passion for personal ornament and display — that barbarism of civilized life — that exhausts the purse as much as it animalizes the tastes, signalizing the commencement of its bondage, as the old Hebrew slaves did when they desired to remain slaves for life instead of going out at the year of jubilee, by having an awl run through the ear.

How much nobler life is opening for woman in every direction, in opportunities to relieve the degradations and disqualifications with which female labor has been burdened ! Every woman who bravely enters a profession or trade, not hitherto recognized as feminine, and does herself credit, or who claims and wins the better wages hitherto refused her sex in any

form of work, is expanding the mental and moral life of her whole sex, down to its lowest forms of debasement, and every new step in legislation and humanity is a proof that her work is telling fast. Her political recognition will crown all other opportunities, not because it will make women vote, but because it will show that they are held equal members of the State with men, in all the forms of its universal life. It will give them that practical respect and furtherance in every individual effort and aspiration which the full right of citizenship carries with it. It will give politics itself a dignity and value in their sight, and reveal to them its real dependence on their intelligent interest and their moral power. It is for reasons like these that thoughtful women, looking along the coming track of our American destiny, have felt that the idea of equal suffrage deserves the welcome of their sex. Not because the ballot will be to them emancipation from oppressions, nor because there is any general wish or purpose to withhold their rights; not because they cannot, *outside* of politics, move legislation to secure them everything their own votes would bring, nor in order that they may act in a body, as one sex, for their own interests, as distinct from the other, nor because women would necessarily act for their own interests and good any more than men have, through these years of slavery, war, and other wasteful and ruinous ways, acted for theirs; but because it is essential for true culture that all paths of service should be open, without contempt, to every faculty to fill them; because true good can only come through the practice of *self-government*, and true politics through a common interest in the common good.

LABOR PARTIES AND LABOR REFORM.¹

THE Council of the "Workingmen's International Association," in their Defense of the Paris Communists, define what they call "the true secret" of the world-wide movement which they represent. It signifies, we learn, essentially "a working-class government, the product of the struggle of the producing against the appropriating class," — the function of which shall be "to transform the means of production, land, and capital, into the mere instruments of free, associated labor." And its authorized organs, while disclaiming for the present any intention of appealing to violence, yet already announce the purpose, in Europe and America alike, to "transform all land, forests, railroads, canals, telegraphs, quarries, and all great properties, such as manufactories, in favor of the State," which is to "work them for the benefit of every person engaged in producing;" in other words, "for such as earn by the sweat of the brow."²

However startling for America, the substance of this "true secret" is familiar enough to French experience; being but a new phase of the "coercive

¹ Reprinted from *The Radical* for November, 1871.

² The Statement of Dr. Marx, its Secretary, is given in *The New York Herald*, of August 3, 1871. For a fuller account, see Mr. Hinton's valuable article in *The Atlantic Monthly*, for May, 1871, or Eichhoff's pamphlet, *Die Internationale Arbeiterassociation*, Berlin, 1868.

communism" of Babeuf, St. Simon, and Louis Blanc. It is to make short work with private liberties and responsibilities, and apply the forces of modern materialism in constructing such an autocracy as the world has never seen. It would in fact substitute the State for the Person, and forcibly "transform" man, — not the poorest men only, as moneyed and titled monopoly must, but even worse, — man as such, every living soul, into a creature of legislation, a mere functionary and machine. Such a result would be none the less destructive, whatever the kind of legislation that had led to it. Here, however, we have the *absolutist legislation of a class*.

Let us do this Society justice. It denounces war; demands education for all; adopts a noble motto, — "No rights without duties, no duties without rights." It did good service to our Union in the war with slavery. It is, moreover, the natural recoil of their own enginery on the oppressing classes in Europe. The victim of "regulation" has but grasped the weapon which has proved so effective against him; he will see now what it can do to make him, in his turn, the master.

We fully recognize also the miseries of low-paid labor, that disgrace the most enlightened sections of our own country. We hear its cry of endless dependence and hopeless competition; its demands that can no longer be suppressed or ignored. And therefore we mean to enter our protest against a method of dealing with it that would, we believe, not only aggravate every industrial evil, but strike at the very substance of manhood.

As its career is just opening in this country, this great organizing force will doubtless be hailed as

promise of relief from their bitter burdens by thousands who can have but slight conception of its tendencies. Many programmes of labor reform, too, are drifting in the same direction, which have not yet reached its principle of absolute coercion. They contain elements already which forbid them to represent the real interests and rights of labor much better than feudalism or caste. They play into the very hands of monopoly, by following its example in putting oppressive burdens for free opportunity, and empty formulas for the laws of social science and the forces of civilization. The era of social justice will not be ushered in by those who have nothing better to urge than the old strife of classes for supremacy, and who make arrogant assumption of exclusive right to the honorable title of "working-men." It is in these points of view, which most deeply concern the liberties of labor itself, that I propose to criticise these methods of reform.

We cannot, to use an expressive phrase, "go back on" civilization and reject the results of ages. The wrongs of the worst-paid workman are not to be righted by ignoring that breadth of meaning which the terms of the question have now fairly attained. To discuss rights and interests of "the laboring class," on the understanding that we are to exclude from the category of labor every form of industry but manual toil, is to ignore the whole sense of American civilization. Is it credible that a humane and intelligent people should assume that the work of men's hands has an industrial value as such, beyond that which belongs to their intellectual and sympathetic activities? Will it define productive labor as work by the job, or by the day, and refuse

the name to processes of invention that cost the mental wear of life-times, and even supply the motive forces of material civilization? Will it consent to narrow its "laboring class," so that the term shall not include the professions whose toils minister, however imperfectly, to constant demands of soul, body, and estate; so that educators of the young and counselors of the old shall be set off as drones in the industrial hive? Are we to throw out of the list of "working-men" the philosopher, who explores moral and spiritual problems, and states the laws of intelligence, the economies that cannot be foregone? Or the poet, who cheers the day with insight that brings health and sweetness to all thought and work? Or the artist, whether musician, painter, sculptor, or dramatist, whose embodiments of nature and feeling refine taste, and broaden sympathy, and concentrate the undefined aspirations of the age into living form and purpose? Does labor exclude the scholar's function, — to present man under different phases of religion and culture, and enforce universality by tracing the movement of ideas and laws through the ages of his development? Are we to reckon out the cares of maternity, the mutual offices of domestic life, social efficiencies, the subtle forces of character, the friend, the lover, the "fanatic," whose lonely dream prospects the track for coming generations? Are we to count as outside of labor-contribution all work that reforms the vicious, relieves the helpless, or sets the poor in the way to self-help?

Stated thus, these questions may seem to answer themselves. Yet it is easy for parties to break away from principles that few of their members would theoretically deny. This will become at once evi-

dent if we bring our test closer to what is now technically called the labor question, and ask further, if labor is definable as that kind of service for which wages are paid, in distinction from that kind of service which consists in providing the fund *out of which* they are to be paid; from that kind of service which plans and directs the operation, and bears the risk and responsibility? In other words is *labor as such* so clearly distinguishable from *capital* in this sense, that the toils of mind as well as body involved in the application of the latter do not deserve to enter into our estimate of "the rights of labor"? We must be very far from the track of science or freedom, if our definitions threaten to fall into such arbitrariness as this.

Yet I cannot but note that the ordinary tone of labor-reform programmes and appeals, so far, involves the assumption that production consists in the direct creation of material values only. Values that cannot be measured, tabulated, invoiced, and made the basis of governmental direction are excluded at the very threshold. Yet every admission that purely intellectual or moral forces need not enter into estimates of productive industry is an admission that these forces have no claim to share in the wealth that *results* from production. To teach, as most philosophers of the new "positive" schools do, in one or another form, teach, that arithmetical and mechanical values are the mainsprings of civilization, is simply to sow the seeds of barbarism in the fields of political economy.

The sweat of honest thought and just self-discipline is, to say the least, quite as essential to the preservation of that social order by which all industry

is maintained as that which falls from the brow in earning the daily bread; and for a citizen, whether rich or poor, to be ignorant or reckless of this truth proves him to be, so far, socially and politically a destructive. It is therefore but the dictate of common prudence that every sign of a tendency to depreciate *invisible* production should be met at once, by all trades and professions as a source of demoralization to the whole body politic. Peace, order, credit, mutual help, are as truly the contribution of spiritual labor as the Order of Nature is a temple not made with hands. The spur that industry feels from the family and the home, — economy and thrift, all honest and handsome work, waste avoided, the bitterness of competition tempered, the conflict of interests counteracted by conscience and good-will, — these are all products of moral and spiritual ideas subtly circulating in the atmosphere of the time. And these immeasurable sources of public good can only be guarded by a jealous loyalty, sensitive to every slur cast upon the value of non-material productive forces, whether in the name of capital or labor, of the rich, or of the poor.

And in this spirit we must demand of those who rally for a "producing class," as against the rest of the community, where or how they will draw the line which justifies their use of this anti-republican name of "class." Every one is a producer in those respects in which he is a contributor to the public wealth, *in the broadest sense of wealth*, in whatever other respects he may fail to render service. How many men, women, children, are there in a country like ours who are not producers in this sense? Whose work is of a kind so inconspicuous that you can afford

to count it out? Even the child in a kindergarten school is a producer, in combining pretty colors, or constructing rude forms and figures that embody the first essays of that æsthetic sense which shall hereafter make our artisans artists and all labor an education of the higher faculties. Every great thought and every good thought is a source of public wealth: helping to make true men or women, it helps to create and to save even material values, steadying the hands that move machinery, and fostering real coöperation. For one, I recognize no "laboring class" as distinct from the great body of producers in this largest sense, and hold it a pure delusion to suppose that our civilization affords any basis for forming one. There are rich laborers and poor laborers; there are laborers whose wages do not supply their daily needs, and laborers who lay by something from their wages; and from this, all the way on to those who put large capital to productive service, there is a continuous line of laboring men. No movement can really represent the interests of labor which does not recognize the common interests of all these different human conditions. It is radically mischievous to make this a question between classes of persons. Labor is the grand creative energy of society, the wisdom whose voice is to all the sons and daughters of men, calling them to that steady application of all powers to right and helpful uses, which shall stamp each person's doing with productive value, and make it a common good. This universality alone can define the word, and the lofty claims must all pay allegiance to this.

Amidst the confused battle-cries of labor parties organizing to put down "the appropriating class," the vital point of the problem secures, it is to be

feared, but an imperfect hearing. There is surely nothing in mere labor, or production either, as such, that can claim our allegiance; since labor may be for mischief, as that of over-speculation, which ruins a community by the most wearing and frenzied personal toil; and production may be of things destructive, as the distiller's product when it swells into tide-waves of delirium and crime. Productive labor is not that which makes one man rich by making another poor; robbing Peter to pay Paul adds nothing to the sum of wealth. But on the other hand, all labor which increases the means of well-being in the community, whether in the material, social, intellectual, moral, æsthetic, or religious sphere, is productive labor, and deserves respect. The capitalist who contributes such increase, whatever the form of his capital may be, is a productive laborer, in every respectable sense; and the laborer for wages who does the same thing is a productive capitalist in just the same sense with the other,—at once through the strength and skill which he applies, and through that which he may lay up to invest productively in the creation of a home, or a business, or in the education of his children, or in any other honest way of benefit to society, or of culture to himself. So that the first step towards justifying our American "honor to labor" is to recognize that God hath joined labor and capital, and that no man or party has authority to put them asunder, or to declare them foes. And the next is to recognize that what entitles labor to honor and authority, is not to be limited by any *arbitrary definition* of labor, since it is for all forms thereof essentially one and the same thing. So that the workman who helps produce an article of manufac-

ture does not respect that which really deserves respect in his own productive work, unless he recognizes the similar claims on behalf not only of the capitalist in business, but of the teacher, the artist, the scientist, the poet, the moral reformer, the producer of any non-material value whatever.

And the sum is that public or private movements are to be regarded as in the interest of labor in proportion to the breadth of their estimate of the elements of individual and social well-being, and in that proportion only.

I cannot believe that we shall make any progress towards solving the difficult problem of the relations of labor, until we start with appreciating *those aims and motives in which every one, whatever his special work, is bound to share, and which constitute the common cause.* The intelligence needed for counteracting that terrible force of natural selection, that weeding out of the weak by the strong which holds as true of the world of trade as of the world of species, can never receive one genuine impulse, so long as this duty remains unrecognized. No body of men can be intellectually benefited by combination with a view to their isolated interests only; it is but individualism intensified, a leaven of mental as well as social dissolution. They are educated in social functions only by that spirit and by that work which adds to the sum of mutual understanding and mutual help. The industrial wisdom we want most is that which understands how much more numerous and vital are the points of common interest which unite different forms of industry than those antagonisms, actual or supposed, upon which it is now sought to array their representatives in definitely hostile classes. It will

not improve either the morals or the sense of the laborer for wages, any more than it will right his wrongs, to inveigh against capital as such, while it is in fact capital which he is constantly drawing on in himself, and seeking to accumulate for himself, and applying, so far as he can obtain it, in investments which are wise or foolish, for the general good or harm, according to the character of his own private habits and tastes. It does not help his cause to be ignorant that capital injures him *only in those instances in which it injures itself*; that is, where an unfair use is made of greater capital to suppress the opportunities of less.

And on the other hand it is equally mischievous for the capitalist, whose accumulated money fund gives him every advantage in the labor market over the man who has nothing to sell but his wasting muscles and his fleeting time, to be ignorant or regardless of the fact that his own capital is a part of the great labor fund of the community, and that its development depends wholly on the free development of labor in every form. It will not add to his security to forget that he has no right to quarrel with such combinations as may be necessary for the protection of wages-labor, *except in so far as these are injurious to labor itself*: that is, where they employ the power of combination to cripple men in the use of their own labor-capital, whether of muscles or of mind.

I have hope in those reformers only who can teach us to emphasize our common interests; to drop the old-world slogan, "Labor and Capital are natural enemies," and start with this watch-word to an age of brotherhood, "Labor and Capital are interdepend-

ent forces in each and every personality, and constitute every one a natural guardian of their common cause." Let those meanings of the words have rule which point to culture and civilization. A problem so universal in its relations cannot dispense with ideal tests and standards, and hastens to enforce them upon all experiment. The key to every position is already found to be, not antagonism, but co-operation. No other chemistry has hitherto solved a single dilemma of the industrial world. There is a class, we are well aware, of whose utter weakness it would be pure mockery to bid them coöperate. And to make possible for these the leisure, the education, the homes, the wages, that shall permit them to do so, is the instant duty of moneyed capital and manual labor alike. If they neglect it, both capital and labor will reap the whirlwind. But the common sense and good feeling which the freedom of our social relations makes easy for all, can open right paths at will. This is the genius to devise all requisite forms of partnership and mutual guarantee. But so long as this is foreclosed, there is no step in legislation, and no measure of compromise, that can escape subserving the ancient greed whose record is written in social demoralization and the misery of nations.

Of all necessities involved in the problem of labor, there is none so practical, none so pressing, as this for which we plead. What shall we gain, so long as the appeals of labor reformers are made to motives which lie in the same moral plane with those which they denounce; so long as they cover out of sight the essential fact that the pursuit of private or class interest alone is equally mischievous in every condi-

tion and form of work? By this spirit of rapacity all parties, however they may charge each other with the exclusive responsibility for the results of financial self-seeking, are equally liable to be tempted. The avaricious capitalist cripples the free development of capital. The hand workman who looks no further than the aggrandizement of his labor club or his aggressive policy, cripples the free development of labor. The most industrious men, combining for clannish purposes, hasten to set up the very monopoly they assail as the source of their own wrongs. Is it intolerable that speculators, combining to hoard and hold back the products of nature, should stimulate the prices of food till a great multitude are threatened with famine? Where is the practical difference in motive or result when men associate for the purpose of artificially limiting the supply of labor by restricting the number of workmen; depriving the individual of his liberty to find education and employment in branches of industry wherein he might, but for such class interference, have taken his chance with his neighbors, and enforcing obedience to organized dictation, as the condition on which he shall be allowed to practice his honest calling and earn his daily bread? Can labor resist oppression without the sphere of its control by oppression within it?

What right have a body of workmen, engaged in a special branch of industry, to assume themselves to be the supreme regulators of that branch, and to vote down the equal right of any man to engage in it, upon such terms as his honest effort can command? The very pretense of such authority threatens a social slavery infinitely worse than any form of polit-

ical absolutism yet known ; all the worse because it exploits the machinery of free institutions themselves to annihilate personal freedom.

The one plausible ground for arbitrarily limiting liberty of access to the practice of a craft is the importance of disciplines which shall guarantee excellence in the product. But this desirable result is not to be accomplished, under modern institutions, by antagonizing labor and capital, nor by shutting out laborers for their refusal to combine in operations to secure larger profits for the whole. It demands the most cordial relations between capital and labor. It involves procuring every form of personal talent, by opening opportunities of culture and employment to all seekers. A high order of product is the bloom of a genial summer of coöperative industry. It has, moreover, its moral conditions, which no external arrangements can secure. It requires a different order of motives from those which find play in organizing labor parties or managing controversies with capital. It depends, after all that can be said and done, upon *conscience* ; upon the sense of a spiritual and æsthetic value in production ; upon just that thing in which, it is but commonplace to repeat, large capitalists and small capitalists generally, buyers and sellers of work, managers and operatives, are equally deficient, namely, the preference of quality to quantity, of faithful to gainful methods ; upon the love of doing honest, thorough, handsome, serviceable work, in the firm conviction that *this* is what makes one a genuine laborer and producer, not the mere working a given number of hours, without regard to the character of the performance. This real respect for labor is the one great lack, amidst

all our manifestoes of its rights and ovations to its name. This, when it comes, will be true labor reform, to be hailed with enthusiasm and faith. Its approach would be felt, first of all, in an awakening of shame and indignation at the base and ignorant work of all kinds which constantly wastes our resources with leakage that no man can measure, and demoralizes social relations with petty annoyances at every turn, while it slaughters life and sows disease on a portentous scale.

Most of what is now called labor reform consists, in fact, whatever the theory, in the partisan manipulation of societies devoted to isolated interests and exclusive claims. It tends to embitter the antagonism to capital with contempt for all rights of vested property, even for those returns which natural uses will command. The absence of feudal institutions might seem to secure America against socialist revolution, in Europe the natural reaction upon ages of organized wrongs. Yet this would be but a superficial view of the grounds of such revolution. America has no Vendôme Column to overturn, no palaces to fire, no priesthood to spoil and slay. But it is none the less true that there lies a perilous fascination for intensely democratic instincts in the theory that property has no rights which the majority may not abrogate at will. The authority of numbers, the worship of popular desire, is pushed to its extreme in the phase of republicanism through which we are passing. The true industrial problem for our politics is not, how shall majorities prove the extent of their power, but how shall they learn to respect the principle that rights of labor and rights of property are mutual guarantees. But there is need of something

more than zeal for equality and the "vox populi, vox Dei," to render a community the true guardian of this safeguard of individual freedom. Only as the lesson of a mature self-control, such as the Celt, for example, has hitherto even failed to conceive, can it realize the primal truth, that security of ownership is labor's indispensable motive power, and reckless violation of ownership its suicide.

Respect for all real rights and uses of property is as truly the basis of free industry as contempt for all but its spurious ones is the basis of slavery. I know the logic that would repeal all private ownership in land in the name of mankind. But I know that such shift of title would also repeal the Family and the Home, which forever rest thereon. Nor is the practical repeal of ethical relations between men to be greatly desired. Yet the International Labor Congress last year, at Basel, representing the democracy of labor reform, not only indulged in denunciations of landed property as such, but voted that society had the right, by decision of the majority, to abolish it altogether: mere rapine seriously proposed in the name of liberty. Proposals to abolish rent, interest, and the profits of capital generally, have been heard at similar meetings in this country. The crusade against rent, of which Proudhon was the great French apostle, meant for him an assault on the very principle of ownership. And what, in fact, do all measures of this latter kind substantially mean? They would deprive property of the returns which it naturally yields its owners, when transferred for a time in the shape of opportunities to other persons, instead of being expended upon present enjoyment. Rent and interest represent legit-

imate profits of capital, — being payment for accommodations absolutely required for the production of fresh values. If they were abolished, not only would labor lose an important stimulus, but all mutual aid would necessarily be resolved into the form of outright gift; so that the laborer would be stripped of his self-respect, having become a dependent on bounty for the supply of proper facilities in his avocation. And such demoralization would result that it would be necessary as a next step to abolish the benefaction, by denying the ownership claimed to reside in the giver. All private capital that would naturally find its uses as investment, or else as bounty, would thus have to be declared public property, and to be distributed where it is wanted, each needy applicant receiving a part of these confiscated surplus earnings of others, *as if it were his own*. How much earning there would be upon such tenures, or absence of tenure rather, and how much productive force, with this systematic spoliation in prospect or operation, it is easy to estimate.

All communistic systems have involved Proudhon's premise, "Property is theft;" some seeking to abolish it by free coöperation, others by coercive means, appealing to the State. As regards the latter class, by the way, two questions are pertinent. If property be theft, what must the State be in making itself sole proprietary? And who has ever constituted the joint body of producers, under the name of community, or whatever other name, prime owner of those laws and elements of nature which are the basis of all production? Yet all anti-property movements are clearly associated with this belief in politico-industrial absolutism, either as tending towards it, in-

tentionally or not, or else as flowing by natural inference from it.

With us the theoretic rejection of property is rare. But the undermining of its natural rights and uses is among the practical results of a theory which already inspires political organizations in the supposed interest of labor. I mean the theory that all personal rights flow from popular will, and that full industrial justice can be extemporized and enforced in the name of the State.

Note the radical vice of this theory. It ignores two essential facts. The first is that the public virtue which men can effect by outward regulation will not rise above the level of their own motive, and may fall far below it. And the second is that the great natural laws, which govern the complex relations of free men, cannot be made to run in predetermined grooves of policy. These laws must have the margin that becomes the vastness of their sphere, and the freedom of the individual minds and wills whose processes are their material. There are, of course, limits within which votes and laws for the regulation of the status of labor are effective and useful ; but it is easy to overstep these limits, and to trench upon those organic natural methods which are larger and wiser than our plans. And when this is done, political manipulation and manœuvre have a clear track for working the widest and deepest demoralization ; labor being at once the most private and the most public of spheres, feeding every spring of personal motive and universal good.

Organized "labor reform" in America is rapidly assuming the aspect here indicated. It is becoming an unrestrained appeal to the forces of political com-

bination; an absolute faith in the all-sufficiency of programmes drawn up in the interest of a "laboring class," and enacted into laws, to settle every element of this most delicate and complex of problems. It seems to have no conception of the existence of any limits, either to what political autocracy, thus exercised, *can* accomplish, or to what the community may properly ask or expect it to accomplish. Thus the National Labor Party proposes that Congress should perform the function of "so regulating the interest on bonds and the value of currency as to effect an equitable distribution of the products of labor between money or non-producing capital and productive industry"! An omnipotent Congress indeed, and omniscient too, that shall effect a just division of the profits of industry and equitable relations in trade, by declaring from time to time, through some mysterious divination of the public mind, that a piece of paper currency shall pass for so much in the market, or that government loans shall pay so much or so little to the lender! What conception of the laws of human nature, or of its liberties, or of the sources of industrial inequalities and injustice, can men have, who expect such legislation, fluctuating, imperfect, itself dependent on party interests and the strongest forces in the market, to impose these vast results upon that whole complex of competitive passions and untraceable relations which we call the business world? The same programme in which this stupendous regeneration is laid out as the work of Congress proposes that laws enacted for the purpose shall be executed through the wisdom of a "board of management," to be selected, it would seem, by the "labor party" itself, when it shall have reached the political

ascendency requisite for its aims. As a further result of these and other political measures, "all able-bodied intelligent persons" are to be caused to "contribute to the common stock, by fruitful industry, a sum equal to their own support;" and legislation in general is to be "made to tend as far as possible to equitable distribution of surplus products." To what extent the confiscation of such surplus of personal property by popular majorities shall be needed for the accomplishment of this last result is not yet in question. But the substance of the belief is this. A ready-made system of regulations, covering the whole field of industrial activity, can take up the motive forces of civilization in its hands, and shape them like potter's clay into an unknown equity, whose very determination, nevertheless, defies all our existing social wisdom, and depends on a spirit of coöperation yet to be created and diffused!

The managers of the Eight-Hour Movement promise yet greater things. The enactment of their programme is not only to effect the increase of wages and intelligence, needed to undermine the whole wages system, but will "secure such distribution of wealth that poverty shall finally become impossible."¹ Such the miracles of legislation. It can decide the terms on which labor shall be bought and sold; abolish competition among laborers; set aside the working of demand and supply! It shall even reconstruct human nature; make it impossible for men to wrong or to be wronged, and free them from the natural penalties for indolence, thriftlessness, and vice! Can the illusions of materialism further go?

¹ *Letter of Boston Eight-Hour League to the Working-Men of New York.* 1871.

This dream of political autocracy especially busies itself with treating the *currency* as an independent element whose character is to be fixed, like everything else, by pure force of legislation. Settle by law what precise value this representative of all values shall represent, and are we not in a way to abolish at once the crime of being rich and the outrage of being poor? If only our money medium would stand for just what we legislate it to be! Not long since, labor reformers proposed what was called a "labor-currency," to be substituted for gold and silver, as well as for bank-notes supposed to represent specie, because incapable of being made like these, the material of monopoly and speculation. The circulating medium recognized in all the markets of the world was to be set aside for legal-tender "certificates of service," or "free money, based on commodities to be furnished anywhere at cost;" as if such ambiguities of phrase and arbitrary processes could suggest any guarantee for a circulating medium, or such narrow theories of its representative value answer the demands of trade. What "commodities" may mean in the dialect of our labor parties it may be possible in some degree to imagine; but how should a currency of commodity-notes, from free banks or elsewhere, help abolish monopoly and speculation? The whole basis of the expectation must lie in assuming a superior virtue in the control of the circulating medium by a commodity-making class, in comparison with all owners of surplus means under the present forms of currency. Alas! the real problem is a deeper one: how to free labor *in all forms* from the spirit of monopoly and over-speculation. It is but an aggravation of the general misery to invite us to

escape these vices by assuming that the direct producer of material commodities alone is free from them, and that he has exclusive mission to expel them by political enactment from those whom he regards as outside of his class.

The National Labor Programme follows up its very just demands for the prohibition of monopolies, with a call for enactments against "importing coolies or other servile labor." In the actual absence of any such importation, the meaning manifestly is that Chinese cheap labor should be excluded by law; in other words, that a monopoly should at once be secured in behalf of native workmen as against this kind of immigration. And this proceeds upon the ground that men cannot sell their labor at a cheaper rate than labor parties dictate without being slaves, and that strangers should have no share in the opportunity to learn by their own experience the American arts of raising wages and shortening times of labor. Similar measures against immigrant labor are being inaugurated by the English labor reformers, in defiance of their own long-cherished theories of free trade. When American legislation, we care not in whose interest, or at whose dictation, yields itself to this exclusive policy towards industrious immigrants, it will have proved false to the cosmopolitan faith which has hitherto distinguished us as the nation of nations, and built up our noblest traditions and hopes. Let the old world's experience of shutting out whole classes from the free competitions of labor suffice. And let us be duly watchful against admitting as representative of the real interests of productive industry the efforts of special parties to subject its free movement to excessive governmental regulation, in

their own behalf. We have had warning of what may be done even in the name of the rights of labor, in the shameful disqualifications that have been imposed upon the Chinese in California. One more illustration may suffice.

In the whole scheme for enfranchising the working class proposed by the National Labor Congress there is not one syllable that breathes of encouraging woman in the free choice of occupation, or of securing equal pay to both sexes for equal service. This great social duty may well have been left out of the political programme on account of its manifestly lying beyond the sphere of law, — though an amendment giving suffrage to women might deserve to have been mentioned as likely to facilitate the performance of it. Its absence from the Declaration of Principles also is good evidence how entirely the movement, as now pursued, is absorbed in the ambition for purely *political* management of the industrial interests of the country.¹

Is absolutism organized by the State any better for labor than it is for religion? Yet even a republic

¹ Resolutions passed by a State Convention of the Labor Party, held at Framingham, Mass., while this article was in press, deserve notice as a local movement in behalf of the political and industrial rights of woman. The demand for these rights has reached a degree of recognition in this State, which enables it to command more or less respect from all political parties. But the facts relating to the *National Labor Movement* remain as above stated. There are many good elements in these Framingham resolutions; but we are far from indorsing their extreme statement that labor, in their sense of the word, is "the creator of all wealth;" or their internecine war on wages, involving, as it would, not only the overthrow of certain unjust or degrading conditions of labor service merely, but actual prohibition by law of that free determination in what form one shall sell his labor to others, which is the proper meaning of a contract for wages.

may be drifting towards it. It is a grave error to forget the natural limits to the power of laws in determining the relations of industry. But it is a much graver error to give over the cause of labor to that kind of personal management by which political organizations secure victory and spoils; to get up a new political party to supplant existing ones, upon every issue that arises between the industrial elements; to expend the force that should be employed in coöperative movements upon the broadest basis of sympathy, in feeding political ambitions, substituting personalities for principles, and heaping the fuel of party bitterness upon every smouldering ember of discord in factory and shop. It is of course easy to demand indignantly, if labor is to be denied the common right of political combination to make laws for its own protection. The answer is that the question is absurd. Labor is no abstract, distinct interest of this kind. It is the universal life—the people themselves in their productive energy—and every time the people go to the ballot-box they express their will, more or less wisely, concerning its interests. This is the constant fact, this the whole meaning of American politics, and no believer in our institutions would think of disparaging it; though they certainly come near to doing so, whose notions of “a laboring class” contract their definition of labor within arbitrary limits. But this is what we do believe. The genuine appeal of labor to political action in a free community will be known by the people’s speaking in some consentient and normal way, as having common interests, of which it must not be supposed as a whole to be either ignorant or regardless. In other words, its great political bodies will include the great

mass of producers; are, indeed, mainly made up of such; and, in the main, will naturally represent the people's instinctive good sense, as to what can and what cannot be accomplished for the right organization of labor by political methods. So that a party which has to be worked up outside and against them, yet on issues that cannot but have been familiar already to these free voting masses, gives but slight promise of reporting the real demands of labor. An utterly impoverished and neglected class must indeed get its claims stated in whatever way is possible for it. But our labor-reform parties do not represent this advocacy of some distinctive stratum which politics has forgotten; they are not pleading for a dumb, disfranchised race, for slaves, shut out from all political hearing by national constitution and local law, — and certainly all labor claims *but* such as these can more readily get political recognition and power by inspiring the best among the great lines of public movement than by acting as the foe of all. But it must be said further of such parties as have been described, that their conditions fit them much less for real service to labor, as a whole, than for adding complications of intrigue and strife. Believe as we may that the sway of capital over industrial machinery is grinding the workman into dust, your labor party must prove to us that its own passion for managing *political* machinery is serving him any better. It must tell us what good fruit is to be reaped by transforming the whole labor question into an open path for the reckless personalities and flatteries of the demagogue on his foray, — a vantage ground for working upon blind suspicions and desires, whether by crusading against the public creditor and the owner of

capital as public enemies, or by promising to make "poverty impossible" by laws enforcing high pay and short hours.

The theory, for instance, of a gigantic combination of capital as such to oppress and enslave labor, becomes in the hands of political management quite as gigantic a power for working up personal detraction and the misery of social distrust. Yet all the reckless suppression of the weak by the strong inherent in business methods, and all the rapacity of incorporated money power when fully recognized, fails to warrant the theory itself. As commonly put, it cannot be shown to be other than pure delusion. It would seem difficult to ignore more thoroughly the position which labor actually holds in our civilization than they do who are continually exploiting this theory. That there are indeed whole classes in its best centres requiring instant protection, personal, political, social, against unscrupulous systems and masters, should be plain enough to all: we advise every doubter of this to read without delay the facts and statistics brought out by the recent impressive Report of the Massachusetts Labor Bureau. But it is equally plain that laboring men as such are in this country neither discredited by custom, nor discouraged by legal disqualification. Industry is in honor such as it never had in any land or age. There is not a township in New England that does not shine with tokens of its large rewards to farmer and mechanic. A man has not less but more prestige for belonging to the people; and to have been broadly educated, or to be very wealthy, is actually, other things being equal, a disadvantage in the race for public honors in comparison with having labored

with the hands for daily bread. Labor systematically oppressed in a country whither the poor of all nations are fleeing in flocks from the caste systems of the Old World! Labor systematically victimized in a country where it has such perfect liberty of association and such success in self-protection as to have rendered all separation of it from capital, even in speech, a self-contradiction: where, as numerical force, it is itself public sentiment and court of appeal, and capable of prosperity in exact proportion to its own self-respect! The industry of such a land is essentially one cause with social order and progress, with morality and religion, with every instinct of humanity. And the labor movement that recognizes this breadth of function, not seeking the aggrandizement of a special body, nor imitating the exclusiveness of feudal guilds, but clothing itself in large and free coöperation for the removal of all obstacles to honest self-support, in fact appeals to sympathies that move through all paths and conditions: it will find the common atmosphere of social life itself at its command, as a freely conducting medium. How should capitalists plan or even hope to hinder the prosperous development of such a force? It is impossible that its drawbacks should lie anywhere but in motive forces that operate in the *mass of men*, without regard to class or function. They are no more referable to capital as such than to labor as such. And all agitation is blind and wasteful till it is recognized that there is not and cannot be in these old free States to-day any general systematic attempt or hope to enslave labor as such; that there is only the eager passion of *men who have much for making more, and of men who have less to have as much as*

they ; that this, the unbridled rage in all spheres and occupations, is what now breeds, and what *would* breed, under the best organized scheme for controlling capital any reformer can devise, whatever miseries now befall honest labor. This is the Ishmaelite, to whom capital and labor alike are free spoil, and who snaps his fingers at all laws and guarantees. He wars on no one class more than on another ; he simply pillages society in the right of the stronger. It is foolish to mistake this unchartered enemy for the intentional plot of a capitalist class against labor. The master who pays his workman the lowest pittance, or tries to control his vote by driving him out of employ, has no special war against labor as such. Will he not starve out his fellow-capitalists as well, or swallow them up as readily as he does his workmen, when they stand in his way ? And as for those, on the other hand, who would have capital stripped of all opportunity and control, and brought under the rule of manual labor as the only productive force, and as entitled to all the fruits of production, — what would *they* too be likely to do with the rights of weaker laboring men, could they thus despoil property and wield its powers ? Their cry of "Down with capital" is the raving of men befooled by the very greed they charge all capital with, organizing for their destruction. What but mischief comes of blind choice and blind rejection, "Down with this," and "Up with that," impelled by the fiercest of despots that can sway manners and wield the liberties and laws ?

The interests of labor can be advanced only by what is done in the interest of the whole of society, and with fair estimation of all the elements of pro-

ductive movement. It is to be presumed that with the exception of those who live by speculating in fictitious values, or who live as mere drones by the toil of others, the only unproductive classes,—everybody is more or less sensitive to the status of labor, and feels, more or less consciously, the harm that befalls every component force in the process of industry. No abuses in the supposed interest either of accumulated wealth or of manual labor can give just ground for disparaging the public uses that flow from both these elements. The broadest appreciation of uses alone can correct all abuse; a reconciling spirit whose war is only against the common foe.

Schemes, for instance, to drive large capitalists out of any fair field of employment for wealth, or artificially to bar out labor that seeks that field, do not solve the problem of false proportion between the price of food and the price of labor. Our help must come from the science and the experience that can make it clear to all reasonable persons, how mischievous to the whole community are railroad monopolies and food speculations, holding back products from their natural markets, enormously raising their cost to the consumer; high tariffs that enhance the cost of production, and so diminish the market for the product; large land grants to monopolists; general overtrading, stimulated by the powers of machinery into such fluctuation of prices as to drive all profit from the channel of fair distribution, into that of self-preservation in the competitive strife; dishonest trading by stock or gold gamblers, in the hopes and fears of all classes; and the want of coöperation among laborers to hold and work capital equitably, and to educate labor to a skill which shall command, as

skilled labor always will, a high reward. And these real causes of the false relations between the prices of food and labor being duly recognized, the cure comes in a common effort, wisely distinguishing what can come by legislation from what cannot, to remove them as foes to the common good ; not as if a laboring class only were ordained to get the benefit of the reform, nor with the aim to put down, or to despoil, any of those elements on which all depend. By this spirit, which we believe is destined to work its way to triumph, the scope of industrial reform will be widened to match the magnitude of the evils that now threaten us. It will tell alike on laborer and money-holder, in ethical as well as in political directions. Its programmes will not stop in schemes for enforcing short hours and high wages for those who are already employed upon terms that give them vantage to demand better : they will look to the starvation wages of thousands of sewing-women, and the miserable pay of female labor generally ; to the friendlessness of young immigrants into cities where labor is uncertain and fluctuating ; to the threatening increase of the sum of ignorance, intemperance, and squalid living. It will pursue and punish the reckless disregard of physiological laws which packs laborers into unventilated rooms or exhausts them in unhealthy forms of toil, or exposes them to perilous surroundings without such precautions against disaster as science can afford. It will bring to bear on the murderous dens of drunkenness and infamy that flourish under the assaults of law, the infinitely stronger batteries of labor as a public sentiment and a personal force of example and of aid. It will make war upon ignorance of physical and econom-

ical laws, upon loose, unhealthy, wasteful habits; upon the unthrift that is the father of vice and the dupe of political jugglery. It will stop the shameless gains of tenement speculators by providing cheap and healthy lodging-houses for the poor, opening easy paths to the ownership of real estate. It will press everywhere the claims of home; and facilitate in every way the taste for those domestic duties and interests that lead men to steady work and steady saving; and propagate the ambition, not to break down capital as a fraud and a foe, but to *possess* it as the means of personal culture and public service. And in view of an unprecedented political corruption which no mere party changes can improve, it will insist on making office the permanent reward of worth and fitness instead of the carcass for unclean creatures to prey on, to the nation's undoing. It will understand that of all follies there can be none greater than that of intrusting the task to office-seekers who skillfully work up the public sense of official misconduct, loudly proclaiming their own all-sufficiency; and whose sweeping assaults on the representatives of the people are of course mere contumely of the people themselves. For this is but to call on Scylla to save us from Charybdis. That well-meaning reformers should vote men into office whom they do not respect, in the belief that their abilities can thus be made available, and that policy alone will bind them to prefer the public good to schemes of private ambition, — is sheer trifling with the life of the State. How can there be any more public security than there is private virtue, known and trusted with affairs? If you cannot find this, and must commit yourselves to the chances of politic

good behavior from the opposite quality, it is a confession that all is lost. They who teach that the question of the motives and convictions of a candidate is of small account compared with his probable uses for a particular end, because we are not to look for saints in politics, demoralize all who believe them, and deal death to those ideals on which our liberty depends. God may utilize all qualities. But is the political manager "a special providence" to save the nation, after he has taught it not to inquire what men purpose, if they will but promise to execute its will?

The ideal aim of labor is to identify itself with every form of personal and public culture; to represent the fullness of productive life; the brain and heart and arm of civilization. It is worse than time wasted to classify the friends and foes of this work by parties or programmes: the point of moment is the quality of individual life. Justice to labor is the finest of the fine arts; the art of justice itself, and honor and love; it is large appreciation and faithful performance; the art of loyalty to the best and of service to the whole. It is the light that sees and the love that shares. What signify political combinations beyond the amount they contain of that true personality in men and women, which alone renders the social atmosphere fit for breathing? To what end will you concentrate rapacity and multiply waters of bitterness? It is no less than crime in labor reformers to promise their followers immense gains from laws and regulations about labor, while yet never daring to tell them plainly that there shall be no more relief to the poor in demanding and making such laws than what they themselves render pos-

sible by their contribution of qualities which political management or class ascendancy cannot give. In the interest of the whole, let it be insisted that our republican watchword, "The dignity of labor," shall have rational meaning. And let us stand at the outset upon this conviction. Crass ignorance, exclusiveness in rich or poor, democratic or aristocratic; coarse and sensual habits; the arts of demagogues, and that love of flattery and worship of noisy self-assumption which gives them following; a blind antagonism to whatever commands special advantages in the competition for wealth, — all ways, in short, that unfit for appreciating a generous culture of the tastes and sympathies, and for respecting, even if one does not understand, the functions of art, science, religion, discredit one's cry for "honor to labor," and for "the rights of labor," and unfit him to stand as its champion or to advocate its cause.

The large and free recognition of uses, visible and invisible, moral, intellectual, social, and on one level for both sexes and every race, is labor's true capital, and capital's real labor. Issue this currency far and wide; it will not depreciate, like greenbacks, by increase; it will not heap like gold in gambling and monopoly. Maintain this sole guarantee of personal freedom and culture, amidst the mechanism of consolidation, which, without it, would suppress them altogether. Join hands, all parties, on this, the education of a free people to the spirit that civilizes, not barbarizes; lifting the weak and blind with all the leverage of its united vision and strength, and calling forth every brain and hand to the self-supporting work that redeems and dignifies man.

Let me say in closing that I hold free labor in

America to be the true emancipation of religion. It has nobler function than to subserve the blind destructive reaction on all intuition and faith, against whose leadership the great soul of Mazzini was obliged to warn the labor reformers in his Young Italy. It means what America means,—not an enforced labor creed, but the integral culture of humanity. To honor constructive labor is to associate the normal exercise of every faculty with what deserves *highest* honor; in other words, with religion. And so religion becomes natural, human, unmonopolized, secular. It teaches man no longer the old self-contempt as a gift by supernatural grafting, or miraculous interference, or by special mediatorial book, church, sect, seasons, forms that disparage life itself; but self-respect as the voice of his familiar instincts, insights, energies, in the constancy of universal law. What could effect such deliverance but free labor's endowment of the whole human capacity with a sacred purpose and authority? "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," says the Jesus of John. That is very grand: nothing perhaps grander in the New Testament. But this is grander still,—for *man* to say, *as man*, as a people, as human faculty in the broadest application, "God worketh and I work." Make religion as broad, as practical, as natural as labor, and religion for the first time in history stands on universal principles, and humanity can become one with God.

THE LAW OF THE BLESSED LIFE.

ONE of the profoundest thinkers and noblest men of modern times, the German Fichte, has said, "Will to be what thou oughtest to be, what thou canst be, and what therefore thou wilt be:—this is the law of the Higher Morality as well as of the Blessed Life."

Here is one of the immortal texts in that larger Bible of humanity, of which no race monopolizes the making, and whose canon is never closed. We will try to find to-day what it reports about the substance of character.

Far down in the foundations, beyond dogmas, beyond all methods and procedures of religious training, lies the question of natural religion: "Have you resolved to be what you ought to be, what it is becoming to be?"

The beginning of all faith and of all ethics,—this alone is indispensable. We are not blindly to insist that all shall find the same spiritual path. One shall have his agonies and convulsions; another shall grow by insensible renewals and perpetual new birth like the unfolding of a tender germ into a stately flower, or a broad-domed tree. We must recognize that Wisdom which treats the state of human character as aptly as Nature clothes the sensitive seed, but lays bare the tougher spore. But

there is one universal necessity. Never in this world did life open into reality for any one till *duty* became commanding to the will.

The preacher preaches on the fallacy of the maxim, "Act right and all will come right." "Not at all," says he. "It is all vain without faith in the atonement." But he does not show that character has any necessary connection with that faith, because he cannot. Is it not plain that a religion, which floods the land with its Bibles, tracts, magazines, conventions, and has its armies of professors, and yet has to acknowledge that living rightly is in no sense its prime condition of salvation, is lacking in some fundamental element of spiritual power? Manifestly.

There is not a step in the popular processes of conversion and salvation which may not be got by, without once willing that, come what may, one will be what he ought to be, what it is becoming for him to be. The pure and simple principle of duty, as duty, has properly no place in the scheme. It contemptuously supplants natural religion, as if one might boast of cutting off his own legs and arms, that he might the better use wax wings tied on his shoulders.

How often a truth seems commonplace just because it has not been looked in the face squarely, so as to be recognized, at all. It is the rarest thing to be simple and see directly into the heart of things. For the question with that popular process is, "What shall I do to be saved?" The command of the moral being is, "Will to be what thou oughtest to be." How vast the difference! Personal interest there, impersonal reverence for duty here. While one is bent on what is called securing an interest in salva-

tion, absolutely he does not as yet realize what the word duty means. He is still in the "beggary elements." Duty means the essential allegiance of the man to his own proper integrity as in accord with the spiritual universe. What the consequence of following the right with loyalty may be, it may not know nor ask. "There is a sweet and holy blindness in its love, even as there is a blindness of life, yea, and of genius, in moments of productive energy."

"Stern Lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footstep treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh
and strong."

To save their souls, men will grovel before a wrath that would destroy them; perhaps they are doing what their condition prompts. But he who sets this up as the normal rule for spiritual growth, simply shuts out from men beforehand the living countenance of duty itself. One may abominate himself to the top of his doctrinal bent, but self-contempt shall be self-contempt still. Nothing shall come of him till he begins to respect himself, and the natural resources on which he is to draw for better living.

If there can be no inspiration in the thought of the vileness, or impotence of one's nature, neither is the next step in the popular process of religious culture, faith in a prescribed personal authority, a recognition of duty. It abolishes the liberty on which duty rests. "I will" has nothing to do with "thou

shalt"! To will means distinctly and definitely, "not to be compelled," but to act voluntarily. Moral volition comes when one undertakes to be loyal to the law of spiritual being as the *liberty* of his own human being; when he looks beyond his own interests to what is right and fit in itself and therefore in him,—to what is presented to his free mind independently of prescribed plan or official authority, past or present. It is unworthy of a thoughtful mind to echo the old dictum, that Judaism is the law of bondage, and Christianity the gospel of liberty, though the latter may be a step to it. The gospel of liberty knows no prescribed name nor organized confession.

The questions with which authoritative theology bids one occupy his mind are these two: "What shall I believe," and "What shall I do?" The law of duty goes deeper and demands, "What ought I to be?"

The conscience involved in thinking about what one ought to do is rudimentary only: made the permanent and supreme rule for life, it yields but the mole's eye, groping along from point to point with the sight which takes note where one is, what is about one, and what the business of motion properly is. It comes as near as we can get to the Darwinian idea of a moral sense, namely, an accumulation of judgments about phenomena.

It is always busy with this or that particular obligation to-day, to-morrow, as the theological convert is busy in complying seriatim with the terms of salvation; but what the true test of duty itself may be, what shall save one from making obligations out of points of taste, desire, interest, prejudice, fear, superstition,—this wants, first of all, an eye for being, for

the substance of character, not a zeal for doing. It wants a rounded organ of vision, wide open, looking straight at life as a whole.

The items of conduct are ciphers. What a difference it makes whether you run your ciphers on at the right of the unit or set them down without the unit! The unit is being, character, personality. To have a thirst for what is real, that will not be satisfied with mere doing or appearing, and cares only for having the substance of life, in place of shadow and phantasm, — this is all that makes the busiest work tell. What are mere heaps of things done? What is all this running, shouting, and plying the hands up and down? We are all the time doing; we all fill up time somehow, if it be only, as it often enough is, to tangle up the skein of our lives with the hurry of winding. But if we float on the mere stream of these details, even of what is called "doing good," we are mere running streams, not persons, at all. The fair bargains, civil behaviors, the almsgivings, organized charities, essential parts of civilization itself, may, so far as concerns personal being, be mere mechanism in social machinery. What is called "working Christianity" runs into this exaction of special demands, this mechanical multiplicity that crazes the brain, unfitting it for thinking clearly and freely, and corrupts the motive with its competitive statistics of doings; measuring virtue by the yard-stick of popularity and numbers, enslaving character one way to carry its good objects another, as your great fairs institute gambling to feed hungry mouths.

One action that springs from the will to be what is becoming, is the descent of a higher life into this

mass of managing virtuosity; our Adam stands among the dead stones and dumb creatures; and with the birth of the Man, the world and what is therein begin to be named and judged, and to have their real estimates and uses. It is instantly revealed how much or little of this conformity and this mechanism in the details of conduct lacks the moral values.

Shall we not say this; — we get no true character till we have learned definitely to choose between being and seeing, and to wait till time and the logic of events shall justify us in eyes which perhaps it is very hard to be misread by now? We are surfeited with exhortations to Christian love as the condition of good repute, which lack the self-respect of heathen philosophy. "Dare not trip before yourself," says Montaigne. Plutarch tells us of a certain Roman, who put reality above reputation to that degree that when a workman offered for five talents to cover up certain parts of his house which lay exposed to the view of his neighbors, he answered, "I will give you ten to make my whole house so transparent that the whole city may see how I live." So there is recorded of the Spartans a law expressive of the same reverence for the rights of being over seeing, to the effect that, whenever a bad man offered a good piece of advice in the Senate, a good man should be at once called on to take the discovery to himself and to propose the motion. All men despise pretense in others, the attempt to pass for what one is not. Hear *Æschylus's* description of *Amphiaraus*, a Greek seer: "He wielded a fair orb'd shield, yet without device thereon; for he wished not to seem, but to be righteous, reaping fruit from the deep furrow in his soul, from which sprout forth his divine counsels. Against

this champion it were best to send only divine antagonists. A dread adversary is he who reveres the gods."

Doing and being; what a difference between them! And how little apprehended! The old Hebrew history is repeated in the youth of to-day. Leviticus and Deuteronomy await him; prescription in business, politics, education, religion; things to be done, rules for doing them. We have thrown off Old World lordships and respects, and everybody is after his rights and making his protest; and yet our boasted equality is a domination by public desires, opinions, tendencies, fashions set by the drift of the masses and their leaders, practically as monarchical as Russia, as exacting as Leviticus. The Church has her panacea, which she calls "getting religion." In all this pharmacy of social drugs and specifics, the real gospel of free choice, the art of being what it is becoming to be, shall be hard enough to come at. Yet if this art be not found, one shall exhaust the commercial Leviticus, and the political Deuteronomy on top of that, and the religious canon beyond that, yes, the organized charities even, good as many of their intentions are,—and it shall all be to "fill his bosom with the east wind." Pour water into a sieve, plant sticks in a desert, sow chaff in the furrows of your plow, and as much will come of it, as from the poor dray-horse life of blind conformity to prescriptive tasks set your free citizen of Church and State by the managers of the hour.

Even a child, while he must be subject to definite commands, deserves to have respect shown to the principles of moral self-government in him. He can be shown that the commands look beyond the mere

act of obedience to some relation of his will to what it should honor and love; in other words, to being, beyond the doing. Of every true parent the yearning is, "My child, give me thy heart"; I am not content you should merely do what I command; I would have you wish for yourself to be what you ought, and let me help you to this." And if the child has a right to the earliest possible impression, that the life is in what we are, not in what we do or seem, has not the grown-up child need of the same thing as conviction?

He has before him continually the spectacle of successful shams and ill-bestowed offices and rewards; honors for lip or hand services, however impurely, insincerely, sensationally done.

"Is, then, the world," the youth asks, "anything more than an instrument for the cunning to play upon with these well-reputed functions and conformities?" Do not the free citizens clamor for sensation novels, newspaper, pulpit, gossip of personalities; vote ideas a bore and thinking about principles puritanic? Man is plainly on the stump in this age and country at least, vending his wares and begging for patronage. See how the mass winks at the ill-doings of each member, conscious of participating in the ignoble arts it has to detect when they are past concealment. Is there any reward for scrupulous honor outside the delicate conscience itself; and what does that pass for in public life, where it is taken for granted that services rendered the best cause look to office as pay?

All this the youth of this land are taking note of. It is certainly not the whole of life, by any means; but it is too palpably true, so far as it goes. It is

what will impress any one who is not armed with self-respect enough to condemn the policy of mere "success;" and, if he lacks the finer sense, he may come to look up to the social habits and religious methods that minister to this state of things with the pride of a lackey in his livery. Let a young person, then, know how to be a fanatic at least in one thing, — his *self-respect*! Let him be competent to stand so wholly upon what he is, rather than on what he is thought to be, that he is prepared to understand the Greek orator, Phocion's question, when he found the whole people applauding his speech: "Why, what then have I said that is wrong?" Let him appreciate Socrates' answer, when told that the people spoke ill of him: "Not at all, it is not of me they speak; there is nothing of me in what they say." Let him be thoroughly persuaded that what is not real is really nothing; and, careless of praises won by actions that minister to men's interests alone, live firm in the faith that, — true nobility is,

"Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand, and body, and blood,
To make his bosom-counsel good.
For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true."

I. "Will to be what thou oughtest to be!" Will! Theology has much to say of the worthlessness of mere willing, at least in the first steps. Well, we all know that God must do it, if we mean by that name the moral and spiritual power that is working in every human faculty to ends beyond its sight or force. But it is we must do the willing, if our first

steps are to be good for anything; and that is itself the very way in which God acts in us. There is no self-mastery, till that same concentrated force of purpose or love of an ideal which man applies to what he most desires, is brought to bear on character. The same earnestness that makes the successful soldier, speculator, pioneer, makes the hero and the saint in this other sphere; only it is turned another way, set on another key. What say the practical proverbs? "The gods help those that help themselves." "Pray to fortune with your hands at work." "To breathe in the flute is not to play; you must move your fingers." In short, the will is the man in action, as the soul is the unconscious deep of resource on which it is to draw. No growth, indeed, without these secret, often unimagined, unsought, resources, never yet sounded nor explored by man. But it is always the will that makes them operative for character. What have you done with your will? What is it about? That is the first question. So much money, so much skill, so much visible mastery, so much work-power and claim on others, it has achieved? Well, then, has it, or has it not, left the real personality to pine and starve?

II. "Will to be what thou oughtest to be." This is the inspiration, the motive power in character. "What thou canst be,"—this is the measure that interprets duty; for all things of value are interpreted by a measure, and limit is the ground condition of all form, all order, all beauty, all freedom, all growth. What we ought to be is what we can be, not more nor less. Our opportunity determines it, and in respect of this, duty and development are one. If we speak of duty to God, we can properly mean

nothing else than what we owe to our own moral, physical, intellectual, spiritual growth. Our Divine calls are just our faculties; every one is a nearer "Way, Truth, Life," than any book or person.

Our duty to mankind is the same; for whatever is in us to be or do, has its function in society, and would not be in us if it were not needed there. That every one should have opportunity to be what he can be, and so fulfill his duty in its largest sense, is then the true end of social custom, law, manners. Whatever suppresses one aspiration for culture, weakens the power of duty, the inspiration of life, the freedom of religion which is liberty to be what we can be.

If it shall seem to any that this is a truism which no one denies, I ask him to consider when there was ever a church, whose creed so defined the purpose of religion, — as the full development of human nature, in each and every one, in accordance with his capacities, and their relations with the Infinite of truth and good? There was never a time when some human force, in man or woman, for art, science, natural affection, physical culture, love of nature, free inquiry, political self-government, practical humanity, or personal heroism, was not under the ban of the instituted religion; did not have to wage battle with it in the interest of mankind. It has taken eighteen hundred years of instituted Christianity, I will not say to bring out, since that is the work of many causes, but to permit a really universal form of religion to appear; and then a new continent was necessary for the new races in order to justify man as against traditional churches of authority, to say to each of us, "Be and do the best that is in you. Your nature is not botch-work, nor deception, nor

condemnation and curse, nor pitiful subservient creeping before a political catch-word or a popular name, nor aimless force. Leave not a talent buried; waste none in flippancy; trample none out under animal hoofs. Be what you can be, not as functionary, but as personal force in face of the facts of the world."

"What thou canst be." This does not mean the impossible, nor the unlimited. It means growth; not a fixed and final perfection to be reached; not accomplishment to-day or to-morrow; rather a path where hindrance can be made help; but where miracle, or interference with the conditions, would be fatal. Its law is, "Make the most of your actual foothold; let it bring out courage and enthusiasm." Its warning is not against limited spheres, but against complicated ones; for the very secret of power is to know how much may be effected with the nearest materials. Power is in concentration; weakness is in dissipation, distraction of forces. As for doing, we are all strong enough to do something well; but none of us are strong enough to do all things well, nor yet, while reaching out over near opportunities neglected, to fulfill what lie farther off. Wisdom is to know one's proper limits and conditions. "Nature," said Goethe finely, "can what she wills, because she wills what she can." "Be ye perfect," was the precept of a saint; but it were no wise philosophy to make it mean, "be past improvement." Rather let it read, "whatever your means, hold them to be worth your best endeavor." If there is one thing we cannot get over nor put by, it is nature's question, "Have you complied with my conditions, accepted my disciplines?" Genius has to do that. "Wisdom," says

the Apocrypha, "at the first will walk with a man by crooked ways, and bring fear and dread upon him, and torment him with her discipline until she have tried him by her laws; then will she return the straight way unto him and show him her secrets." There can be no demoralization worse than the self-indulgence that seeks great rewards without paying the honest price in sacrifices, disciplines, consecrations.

So, then, "will to be what thou canst be" means "be what will make the best of your materials." They asked the painter Guido where he found models for his grand human heads. The artist called in a porter who was passing by, and drew a copy of his bust, in which you could plainly discern the man, yet where every capacity was turned to highest account. See what a queenly circle of rosy petals the sun knows how to draw from a clumsy, coarse cactus. Pare off the turf from under old, dead, dry castle walls, and choice seeds are found ready to blossom out. The artesian well proves that every spot in the desert has a possible oasis latent a few feet below the hot surface-sands. "There are conditions so sad," said Jean Paul Richter, "that there would seem to be no chance of lighting them; as no rainbow is possible where it rains over the whole sky." And yet every condition has its own ideal best. Common life passes the dreams of poets, let any one turn his thoughts in on the mysteries of his lot, its compensations, its unexpected, unpledged resources:

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers!"

What one cannot do, is often plain enough; what he cannot be, is often also but too palpable. But,

when all else fails, comes trust in the hidden reinforcement behind the wits or the will.

“ See yon drifting bark is nearing,
But, alas, the helmsman fails.
Cheerily on, though, never fearing,
Wind of heaven shall fill the sails.
Summon all thy faith and daring;
Heaven will pledge no helping hand.
Trust some wondrous angel’s bearing
Thee to yon bright wonder-land.”

“ Will to be what thou oughtest to be,” and how to will “ what thou canst be ” will come plainer. One will put himself in the best opportunity ; seek the friendships that enforce him to be sincere with himself and others ; and goad him to industry, courage, desire. He will not stagnate in his place. If it cannot serve his conscience, nor consist with his honor, he will straightway out of it, if he must feed on crusts. But the true way is to change place only by outgrowing it. Under that condition it is ten to one the place will match the man, and refuse to be outgrown. Wherever one is, the finest twigs and leaflets of work shall be filled out with honesty like that which Nature puts into the elms and pines that make the mountains solemn and the roads stately and fair. To be one’s best self in whatever one does, — this is politics, and manners, and society, and religion. If it is fit one should be where he is, it is fit that his whole self-respect should be there also. I suppose the test of self-respect is to dare confess one’s limits. Stand for what you are and can do, and for nothing else ; there you shall be a king, elsewhere and otherwise, sooner or later, a poltroon. Great and little are in the man, not in the business. Where one has earned good understanding with the

laws of his own conscience and capacity, there is his throne.

To me the most astounding fact is the comparatively small number of men who know how to conceive an abstract principle; who know what you mean when you speak of duty as distinguished from duties, or of honor as distinguished from honors, or of right as distinguished from rights. I call the condition to which this tends, in any one, moral idiocy; and, so long as a mind is in that condition, though it have the cunning to heap up millions, it is the mere rudiment of a mind, and less than the rudiment of a conscience. For all rational thought and high purpose depend on the sight and love of principles. And when I say that the number of persons who are cultivating this perilous contempt of abstractions of principles apart from tangible facts and details is so enormous as to control public tastes and interests, I simply point to the moral mischief of an education which is coming more and more to teach a community not to think, but only to calculate and crave. So ebbs the divine tide of reason and culture to-day; by and by, surely, there will be reaction, and the grander wave will come flooding in.

III. "Will to be what thou oughtest to be," this is the inspiration of conduct. "What thou canst be," this is the measure. "What, therefore, thou wilt be," this is the guarantee. Confidence in the tendencies of life behind all the degeneracies, because these are under penalties that in the long run will make man conform to the right order; and because, when you will to be what you ought and what you can, you are in the line of success, and may trust your spiritual eye as a sound and healthy organ which sees the world as

it is, and points out to you what is worth seeking and having. The rock on which religion, morality, intelligence, stand is *faith in the best*, — a sense of affinity with it, of inherent inalienable unity with it, of its real being and indispensable necessity. What we need is to enlist in the service of the best purposes that class of sentiments which draw the lovers to their beloved, the artist to his ideal, the conqueror to his star, the wanderer to his home, — unchangeable affinity, natural attraction, pride in constancy to that for which we are made. Nothing but this will conquer temptation; for this is master of the field before it comes, and orders it off by right of eminent domain. If there be a dream or a hope in you that makes life look richer and nobler, lay your hand in that, just as you would in the open hand of God. Seek those who neither mock nor distrust it. Believe that others would seek it if they knew it as it is; that they are, in blind ways, if in no other, groping after it now. There is a lesson in the power of a fanatic to make others believe what is dear to him. But what no fanatic could do with you, this desired integrity, honor, purity, helpfulness, has done; it has made you say, "This, which I ought to be, is what, therefore, I shall be. How should I recognize it to be becoming, if I were not made for it? So true is the old Stoic maxim, 'None can have thoughts of God, unless he were of the nature of God.'"

I think a good man's hopes and dreams are like real objects seen far off on the road before you, growing greater and clearer as the distance narrows. How true that the highest prophecy is but pale foregleam of what is to come! Shakespeare saw fairy girdles laid swift as thought round the globe. Now thought

itself moves on such real girdles to make the universal spirit of our age. In the old Buddhist mythologies you read of ages of creation counted by the millions; of worlds piled on worlds, past power of figures to express. Christian Bibliolatry had its long day of contempt for all this Pagan imagining. Now come geology and astronomy, with telescope, microscope, calculus, record of life and of rocks, to make the old vision more than good. In such fulfillments we recognize the spirit that dwells in history and makes man's life one continuous whole, — end contained in beginning, deep answering deep. But do we think moral prophecy less real? As mythology said, "What ought to be is," so prophecy says, "What ought to be shall be." Buddha, Confucius, Moses, Jesus, trusted their dreams of social unity. Ages pass; and now what applications, uses, meanings, come for those principles of theirs of which they could not have conceived, and of which what they did conceive found so little faith in their days?

Shall the universal law that guarantees such dreams of humanity have no assurance for personal ideals? Have men no prerogative of progress beyond the lower forms of life? Nature does not guarantee normal growth to every tree or bud. How many flowers perish before seed-time! How much of nature remains but an intention! But if man has not immortal years to grow in, it is a strange irrationality, at least, that a being who can see the values of life, who can be conscious of unused powers and possibilities, who can and does participate in principles and truths over which death flits only like a passing cloud, and which it would seem amazing waste should suffer annihilation, — I say, it seems

a piece of irrationality, at least, that such a force should have no part in this immortality which it sees and knows. And if we have an immortality to work in, what prophecy of personal growth need fail?

But suppose that cannot be proved. Is truth less true, is law less sovereign, is ideal right less the goal of human progress, because its fulfillment comes in the life of mankind, and not of individual men? Still must we trust it, though we achieve only the power to trust, and love it; whatever becomes of us, it is no less truth and right and law. But wisdom is justified of her children. Her disciplines are personal achievement, are personal fulfillment. It is not for us to pray that the noble purpose shall bring the peace and power it needs. *It is* peace, *it is* power; and there is no other success possible. Two things are of moment. *Choose* the path of honor. Choose the *nearest, straightest* path of honor. One may hold on to his choice, and yet follow it by winding paths, and pay heavy penalties for it; for waste, leakage, break-downs, it shall cost what we choose to pay. Yet over all stands forever the handwriting of nature, — the word of God: "The right way is the blessed way." Will, then, to be what you ought; and the tread of your feet on that track shall be lighter at once, and purer air and brighter sky shall greet you, guiding stars come nearer, events offer sympathy, hands reach for help. And every instant of fidelity and endeavor is health and growth and joy.

"The Future hides in it
Good hap and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us, — onward.

And solemn before us
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal : —
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

But heard are the voices, —
Heard are the sages,
The worlds and the ages :
' Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you,
In eternity's stillness ;
Here is all fullness,
Ye brave, to reward you ;
Work, and despair not.' "

GAIN IN LOSS.

PHILOSOPHY is generally supposed to deal in thinking hard, rather than in living well. It is held to be a science not for the many, but for the few. Nothing is more common than to refer to it in a matter-of-course way, as far inferior to what is called a humble, unquestioning faith in accredited messenger or inspired book. I hold the exactly contrary view. I hold that a true religious philosophy, or philosophy of religion rather, is not only the need of every one who is not too great nor too little to be confronted by the facts of life, but that it is the vital essence of all strength to meet these facts. The "heathen" judged wisely when they gave the name to all moral and spiritual wisdom whatever, and defined virtue as the practice of philosophy. How to grow by what would seem to defeat and dwarf us was the problem of the best ancient philosophy,—surely the noblest of problems; and it was because thoughtful and earnest men really solved that problem in conduct as well as theory that they came to call philosophy the science of living as well as thinking right. And it is very clear to me, not only that men like Aurelius, Seneca, Plato, Epictetus, whose maxims have come down to us, full of strength and cheer, did personally get at

those precepts by a noble experience, but also that they met their lot in quite as manly and successful a way as the best reputed Christians do. Are not the facts of life which thoughtful people have had to meet, to account for and make the best of, essentially the same in all times, under all religious names, or under no religious names? Life is life, the same laws and relations always; and therefore there is always the same grand first necessity for faith in it and in them, a faith which is in fact the instinctive sense of our natural human resource, none the less true because it is an assumption, and we know not how we come by it. Science itself rests on assumptions. Now the basis of the philosophy of life in all ages is simply a sublime assumption, as familiar to Socrates as to Fénelon or Paul,—that the universe means our good, that our destiny is in best hands.

This is the substance of that faith in self-renunciation, in which philosopher and saint agree,—triumphal song of all freedom and progress since the world began. It is simply a law of right reason as seen by man's ideal eyesight, namely, that one should not ultimately lose anything which it is essential to the good of each and all that he should keep. Whatever things can be taken from him then will, in going, but bring the value and security of this highest ownership to light. This hold we have on our own ideal personality is indeed the only real estate for the richest of us. Our science of property and production needs infusion of the spirit of that invincible old Stoic, of whom Plutarch says that, when he had lost his country and his family in the destruction of Megara, himself escaping hardly and

naked out of the flames, he said, "I have saved all my goods, — my justice, my courage, my temperance, my prudence. I have lost nothing; for all I could call my own I had about me." It required a devout faith that the order of destiny was on his side so to lift up his heart with manly trust. And the somewhat rough counsel of another of these Stoics, "Turn thy face about, and shut up every avenue to happiness," I must think, after all, a more believing creed than the Paleys and the Poor Richards offer, — a sharp rebuke to the craving for self-gratification that is so much preached and practiced as the best religion and highest morality, now as it was then. In an age of refined sensibilities these maxims seem harsher than they did to their authors. But they contain that indispensable measure of the meanings of loss and gain, income and outgo, by the real laws of human life, which constitute freedom and success, — a larger faith, I think, than most of the recognized and orthodox ways of believing in God and immortality show to-day.

Loss in the divine economy is the condition of gain, and growth proceeds by deprivations; just as in mounting a ladder or a hill, every point is reached by the withdrawal of what we rested on before. If the mineral kept its coherence, how could it mount up in the sap, and shape the fine tissues of grass and flower? If the grass did not wither, how were the animal structure fed? Nature loved her giant tree-ferns, a million ages ago, her pterodactyls, her coral insects, but she dropped them that her nobler man might come. She is not so stricken with delight in her handsomest forms that she cannot let them go for an invisible better. If you saw the chrysalid

for the first time, knowing not of the butterfly that should come, you would not want that snug nest, those folded wings, that perfect rest, disturbed. But nature bursts and flings it away, as one tired of it; and there is an angel hovering out of the beautiful tomb. There can be no exception to this law of growth in the human and personal spheres.

The changes that will not let the best of us alone are the stir of our opportunity. To prove our limits to be our liberties, — this is the sweetest triumph, this the eternal gospel, this the true reading of fate and providence, the right use of nature. We all want freedom. But we achieve it in proportion only as we dare abstain from wishing overmuch for what we cannot hold by any essential ownership. Sovereignty is within. Master your cravings, and you cannot then be subjugated. The rare achievement of life is to be able to say of every desire, "This, O heaven, if it is best; but if it is not best, then not this, but what is best." This is prayer, this only, this aspiration to freedom, this devotion to an ideal which no private insistence of desires must be permitted to foreclose.

"Freedom," says Epictetus, "is not procured by full enjoyment of what is desired, but by controlling the desire. 'Diogenes was free because things hung so loosely on him that there was no way of getting at him to enslave him.' " Are not what we call the vicissitudes of life, on the whole, nature's gradual compulsion of us — our own nature's — into a certain detachment, adequate to prevent enslavement to fears of losing, or despair at having lost, the objects of our desire; a gradual compulsion, not such as to deaden our enthusiasm, or crush our affections, by proving

them transitory; not tending to make us love the less or hope the less, but enforcing control of this over-eager grasping and absorbing of the soul; saving us from the fate of Hercules in the legend, whose tunic, dipped in the poison of too passionate desire, so cleaved to him that it carried his life with it when it was torn away?

In the passage of our life, this saving wisdom is pressed further and further home to us. Not enjoyment of any profit or of any pleasure we have desired gives the pure feeling of success, but this rather: that when what we pursue delays to come, or what we cling to fails, we are found free spirits still, able to be self-sustained, brave against odds; able through our renunciation to reach powers upon higher levels, that compensate for loss upon the lower.

Not freedom only, but completeness of growth, maturity in breadth and height, all are secured in this way. It is this that stimulates effort. One may not know it at the time, but for every step he gains in personal growth he has had to give up his content with a lower stage, whether it be a complacent or merely a happy content. He never advances to a higher experience but he has surrendered what made the special delight of a lower one. We somehow *pay our way* on these invisible roads. And we pay because, upon the whole, it is infinitely better that we should pay; it is self-respect, and moral sinew, and spiritual joy, — in a word, the *tap-root of our growth*.

What seems an enforced fate is thus the only possible process of freedom. And how wide a ground is here covered! For, as daylight shows but a slender fragment of the universe, and we know not till

we have seen it depart that the spaces around us are full of shining worlds, so our human nature is but an unexplored country, known but in a corner till we have suffered loss of delights we basked in on the shores, as if they were all-sufficient and incapable of change. Without such impulse we shall never climb its heights of vision, nor mine its unsunned wealth of uses, nor draw out its finer harvests of tenderness, nor trace the mystery of its waters to their hidden fountains above our conscious selves. What we are and can do, what others are and need, we can know only by such enforced explorations of our own nature. Only the great lack can open the great resource. I think sometimes that this law is after all the explanation of physical death, and of the utter blindness of our understanding as to all that may lie beyond it. Let us not distrust this total lack of life; wait till it comes, and see what comes of it.

Our finest pleasures are brought in the surprise with which we greet unexpected powers, sprung upon us in the crisis of privation. There is apparently even a *natural* dependence of our satisfactions on some previous sense of loss, just as the delicious thrill of the first spring day comes, in fact, of the restoration of what the winter had withheld. Plato, you know, thought that knowledge is reminiscence, — a recovery of what we have lost; and we may, perhaps, explain in this way the delightful sense of acquiring whatever is worth having. How can we more thoroughly bestir ourselves to seek any high ideal than by esteeming it as something really and essentially our own, which has been kept from us by our own fault or weakness? Ever some form of

loss must condition the sense of gain. What is the ground of inspiration *always* but self-surrender? Renunciation must cleave the path for its fires, in eloquence, in sainthood, in prophecy, in daily heroism and consecration which no pen records; just as in every natural process, it is the breaking loose from old binding conditions that makes possible the incoming of fresh and higher forces; in crystallization, chemical structure, physiological development, health by exercise, music, — in all which a certain self-loosing from fixed atomic positions opens the way to an influx of beauty and power.

From such hints as these, can we hesitate to infer that this is the meaning of what we call loss itself, in the economy of the spiritual universe?

The old Hindu philosophy called everything below God *Mâyâ*, or Illusion. There is a practical truth veiled here we all must learn.

You have seen a little picture of what seems to be a death's head; but which, as you approach it, turns into a pleasant room, and the eyeless sockets become two happy children at play. It is a petty trick of art; but the sublime craft of nature is imaged in it. We cannot comprehend what we call evil, in any form, until we remember the laws of *illusion*. Plutarch counsels, in his treatise on "The Tranquillity of the Mind," that we alter the nature of our misfortunes by putting a different construction upon them. This is not mockery. Doubtless there hides in each a metamorphosis. But we must see what the eye cannot, to find it. You must carry the ideal, the prophecy, in yourself; and you must seek the real there, not in the fixed outward fact. Here lies a dead acorn cup. But if you look at that decay only,

you will not perceive that a living tree will be growing where it fell, or that the same earth that absorbs the shell will invite and feed a warm quick root. If we do not keep the eye quick to detect this new-comer when he shall appear, the eye will grow blind and dead as the dust it cleaves to.

And, as the bodily eye cannot bear to dwell too long on one color, but demands to be relieved by the complementary one in the perfect white ray, so the spiritual organ, or eye of the personality, wastes away when one nurses his calamities, and turns from the refreshment that balances them in the completeness of our spiritual nature. Our eyes would not be made as they are, were not the alternation of colors needful for their health already provided for them in the sunbeam. And so the different moral construction which we need to put on the darkest estate to restore our self-poise is doubtless already involved in the relations of that estate, could we but recognize it, and bound some time to appear therein. Goethe said he never had an affliction he did not turn into a poem.

This philosophy is the salvation that needs no miracle or supernatural messenger, and cannot abide one. It is the quintessence of nature. Just as the date-palm of the desert grows with its head in the "fires of heaven" and its feet in the salt sands, so brave men, by a natural dynamic force, make opportunities out of the severest failures. Frustrate Mazzini with heart-sickening disappointments and delays, and he proves a clear-sighted prophet of the most devoutly noble philosophy, religious and political in one, that the age can conceive. Rome smote into atoms all the temporal ambitions and compla-

cent prophecies of a Semitic race, and there sprung out of that dust of perished hopes a saint, who could say to the desire of kingdoms, *material* at least, "Get behind me, Satan!" and "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

These are just high constructions put on apparent loss, and as natural as they are noble. For did not these brave men find their opportunity waiting for them? They simply saw an eternal fact of nature, waiting its own proper next step, namely, the fact which they must be and could be. They accepted the law forewrit in life itself, that was making the history whereof they were part. They just had their eyes open, and *saw*. What was this high construction of the fate that awaited them but the right reading for themselves, with some approach to truth, of what the providential laws have meant to enforce or effect, not by *their* hard experience only, but by *all* loss and cross? For the best and bravest do but interpret nature more or less wisely, illustrate what experience may involve, in diverse forms, for all men. Where Jesus or another is taken for more than an *illustration* of these saving principles of human nature, the soul of man is desecrated by every word that is lifted in his praise.

The lesson of life is to take the ideal elements of experience to be the great tidal wave of our nature, not exceptional and local attractions in certain persons.

It is a suggestive fact, in this point of view, that we are wont to look *forward* to troubles with fears of what they will inflict, but *back* on them with wonder at what they have saved us from. We ad-

mit that we would not have had it otherwise with us, though misfortune seemed so bad in the passing. We would not exchange our lot with another's; the risk were too great, bright as the change might look in many ways. After all, it is *our own* lot; another's were strange and alien. Personal annoyances and grievances that beset our days have, more often than not, proved to be followers of our star, bringing tributes, — bearers of fortitude, tact, better understanding of surroundings; many a happy surprise and transformation of ugly circumstance came in them. Our needs are God's opportunity, and man's also. The law of the storm is in the soul too. As the lightning shoots from the cloud in its advance, so the rainbow looks back from it, when it has gone by, meeting the sunshine that gleams brightest where our fields are wet with heaviest showers.

And as we wonder when we think what our losses have done for us, so we are as often astonished in discovering what they have saved us from. The ball on the very top of the spire of St. Paul's in London is at the end of a narrow iron neck, and the traveler who has come up to that dizzy height, through that reed literally shaken in the wind, trembles as he feels it vibrate beneath him; yet the vibration is his safety, since the shaft must yield so much or it would break. And so what we dread most in our lot is apt to be but some divine adjustment of our circumstances to save us from the perils of our position. The vibration that threatens everything is a peculiar care. Many a man has been saved by reverses in business from that absorption in riches which turns life to dust. And many a woman has found in the same experience a dignity and

sweetness of which luxury was burying the possibility. The necessity that sent her to some work not usually thought feminine was a path to the enlargement of her whole inward life.

One thinks himself, perhaps, the most unfortunate of beings ; his misfortunes always strike him "in the weakest point," where he was "least prepared for them." Ah, my friend, where should they strike, if they are to secure you? How shall the break-water be kept strong, if the breaches do not warn us where the danger lies? It is with you but as with everybody. Or do you not confide in these adjustments, nor think them in any sense "divine"? At least, are not they as likely to be good as any you would put in the place of them? Are we, then, so wise in what is best? "Have not our very prayers," asks Seneca, "been sometimes more pernicious to ourselves than the curses of our enemies, so that we must pray again to have our former ones reversed?" "Man," says the Koran, "prayeth for evil as he prayeth for good ; for man is hasty."

Let us not think ourselves lost, when a special reliance fails us. Let us rather believe that the sovereignties of law are to weave all things for the best ends. To them is committed our destiny ; that is certain. Let us then be swift to believe that they intend our education and our elevation, and will achieve this as they best can. The status of our life at this moment must at least be the starting-point for the higher issues. What has befallen, then, is what shall and must, by the best use of it, be made to prove best in the end. So to interpret and use it is religious faith.

Do not succumb to any loss as irretrievable. To

win now from it what Heaven will make of it at last is success.

The sweep of these friendly shuttles covers what we bring on ourselves likewise. A vice is indeed a "womb of future pain;" but the pain itself, what is that? It is what befriends, what saves us. The only alternative to an ignoble and useless despair is to interpret all penalty in the light of the truth that loss cannot stay loss, but constantly presses towards conversion into the good it intends.

What then? Does not all this mean Optimism? Certainly it means that all power of growth and service depends, know it or not as we may, on an ideal faith in somewhat all-sufficient, unerring, infinitely wise and tender, inseparable from the inmost of life, bent on our good as we are not, set against our failure as we cannot be. It means that there can in fact be no philosophy of life, no law of good, no belief in duty, no aspiration, but must have such indwelling perfection as being alone reliable to guarantee its word. This only is my God; infinite ground of all finite being; essence of reason and good.

The fault with the popular superstition of special providences is that it does not make Providence special enough, does not make law itself our Providence, does not identify it with the inmost humanity of us and the normal course of things itself, but makes it sit aloof and put in a finger here and there, to secure us happiness, where men's imperfect eyesight cannot detect how what they call the "unaided" laws of nature could have delivered them without it. No, friends! To the laws of nature one event is not more difficult than another; they

are never unaided, for they are themselves aid, and aid only; nor is there one effect of these laws in which dwells not inwardly, however obscurely, the same Care that dwells in any other, let this have brought us what delight it may.

Nor can this be less true of the spiritual than of the material universe. If God is the overruling good that penetrates and moves and guides, that informs and energizes every law of spirit and matter; absent from no instant of life, from no current of experience, from no vicissitude of the lot, then you cannot think, you cannot grieve, you cannot doubt, nor even sin yourself away from this inherent Care that holds every strand of your being, so slender that you know not of its existence, and guides this for the best by a love that is its own eternal necessity.

What then is the sum? To trust in special plan, desire, happiness, gift, or work, as guaranteed by God, as outside care for that one gift or work is inadequate. One word means more and greater. Trust life, — life itself as a whole, as life, and whatever its laws bring. Trust it not because you can understand all it means, but because it is your life and your destiny, and because you are more than understanding or experience, knowing how to honor your ideal. This is to be strong, helpful, and of steadfast cheer. God grant us this: no prayer can ask for more; no power suffice with less.

This philosophy of loss and gain is no substitute for hands and feet. It is the true working faith. No room for a quietism that expects all things will come right of themselves, refusing to see what must be suffered and sacrificed before the common good can be achieved, — no room for this, in an ideal that

exalts those very renunciations which the quietist and the sentimentalist dread to make. Every relation and institution is being tried by fire. And it is only the renunciation, for every function in our life, of all egotistic claims and selfish expectations in the conduct of it that can make the fire a flame of creation, and not destruction. There is no demoralization like the self-idolatry that claims a right to moral and spiritual values without paying the honest price in sacrifices and disciplines. From the spiritist, who thinks he gets the wisdom of Pythagoras or the song of Shelley out of the vaticinations of his medium, to the public manager, who expects to remove deep and wide-spread vices by the rapid manipulation of them with sweeping machinery of votes and laws, there is the same delusion of ignoring those conditions of all growth which lie in personal sacrifice, discipline, toil; in short, in paying the honest price for your object. In a transitional time it is the grand disciplines, essential to progress, that must be welcomed as the path of power. It is just these men try hardest to get over, while they are the substance of the whole.

The penalties which society dreads the most are usually the narrow paths of its escape from dissolution. If, for example, the crash did not follow over-speculation; if trying to pay public debts in a depreciated legal tender did not ruin credit; if trade were not driven to confess higher forces than that of "every man for himself" or "his class;" if prurience and self-pushing, if sensation and noise of numbers, if herding and massing, the high pressure of machinery in Church and State, did not bring their sure penalties, then, indeed, we might well despair of the world, for it would be a farce to speak of jus-

tice, of responsibility, of personality, or of God. The selfish instincts having full swing, the earth would go to the beasts apace. I know it is said that mischiefs are not cured, after all, by the stern lessons of penalty; that nations do not heed them. But the ideas that ferment in modern society prove the contrary. The life of the century, teeming with beneficent purpose, rich in noble enterprise and ideal aim, disproves it. To the woes and pains of nations do we largely owe these better dreams and doings; they are shaped on the forges of salutary penalty. The five years of our civil war were the healthiest, in this sense, of our national existence.

"We ought," says Plato, "to pray for just penalties as the best gifts of the gods." Whenever a divine law rights itself by proving wrong to be wretchedness every good man hails a rainbow that shall overarch the world. The whelming tide wave that carries great ships crashing among the rafters of men's island homes, and the red lava rolling down on Herculaneum or Naples, are appalling; but the water-wall is but gravitation, and the volcano is a safety-valve. If the world-preserving laws could be suspended, in the interest of twenty cities or a hundred isles, we might well be inconsolable, but not at the destruction of even so many as these by the steadfast operation of those laws. And the retributive action of the moral laws is also world-preserving in a higher sense, and a more indispensable one still. But in one thing we may trust. The invariable moral order will treat us according to our need. And it is simply their inherent tendency to the preservation of us that makes them invariable, bring they what they may.

And I fully believe that the storms that have broken in on the childish security and self-indulgence of the American people have already done great good to their spiritual life, little credit as can be claimed for any wisdom or virtue of their own, in the way these storms were met. I believe there is more religion in America of the better sort than ever before; not the religion that is buzzing and swarming about its denominational hives, hanging on the skirts of inherited revelations and the lips of a prescribed divinity, but a deeper experience behind this, which teaches men that a living God rules, from within, this living world and Nature, its garment of beauty and use. I believe that even minds which still cling to tradition are going through a deeper education than the Church affords them. The furrows of its plow are like the wheels of the prophet's vision, that went straight forward whither the Face above them was turned. They are enforced sacrifices of prepossession, interest, instituted form, to the larger life of universal principles and moral sovereignties.

How serious with this significance are all the questions which loom upon us as we look over the rim of what is so plainly an opening epoch! How they all touch the deepest springs of society, test all foundations, pierce to the depths of personality, of faith, and of fear! They are slow to be settled; they front us so formidably because they are but opening phases of yet profounder revolutions. It is because they point beyond themselves that they are so great and bewildering; the prophet always dazzles us by the future he but half reveals.

Thus the Chinese question touches the dark, diffi-

cult problems of labor on the one side, and the great white light of free universal religion on the other. Even the Mormon delusion is but one difficult form in which the question how to guard with purity, equality, and unity the shrine of the family, on which civilization rests, is coming up for solution. The reconstruction question still reaches out into vast undeveloped problems of the relations of races under the laws of their indefeasible brotherhood. The yet unsolved question how to reconcile political equality with respect for the authority that wise and just persons properly possess, to guide the ignorant and rule the unworthy, fronts us at every step in political progress. To what untried experiments and subtle relations of social construction, as well as to what sacrifice of the prejudices of centuries, do the irrefutable claims of woman, social and political, point! And the demands of labor, as yet confounded with the desires and expectations of special self-styled classes, open out into the more bewildering problem of the Organization of Industry; a sea wherein the boldest navigators are glad to take in sail and hug the shore. Again, with what a gigantic hand, material consolidation is pressing on the still undeveloped moral capacity of individuals and nations, with railroad and telegraph that go round the globe, bringing the whole race in infinite detail upon each private brain and heart. Quinet said finely that "if the Church does not convoke them, God holds his Ecumenicals in every age of history." What, then, shall we say of a time when every question and fact you touch is ecumenical, whether in science, in commerce, in politics, or in faith? In reconciling a world-life like this with the culture of the personal

mind and character, how many narrow interests must be abandoned, how many dreams of individual sway and world-management by system and dogma and institution must be surrendered !

Of all this we see neither the end, nor scarce the beginning ; yet we know that the eternal law of gain by loss, of growth by change of form, of inspiration by sacrifice, will glorify the whole. With the day the light, with the road the strength to tread it. It takes longer time to grow by stern discipline than by intuition, by enforcement of moral law than by spontaneity of love ; but what the sweetest saint is learning in his intimacies with the Spirit the nations are earning through their sorrows and their storms.

As the vapors that work in the boiling lava crystallize, as it cools, into lovely forms of sheaves and flowers and finest rays on the walls of its hidden cavities, waiting till the slow frosts and suns or the quick hammer (of the geologist) shall open them to view, so in the hot depths of this fermenting age there have been shaping finer issues than any of us dream of, and coming years will show what delicate structures were organizing in the stirred soul of man, which no eye had noted while the hand of Eternal Order wrought them in the dark.

Grandeur than all failure of wrong recurs without failure the ideal right. Over the rim of the opening epoch we see its unfading sun. Come what may, to each or to all, it is the dignity and the sweetness of life to trust that.

THE SEARCH FOR GOD.¹

THERE is a noble saying of Augustine, which will long outlive his denunciations of human nature as a diabolic power: "Thou hast made us, O God, for thyself; and our souls are restless till they come to thee." It was never more timely than it is now to study the track of this indispensable gravitation which all history confesses; this aspiration of man's religious nature, as subject to its object, to find itself inwardly and essentially one therewith.

For there was never more said than now in criticism of the term "religion," and of what it claims to mean; in the name of faculties, too, that are forever valid. Many intelligent persons are inclined to leave the word out of their dictionary; and there is not merely a great deal of loose denunciation of men as atheists by those who have as blind a horror of theism as they have of atheism, and hardly know any difference between them, but a great deal of equal vagueness and delusion in claiming to be atheist. And I begin by putting in this ancient affirmation in rebuttal at once of the charges and the claims, — "restless till we find God."

But the language must have other meaning than that materialistic one of search after an outward

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object, which makes dogmatic theology such an offense to the best science and speculation of our time.

The deep confession of all human history—it may surely mean this: that we cannot do without believing, in some form, that Life itself, in our inmost identity with it, is pure, all-sufficient wisdom and care; that we all would find Truth, would see Good; never loving error because it is error, never avoiding right because it is right; that liberty comes only in the recognition of moral order and spiritual perfection as the ground of our being and our growth, and in a spontaneous delight in these which proves the human to be vitally divine; that we find ourselves fettered and miserable in disobeying the laws of our physical and moral nature, or offending against the sense we have of what is highest and best. It means that we are bound to learn that only such living as is eternally just and noble has the sovereign powers of our life on its side; that it is only in the ideal we live for, the aspiration to perfection, to see, trust, adore, the best, to become one with it, and even generate it, that we can be really one with ourselves. Now it may not be according to the definitions set forth in catechisms or confessions, nor to the imagery of creative power in the old Shemitic Bible, to call all this the seeking and finding of God. It has nothing to do with “fiat of creation,” nor with “plan of salvation.” Yet it is really the substance of all genuine religious vision and life. And if it were recognized as such, there would probably be an end of many blind charges of atheism that are brought against devout men, and of a great many claims put in by good and true men to be atheists. Moreover, it would greatly encourage us in the hope to see relig-

ion justified, the name itself freed from meanings that repel honest minds, and a better idea prevail of the spiritual capabilities and dispositions of men in general.

In this sense I do not hesitate to affirm, and to urge the belief as of the utmost moment, that there is no one who does not intrinsically desire to find God. There is no one of rational mind who is not restless till he sees truth and does justice, and rests under a perfect care involved in the substance of his being. Let our faults be what they may, we are all in some way or other feeling after life that solves all experience and makes all lives one. We do not want to be cheated out of the highest and best: we want it more than all we have or are. Will such an one pay the price? Yes, if you can make it clear to him that you have brought him what is really a way to that. Take what track he may, God is shaping his experience, and has deeper hold on his tides and currents than all other attractions, after all. We admire the thought that genius "cannot free itself from God." But what is human nature itself but the genius of God?

In view of this inherent necessity, this inner movement, so little understood, of instinct, process, prophecy, — involving inalienable possession of the soul by its own higher relations, — there is no possibility of essential or absolute atheism. Yet there is a negative attitude, conscious or unconscious, towards the really divine in certain directions, which may properly be called *relative* atheism.

And this in two very different forms, whereof the one is speculative, the other practical. But both appear to depend on deficiency of supplies from the

moral element, though in ways carefully to be distinguished from each other. In the one case its failure is scientific, in the other it is personal. In the one it is the intellect that is robbed, in the other the heart and life.

I. Look first at physical science. The crown of civilization is the reverent recognition and use of universal laws. Now, every law of nature should help reveal the essential Providence involved in beauty, order, good. Behind all law is life, which alone constitutes its energy. And so the unities and stabilities which science unfolds in nature should merge nature to our thought in Intelligence, one and perfect. Yet much modern thought about nature calls itself positive science, in virtue, partly, of standing in negative relations towards this very basis on which laws and phenomena rest. According to Mr. Huxley, whom I do not, however, adduce as atheistic, by any means, "it makes no difference whether thought be regarded as a form of matter, or matter as a quality of thought." But it makes a great deal; for without intelligence at the root of things, things become *to intellect* itself the root of intelligence; the mind sees itself as a mere result of material substances; hence a mere finite result, secondary to matter, and created somehow by stock and stone, not divinely surrounding and involving them. Your dream of beauty, your ideal of right, has then to ask authority from mineral and vegetable; your liberty to will, hope, aspire, love, takes limits from the round of physical successions, and waits on the unprogressive rules of unconscious matter. The imagination shall find sanction for its intimations of things unseen and unfathomable nowhere but in the dead ma-

terials it uses feebly to convey these to the outward sense. It is itself but the product of cerebral convolutions, and of the food that nourishes them. Homer and Æschylus, Plato, Isaiah, and Jesus, Shakespeare and Goethe, the Bibles and the dramas, "Psalm of Praise" and "Ode of Immortality," are evolutions from phosphorus and carbon, and resolvable, it should seem, by chemical analysis, back into acid and salt. Finally, "protoplasm" did it all; and we have made the crowning discovery of the basis of this in the slime spread over the bottom of the sea!

Now protoplasm is a fine word, nowise to be scorned; but old Anaxagoras went behind and beyond it, more than twenty centuries ago, when he pronounced the simpler word *Nous*, or Mind. Whether thought be regarded as a property of matter, or matter a quality of thought, may make no difference within the limits of crucible and retort. But what if those divine men had thoroughly accepted the former proposition, and all it involves of spiritual attitude and method? Would they have trusted the "glory and the dream" that now makes man's hardest struggle with outward conditions prophetic, and life itself majestic, through its relations to the Infinite and Eternal?

But much of our "positivism" insists, even more negatively, that intelligence does not stand behind or within what are called physical laws. And what is or the reason? Nothing, certainly, in the conditions revelations of science; which indeed refutes all traditions of arbitrary or capricious Godhead, but only makes evident what is divinest in intelligence itself, — namely, immutable order and serene, all-sustaining law.

Speculative scientific atheism comes of the effort to separate the scientific from the moral element. For it is mainly through our perception of the just, the wise, the good, the fair (moral predicates all), that intelligence can be recognized behind and within laws of nature. This is in largest degree a *moral* experience. No other can so quicken the sense of that mystery of life on which the material world rests, out of which it is continually renewed. Dead, stiff, merciless, inexorable, mindless, and purposeless is it, but for this eyesight kindled from the heart and conscience. This only hears the Eternal Voice, finds the Benignant Will, and makes the universe adequate response of Spirit to our spiritual desire. Truth of truth, it is not to be dismissed as "mere poetry and sentimentality," that "from the soul must issue forth the glory of the earth and sky;" that the light we see by is "the light that never was on sea or land." Fail to carry this idealism into our science, and no analysis will ever bring us God; in other words, disclose the Infinite and Eternal Good, in that direction. Out of gases, minerals, forms, colors, organs, there shall come invariable successions; shall come rules and phenomena, ending in all-creative "protoplasm," but nothing more. And you arrive at Mr. Huxley's crowning prediction, that "science will teach us to dispense with the notion of spontaneity and spirit." You come beyond that to the conclusion of certain French positivists, that science ought to be and must be atheist. And, indeed, there is much groundless concession by many, who should find better meaning for the name of theism, that modern science is in fact, as such, atheistic,—a statement which is nowise admissible in any but the

most superficial sense. In nothing is the inadequacy of the merely *analytic* process shown more conclusively than in its dealing with things spiritual in the interest of science. It never reveals truth in its divine form of life; to dissect, it must destroy. It cannot see any element of existence, *as existent*; for each lives in its active relations to the others. Analysis, however useful in its way, slays this beautiful unity in which life and power dwell; there is left a heap of dead fibres and organs; and what resemblance is there to the living body, when you have put these together again? Phosphorus in the growing grain is food for human brains; but extract the phosphorus by chemical process, and it is poison. Being must be seen in its natural and vital relations, or it is not seen at all. Thus science cannot be defined as distinct from faith without destroying it: there can be no science without conscious or unconscious forms of faith, — faith in the faculties, faith in nature, faith in law and in unity. You cannot cut off revelation from evolution or culture; for there is no genuine culture which is not revelation, however imperfect. And when we try to separate the intellectual from the moral and spiritual relations, we lose the living bond which makes the essential truth of each. Science becomes an autopsy, and nature has no informing soul.

The "positive" scientist regards God as at best a hypothesis, and refers it to that silent deep of the unknown that rounds all we know or dream. But how eloquent is that silence! — how calm, benignant, creative! The stillness of all greatness! Can we for an instant believe that *it is not Life*?

Now, speculative atheism of course does not imply

non-recognition of moral distinctions ; it brings no disparagement upon one's private conscience or heart. It means, however, that he does not let his moral intuitions enter into his theory of physical processes and laws ; that he tries to hold the two apart, or at all events does not allow his own moral constitution to determine his interpretation of laws, or his notion of what law itself means and implies. But the moral constitution being cheated of its scientific rights by this dangerous analysis, which "murders to dissect," science becomes able to reveal nothing but dead mechanism. That is owing to his speculative theory. Only a theological bigot would infer either that he was in all this lacking in manly virtues, or that he had come to be either absolutely or practically atheist. But certainly his faith in the sovereignty of the just and good must be weakened, if he fail to see them as the law of the universe, everywhere authoritative and divine. It is not necessary that he should be able to see how or wherein all physical laws are wise and just and fair ; but it is of great importance that he not only believe it wise and just and fair *that they should be so*, but that he keep that faith as a basis of scientific study. Then law becomes life, and "force" is but another name for thought and love.

Ascend to the next sphere, from the science of nature to the science of mind. Here the same difficulties arise out of the refusal of scientific validity to the moral intuitions. And in consequence of this unnatural separation, you find certain philosophers inclining to the belief that metaphysics also are properly atheistic.

"What I cannot understand," say these philoso-

phers, "is unknowable by me. What is unconditioned by my faculties is beyond them, and so inconceivable. God, therefore, is not given in metaphysics. He must be, if found at all, an object of faith." But they gain nothing so, for faith cannot change the faculties; otherwise, what becomes of metaphysical science itself, which rests on the *steadfastness* of the mental laws and processes? Is it to faith in a "revelation" that we are remanded? So Mr. Mansel would imply. But that also must be some form of faith by the natural faculties. It is they that must by their own laws perceive, prove, and accept the so-called revelation. And so it all comes back again to faith *in* the faculties; and, in fact, the revelation required can *only* be given *in them*. On, then, with your metaphysics, or science of the human mind, O philosopher! It is God there or nowhere. And why do you not find him there? Because you are trying to separate your head from your heart and your soul. The powers must act together, as a unit. Would you not make the universe a skeleton flower, green life gone out of it by your metaphysical acids, dead, white framework only remaining, then carry your moral sense with you; its innate royalties are the soul of every realm. When you see a function of memory, or a law of perception, let your natural piety recognize it as wise and just and good and fair. Be loyal to the moral authority that affirms it ought to be, and somehow must be. Let your *soul* bring in the leap of your mind to grasp it. Then, if you cannot see God in perfect, absolute essence, you will know the Infinite and Eternal in their relation to real and positive existence; feel their freedom in your own; know their inseparableness from

every movement of your spiritual being. Metaphysics do not prove God, but why should they hide him? He is their moral and spiritual basis, and proves *them*. Metaphysics have a right to be religion, if the mind and its laws are essentially in accord with eternal realities; and if they do not recognize the fact, it is because they abdicate their own conditions, and insist on saying to that sense of the morally fit and right, which involves wisdom, beauty, truth, and good, "I know you not as having anything to do with intellectual science."

Ascend another step, into what may be distinctively called the sphere of worship. Here at least God must be found, we should say, if anywhere. But what a fact now meets us! Even Christianity, with all its pretension to be the typical religion, rests in a *representative* of God. Its Christ supplants the Infinite and Eternal; and again the essential relation of man's spiritual intuitions to deity is denied. As the positivist and the metaphysician set deity aside because they cannot comprehend it, so the Christian believer for the same reason. He covers up the negation by putting a man in place of God, who forthwith becomes an "impalpable effluence" from this one personage, or else a divine-human form embodied therein. Only in the face of this "express image," "fullness of Godhead bodily," "mediator," "master," can the living God be adequately known!

The universal demand for incarnation, or avatar, is here confined to one central form. God must be manifested, once for all, as perfect, in this. And so the inevitably *imperfect*, limited form comes to swallow up the substance; and, however the symbol may have brought noble traits and thoughts into

honor, and served high purposes for a time, it becomes a drawback when the matured soul demands liberty to find God in all forms of experience and culture.

We do not call this atheism, since it insists it has found God; though showing us simply a man, historically vague, and without the guarantee of even an ideal unity of character, but standing for many diverse conceptions and mutually exclusive standards. We do not call it atheism, though it is certainly not pure theism. Yet it involves much speculative negation towards the immanence of deity in the moral being, and much practical negation towards the demands of this divine inherence upon our faith in freedom and progress.

We saw the result of leaving these elements of consciousness out of physics and metaphysics. The positivist Comte turns the Infinite over to the metaphysicians: he will not have God in natural science. The Mansel school of metaphysicians turn him over to "revelation," as equally out of place in the science of mind. In just the same way the worshiper of supernatural revelation consigns him over to the dreamy realm of intangible essences, and puts an imperfect, historical person, with whose recorded or transmitted life the human ideal of deity is held bound somehow or other to find and keep itself reconciled, in his place. And the same reason is thought valid in all three instances, namely, that God is incomprehensible and unknowable, and hence to human conceptions, in those three spheres, as good as non-existent.

A moment's reflection shows us that in the last-mentioned sphere also, as in the two former, the diffi-

culty lies in a disparagement of the moral element (as we have already defined it). Take this into religious inquiry, as essential to the very powers that are to solve the problem, and Deity comes home in what is nearer than physical nature, than metaphysical philosophy, than venerated persons, and yet is the substance of good in them all; as ideal principles, justice, wisdom, goodness, beauty, truth, are beyond limitation by personalities, beyond special revelations, beyond ecclesiastical traditions. They lift us into the freedom of the Eternal and Infinite. They are, by this transcendence, the never-failing inspiration of growth, and the Providence that enfolds and shapes to highest issues all private and public experience. What, then, if God be "incomprehensible"? Is it necessary to comprehend *what* infinite love is, in order to apprehend that the very substance of our being is mysteriously identified with whatsoever love in its essence means? Must we be able to define or figure to ourselves the conception of eternity, in order to know that truth is eternal, and that right human living is eternal life? Must we bind our communion with the just, the good, the true, the humanly adequate and becoming, to some personal life, some special body of social circumstances, some individual's work in human progress and upon human idealism? How should that be, when the principles into which the moral sense flowers out in its maturity as spiritual liberty essentially involve a freely advancing ideal, at every new stage revealing more of God, whom nothing but such universal energy can adequately reveal?

II. Let us go a step further. What is *practical* atheism on these principles?

The question of positive and negative in religion is one of character, of essential morality; not that bondage to outwardly imposed rules which goes currently by the name of morality, but the essential relations of the soul to what is eternally just, beautiful, and true. And whatever intellectual skepticism may deny, it is only *moral* denial that makes practical religious unbelief. And that which one's character may make him believe is often a darker and drearier unbelief than words can express.

"Every man," it was said of old, "walketh in his own God." Every man sees by the light of his own character. What he is goes straight up into his ideal, and under these limitations he conceives the eternal reality. "Membership of the body of Christ" does not save him from this profounder membership of his own personality; and whether he adore the Messiah who promised to come in the clouds of a judgment-day eighteen hundred years ago, or the Buddha who ascended into *nirvāna*, not to return from that eternal peace, it is the life he has himself shaped out of present moral forces within him that determines what the one person or the other shall be to him. "We receive but what we give."

And so there are many objects of sight that are called God; but the only way of seeing God must be through real participation of essential truth and good. However numerous the unrealities that go by that name, yet *God is real, is reality itself*; and to live in and through these eternal principles is so far to find reality and to be reality.

Now selfishness, whatever its creed, sees a being aloof from human nature and life, intent only on aggrandizing himself. This is properly but blank noth-

ingness and emptiness of deity, since there is nothing divine in selfish appropriation. Corrupt and mischievous habits in trading will fashion a trading god, venal and barbarian, a gigantic mirage of the market thrown up against the sky upon the background of a mean and tricky world. It is the shadow of the man's shop-life, and the soul of the universe has none the more to do with it from the fact that he calls it God. There is no such atheist as he who laughs in his sleeve when you speak to him of principles. This is an atheism one's own soul must judge and refute, — his soul craving bread, but fed with stones.

What is the self-pushing politician's God but a compromise between the true and the popular, ready to be thrust aside into the third heavens as poor, dumb abstraction, even at that, when not wanted in politics? But is this God reality? He is the shadow of political atheism; another huge mirage of immorality. What cares the demagogue for this fetich of his own making? He swears by a new one with every political turn. They are all of the slime of the earth.

The domineering dogmatist has his "God," — the man who insists on what he calls an "authoritative religion;" who says, "Believe in Christ, or you go to perdition; believe in the church of Christ, or he shall deny you at the last day." And what kind of deity can this spiritual martinet see? Another shadow, projected from his own falsities; a despot, whose war against freedom of conscience is waged by fulmination of pope, or craft of priest, or the civil arm, or the subtle poison of the confessional, or the dreadful preaching of wrathful judgment and eternal woe; who, driven from inquisition and *auto-da-fé*,

and made ridiculous in a papal syllabus excommunicating civilization, yet lurks in close-communion churches, rages in revival convulsions, writes foolish tracts, and invents wicked stories to scare weak nerves. An "authoritative Christian" shall think this very, real divinity. But what is it save mirage, again; refracted folly, bigotry, tyranny, and fear? Men who have shaped such a miserable phantasm, and called it God, are apt to cry out in the self-complacency of their faith in it, "Thanks to our God, we are not merely moral men!" "*Merely*" moral! "*Merely*" in accord with principles that yield the beauty, the joy, and the liberty of oneness with nature and the soul! But morality may well answer, somewhat sternly, "Thou who chargest another with living without God in the world, because living by character alone, what wouldst thou give him — granting he is an atheist even, in the honesty of his speculative search — in place of his presumed unbelief? A God without principles; a God of mere power, brute might overmastering conscience, reason, love? Nature knows no such. The soul, thine own soul, when once trusted for her nobler instincts, disowns the fiction."

Then there is the spoiled child of fashion, frippery, conventionality, the frivolous person with "happiness" for "being's end and aim," who finds it so pleasant to enjoy, so troublesome to sympathize, so needless to think, so useless to suffer, so stupid to labor for any ideal end, — a sapless plant: for moral aspirations, desires of what is noble and just, are the circulating ichor of life. Even he thinks it means something when men speak of God; though but as vain words babbled in dreams, life has dim sugges-

tion even to such an one of overruling power. But what can the shadow of an inanity be? What can be known of the Infinite Artist, the Eternal Source of moral energy, the God who stirs the souls of martyrs and saints, by a poor sniffer of the air, a watcher of flying clouds?

Such is practical atheism, rooted in moral defect. Yet it is not absolute even in the worst: the mirage nowise exhausts the power of vision. The morbid eye sees wrongly; yet, while it is an eye, its sense of the real cannot wholly fail; and the soul, essentially a seer, must at last see its own relations in their truth, the practical unity of the human and divine.

III. Besides speculative and practical atheism, there is another way in which the universal and eternal is lost sight of, and the search for Deity fails.

Superstitious fantasy has had much to do with the formation of religious beliefs. Imagination sees real and eternal relations; but fancy, under the power of vague emotions, beclouds all relations with the transient and superficial imagery of supernaturalism. It is affirmative in form. It speaks confidently of God, as if it knew him intimately. It pictures him vividly and dramatically. Its heaven and hell, its ingenious schemes of fall, atonement, and final judgment, hold a relation to certain positive but ill-comprehended experiences of human nature which enables them to direct the inmost hopes and fears. Its symbols are realized more intensely than any object of the senses. Its jealous God sits outside the universe, watching to punish too favorable regards on the present life, and the neglect of his holy times, forms, and written word; waiting his hour to dash the world into nothingness, and man into judgment-

fires; a God of arbitrary will, not willing according to eternal right, but calling that right which he chooses to will; all wrath to-day, all mercy to-morrow; suspending laws, thrusting in miracle to mend his want of perception of human needs in making the laws; changed in mood by human conduct, like a child; avenging himself on insults, like an undisciplined man. It makes him altogether finite; assigns him a special abode, the Church; a special form, the Christ; limits his earthly appearance to one spot and one age; makes him plot and reason and repent, not by way of "poetic symbol," but in real earnest, like any fallible creature. All this is wrought up by poets, apocalyptists, theologians, with startling imagery, with brilliant and terrible coloring. Men of genius, like the authors of the Books of Daniel and the Revelation, like Augustine, Dante, Milton, have been busy with it; and it has tremendous hold. Blood has flowed in rivers at its bidding. Men die with their eyes riveted on its promises and terrors. It built cathedrals; it created inquisitions; it has swayed empires and ages; and it lives yet, a power in the faith of the civilized world. But it knows not eternal justice, nor wisdom, nor essential truth, beauty, nor love; not as principles, not as realities. This is not God. The infinite, serene, perfect One can no more be seen there than the sky can be seen through the smoke of burning woods. It is the shadow cast by superstitious fancy, under much enforcement from blind fear and self-contempt. All the texts and miracles, all the names and offices of the Christ, all the prayers and poems and structures of art or creed, that the church brings to the support of its genuineness, if multiplied by ten thousand, would not make

me believe that a true picture of God. Morality rejects it, principles judge and condemn it.

Then, to mount into another and nobler sphere, there is the speculative intellect, intuitive it may be, believing, sublime. Yet, as speculative, it only apprehends, not necessarily receives, nor becomes, truth and good. And how all apprehension must fall short! How much more of Deity there is which the best seeing does not see than what it does see! The less circle does not contain the greater. If we could take God into the eye, then were it greater than God.

"Thought is lost, ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity."

But this is not the whole truth. Never can it be without some sense of the realities of Being itself that we reflect on the laws of our own being. This "intellectual flame which from Thy breathing spirit came" has not parted from its source. The beam is not cut off from the light that is its essence. One in substance with eternal truth, we must have intuition or direct sight of the Eternal. The intellect can find immutable law and everlasting order. When the mind studies its own constant and universal processes, the forms of conception and intuition which make language and communion possible, its spontaneities of belief, that go behind the lines of causation, and prove its substantial identity herein with the primal, original, and uncaused, and that instinctive faith in such organic elements, wherein its certitude must rest, — when it studies these reverently and purely, it reads God's manifested word. Here is not the question whether it can penetrate to that knowledge of the essential nature of Deity, which can come only

in the knowledge of the essential nature of spiritual being itself. It can at least recognize the divine in the immutable relations of thought and existence. It can know truths it cannot fathom nor define. It can expand with the grandeur of these laws of mind ; can be prompted to noble conduct by the very mystery that proves the presence within them of a greater, wiser, holier reality than has ever yet been revealed in personal act.

I look to see the day—for this age points clearly thitherward, and is busy in realizing the promise even now—when the industrial millions shall come at some form of serious communion with great speculative intellects, which have really contemplated the serene countenance of immutable truth ; which have dwelt in its sovereignty, its benignity, its beauty, its moral and spiritual laws that transcendently possess and guide our inmost being, and make the dignity and reality of our life ; when the clearer insight and recognition of these laws, that came in such various form to the open eyes of Plato and Spinoza and Wordsworth, of Kant and Fichte and Goethe and Emerson, and that of all those who have brought messages from the central sphere where poetry, philosophy, ethics, and faith are known as one, shall be domestic and dear—I would say biblical, if we can make the word mean pure help without despotism—to the American mind. For the speculative intellect has its democratic mission, in the proper sense of that term, which must endear it in due time to the practical common sense of men, as unfolding the foundations on which this stands fast, and wherein it finds relation to the infinite and eternal, and so to integral spiritual growth. It reveals the basis of

certainty on which repose our beliefs in God, in immortality, in duty, in natural spontaneous tendency to the best, — the real fountain, universal and human-divine, of all that has been wisely trusted in the positive religions of mankind, and all that deserves credence in their teachers, as distinguished from the superficial, external authority of traditional officialities and creeds. And so it should fill the soul with a sacred self-respect, such as comports with these inherent original relations to truth and right, this immanent primacy, authority, guidance, guarantee, inspiration.

Again we must recur to the one condition on which the intellect also, in the real sense, "finds God." This seeing is in being only; in the profound moral purpose; in the recognition of liberty through the laws of noble discipline and renunciation; in prayer, indeed, but prayer in its one only meaning, — the spontaneous upward trend of endeavor to know and accept, not to change, the eternal benignities of essential order; in the stress of desire for truth, which holds all that is not real to be really nothing, and parts with surface for substance at any cost; in the will that appropriates belief into conduct with joy and power.

To see and to be are one. We know God by participation, not by observation. He who is absorbed into a truth, an idea, a principle, to whom it is life of his life and flesh of his flesh, he it is that knows it. The passing of subject into object, what hero and idealist and enthusiast and lover teach us, is the divine form of wisdom. He depreciates the function of intellect who imagines that it finds content in reasoning about the Infinite. We *know* truth when we live by the unfailing light and love that is in it;

not looking at it as at far-off stars in the sky, but finding it the substance of our path and opportunity. We know God when life, as life, seems to us divine, inestimably rich in its uses and its aims. It is the same experience by which, and by which only, we know ourselves immortal. The sense of the everlasting and the sense of the divine come in together in the heartfelt appreciation of life, as faculty, as promise, as sphere.

Always we find God, and whatever great beliefs mean God to us, in finding ourselves; we find the One not looming vast on far horizons, but already at home in us, making the home fair and sweet, investing it with native grandeur and with solemn guarantees, even in the mysteries of moral and physical evil, of the inseparableness, the identity, rather, of all interests, human and divine.

And now we turn once more to the theological negations. It is the ungodliness of the traditional theology of Christendom that in so many ways it makes positive and essential separation between God and man. Starting from this point, it was enforced to study Deity with a sense of remoteness far greater than that with which one would study a geological specimen, and with fears and doubts akin to those with which one would venture to espy through a telescope some blazing meteor threatening the earth. Calvin turns colder than ice in the process of defining God's relation to man as the antagonism of his demands to our desires. To assume this radical externality of truth and good to beings who must possess both in order to the possibility of thinking about them at all is to shut the door in the face of both.

Christian theology could never bridge over that

dreadful chasm it assumed to exist, — man this side, God that side. Nothing can bridge it, and the atoning Christ is swallowed up in it as a feather in Niagara. God going out of man ends man, ends God also. For what would infinite love be, so drained of its natural object? Infinite selfishness is not God. What is left for the bridge to start from, and what should it lead over to? But what if God be here already, in the nature itself that hopes, remembers, loves; that even grows by the inevitable lessons of folly, weakness, vices, crimes? By what mysterious, unfathomable energy do we live and move? The ever-flowing tides that sweep through human life, calm or terrible, as character shall make them, the mysteries of good or evil, — what but these are the deeps man watches and explores, till he finds within them that transcendent purpose and eternal love which he inwardly means by the word "God"?

A theology that cuts God off from man and then tries to bring him back is, so far, a nightmare dream, where you agonize for life, and yet cannot move a limb. How it grew up, partly out of the consciousness of moral evil, in the old transitional time, when the world was in terrified reaction from trust in nature to distrust in human instincts as such, and partly out of the logical necessities of authoritative creed, I do not now inquire. But I note that what sustains it is the want of a religious appreciation of man's moral nature; the failure to recognize that religion springs within us by force of affinity with God, instead of traveling by a bridge to us from abroad. It forgets that we can see the divine only by whatsoever of inherent capacity for divineness of

thought and life there is in man, and by moral recognition of it as our own ideal : that "if the eye be not a sun, no sun for it can ever shine."

What strifes and miseries have come of these efforts to find God by going away from man! What an Inferno for centuries, was the Church that professed to have found him by this method, and to have his truth packed in formulas, to be comprehended best by him who should most thoroughly abjure the natural and human! A simpler faith, a nearer track, a nobler self-respect, is religion. The love we feel, the truth we pursue, the honor we cherish, the moral beauty we revere, blend in with the eternity of the principles they flow from; and then, glad as in the baptism of a harvest morning, expanding towards human need and the universal life of man, our souls walk free, breathing immortal air. That is God, — not an object, but an experience. Words are but symbols; they do not define. We say "Him." "It" were as well, if thereby we mean life, wisdom, love. All words are but approximations; the fact, the experience, remains the same. When, with Greek seer and Hebrew saint, you call God your Father, you have not reached a clear or perfect expression of this inmost unity, any more than when, with the Teuton mystic, you sing, —

"God is a mighty sea, unfathomed and unbound;
Oh, in this blessed deep may all my soul be drowned," —

or affirm with the Brahman and the Sufi that one cannot know truth without becoming truth; that so far as man finds God he enters into God. All these are but lisplings of a word that was never fully spoken, of a sense that none has sounded. Interpret wisely; all are imperfect, yet all are true.

The far-off God of the creeds, once near in the earnestness of desire and need, has become mainly a God of speculation, of observation through the mists of ages. What the framers really felt of deity was precisely what they could not put into form and hand over to churches. What really shone in them is known only by the light that shines in us. And the dead were dead past resurrection but for this. But this new life the best saint of old lives to-day, is but resurrection. The fountain of life is flowing more freshly in the human personality that now is. It is instant and immediate in these living powers; and we want no veil of space, or time, or officiality, however ancient or recognized, between us and the Spirit that conditions and completes the best will and faith and conduct,—a deeper heart within those destinies of life that cannot be shifted off, nor held at arms' length; our real being, nearer than death, and resolving it into constant ground and condition of higher life.

From religion in this sense neither science nor faith can secede. What the age rejects is a God that can be confined and laid up in a book; bandied about in barbarous formulas; flippantly sounded and measured and manipulated in prayer-meeting and revival; complacently partaken in "communion" bread and wine; a God who dwells apart by himself for a season, and then creates the world at a fixed time; and of whom it may be held a great thing to say that he was once a creator, and then once in a redeemer, and will be once again in the final enthronement of the same over all the souls of men. One cannot wonder that there have been those who replied, "If this be your God, atheism is better."

Such denial is probably rooted in an intense conviction of what is really divine.

But still further: I can see that one may so live in the divineness of principles that he no more seeks them in any outward apprehension than the eye looks out of itself to find the power of vision. They are so identified with all the activities of life that he cannot isolate their truth and wisdom and goodness in a definite form of consciousness. Such an one may deny that he finds God; but his denial reaches only to an external and purely objective form of divinity; it has the inward reality of worship, being such a pure and full possession by the divine element as to allow no sense of separation, even in the experience of imperfection and ideals unattained. We shall grant him an atheist only as regards those current theological definitions of God that find no inherent divineness in principles, and make religion and morality rest on ab-extra legislation and monarchical will.

Nor must we imagine that theistic faith involves of necessity the constant or even the infrequent use of those terms by which theology is bound to express it. Alexander von Humboldt was surely possessed, as few men have ever been, by the transcendent unity — involving all we mean by order, beauty, wisdom, and love, and passing all possibilities of expression — that sways the whole domain of physical laws. This was the all-absorbing inspiration of a life-time that, with unexampled industry and profoundest reverence for truth, tracked the ages and the spaces to unfold its meaning, yet ever exploring only to deepen his sense of the unexplored. So profound a recognition of the Infinite, through its vis-

ible symbols in the heavens and the earth, could well dispense with the common phraseology of worship. And his statement that creation, in the sense of a beginning in time, was to him incredible and incomprehensible, should not prove him to have dismissed religion, but to have, at the very least, cleared for himself the way to its profoundest realities. For one, I know no rational theory of science or faith which can make the charge or the claim of atheism pertinent to such a mind.

In one word, religion nowise consists in the effort to frame an image, to form a definite conception of God, or even in the recognition of any name. To give the infinite over to visible form is to lose it. Yet the religious sentiment is nowise discouraged nor repelled. That we cannot so limit infinity does not prove our limitation, so much as would our satisfaction with our own attempts to do so. And that, through this very inability to be content with a limited God, we cannot escape apprehending what we yet cannot confine by thought, is but the sign of our participation in the infinite life. Infinite will, infinite love, are not to be definitely imaged; yet by the laws of inward apprehension, they are involved in the fact of universal good.

If, then, we cannot see the eternal substance and life of the universe, it is not because Deity is too far, but because it is too near. We can measure a statue or a star, and look round and beyond it; but the Life, Light, Liberty, Love, Peace, whereby we live and know, and are helpful and calm and free, which measures and surrounds and even animates *us*, is itself the very mystery of our being, and known only as felt and lived. God stands in all ideal thought,

conviction, aim, which ever reach into the infinite ; and thence, as if an angel should stand in the sun, come attractions that draw forth the divine capabilities within us, as the sun the life and beauty of the earth. God is the inmost motive, the common path, the infinite import, of all work we respect, honor, purely rejoice in, and fulfill ; of art, science, trade, philosophy, intercourse, — whatsoever function befits the soul and the day. Not the worker for the work's sake is dear to Him, but the work for the spirit of the doer. The healthfulest, noblest uses of body and soul are God, found and known. Found, when one who seemed weak learns that he is strong in these uses beyond his hope ; when a dark, inexplicable lot comes clear by courage and faith ; when experience has earned what had been praised and perhaps claimed before. Known, when names and opinions and traditions *about* God fade before the principles of conduct into which belief is transformed ; when they who are led by that spirit are sure that life and nature and destiny mean only their good.

FATE.

"For this cause came I unto this hour." — JOHN xii. 27.

MAN, who has wound his iron wires about the globe, knows none the less that there are coiled around himself the bonds of a sovereign necessity. Philosophize as he may about the freedom of the will, there is a sense in which he knows what destiny means. Here the immortal, the king of nature, he for whom the sun shines, the earth rolls, and her ages of development were but preparations, finds himself but an atom, but dust against the wind. He is quick to feel his bondage, and *fatal* has come everywhere to mean inevitable, deadly. But there are necessary pleasures as well as necessary pains. All our grandest possessions are necessary. Immortality we cannot put off. The moral and physical laws will not let us sin nor wrong our souls without saving penalties. Nature is our friend, whether we will or not. We are apt, however, to give prominence and emphasis to the fact of necessity in pain above that of it in pleasure, and especially in the nobler pleasures that pain enforces. And this is because the necessity of pain is a thing we consciously oppose or avoid, while we more or less unconsciously enjoy the happiness that falls to us, without inquiring whether it be avoidable or not. Thus necessity has acquired the

name of fate, a word by which we convey the sense of somewhat opposed to us, forced on us against our will.

We speak of fate as cruel, implacable, inexorable, seldom applying to it the name of friendly or dear. It stands for somewhat terrible, without heart, or will, or even personality; something behind God, and beyond his benignity to control; a resistless iron wheel grinding us to dust; a gigantic steel hand grasping and snatching away our hopes. Now, if we had noticed that there is an equal necessity in things which bless as in things which disappoint us, would this be so? To see both sides of necessity is therefore the first step toward rightly knowing what it means. But whatever we may think of it, the belief in it is inevitable. It is universal, and the nobler form that finds freedom in it crops out more or less in all religions. All nations have recognized a destiny, a nature of things, a resistless motion beyond and above all individual purpose, either behind Deity or identical with it. You find it in the far East, making quietists and ascetics,—an overwhelming despotism of abstractions or of physical nature, yet believed in as good for the soul. You find it among the Greeks, in the fable of Prometheus bound to his rock and torn by the vulture, for bringing down fire to men from a jealous Heaven, calmly assured that Jove, who had so punished him, could not escape his doom; and saying to those who warned him of the temerity of his denunciations, "What should I fear, who am not destined to die?" You find it also in that grand conception of the irresistibility of moral penalties, of which the whole mythology of ancient Greece is full. The old Greeks had a faith, as per-

fect as the world ever saw, in absolute justice dealing its inevitable atonements, and fated to triumph over all iniquity. You find it made into inspiration in the Mohammedan religion. You find it in the North American Indians' going back to their early legends, to find foretold and foreordained there the destruction they saw impending. You find it among the Scandinavian tribes in the belief that every one's destiny was written in his brain at birth. You find it in the philosophical conception of Deity, which makes necessity in some sort a primal condition of perfection. Goodness, wisdom, justice, law, and love are the fate of Godhead; not a fate imposed from without, but the fate which consists in the essential unchangeableness of a perfect nature.

Then, you find fate suggested to impressible multitudes by the success of one leader, by the reverses and failures of another. "The charmed life," "the lucky star," "the evil genius," are but synonyms of the popular notion of personal destiny. It is suggested in that prophetic intuition which belongs to devotion and skill in every sphere and kind, — to a man in his true place; all things serving his purpose; all other men making way for him; the logic of events bringing him up again and again, till some great purpose — the pith of the whole struggle — comes to pass through him, whom nobody can put down, and whom it is vain to try to do without.

You see the belief in destiny slowly darkening over some ever-thwarted soul, and mounting like the dawn, in growing confidence and pride, in some ever-fortunate one. Everywhere it lies in wait on the verge of perception, needing but a few slight coincidences or intimations of real tendency to appear

and give order and purpose to the course of events. It is often vaguely enough conceived, often falsely, after such wise as to dishearten where there is most need of energy and hope; but so universal, so natural to the joys and griefs, the hopes and fears, of life that it plainly indicates some grand law which it is well for us to understand.

Then, further, we are all conscious that our doings have unexpected issues, and react upon us without visible human will, as the Eastern proverb says:—

“This world is like a valley, and our actions are like shouts,
And the echo of the shouts reverberates on ourselves.”

The unmeaning word, the unconscious act, goes forth from us on a mission which cannot be calculated. And this, too, fascinates the mind as with the presentiment of something essentially for its good. How often it is plainly so! The book or friend came at the moment they were needed. A trifle thwarted your plan, and saved you from some great evil; and when you traced back the angel of mercy or warning, you found a wondrous convergence of events was necessary to it, whose import no one had fathomed. However sure we may be that the vulgar doctrine of special providences is wholly inconsistent with the belief in a perfect God, there is connected with these presentiments and personal guardianships the idea of a friendly destiny. An overruling guidance looks out of all plans and all experience upon the soul which lives cordially and intimately with the eternal laws, and does not fear to use the word “fate” in wonder and worship.

Again, so are we impelled to this belief that the intensest consciousness of moral freedom and respon-

sibility cannot do it away. At the peril of paradoxes, we all keep it in some form or other. There is nothing to which we cling with more tenacity than to our moral freedom, and justly; but just as firmly do we cling to the belief in an irreversible and supreme law, — in an all-wise Providence bringing highest ends from all beginnings. They who would antagonize these, who would cleave to one and deny the other, outrage consciousness, dismiss common sense, and assume the half to be the whole. The principle by which this fate and this freedom are harmonized may be too delicate for our gross understandings to detect, like a balance hung in the heavens, whereof we see the scales and the fine fibres stretching up into the invisible, but behold not the beam nor its support. What then follows?

Doubt? No; but

“ While knowledge grows from more to more,
Let more of reverence in us dwell.”

It is impossible for a thoughtful person to ignore the practical limits to the freedom of the will. There is the past, which we cannot recall, nor prevent it from making the future other than it would be, were a single motive or act changed. The future is now continually bringing on things plainly unavoidable by the power of man. Character is made in large measure for men rather than by them. Who can ignore heredity? Those low foreheads, flat crowns, bulging occiputs, the marks of brutal origin; those sensual instincts fed from the mother's breast; those moral idiocies and perversities which flow in the blood, and turn good to evil and take evil for good, — we are coming to regard it as barbarous for penal

laws to ignore. The moral sentiment of the age recognizes every day more and more that the wretches it sends to the prison and the gallows did not make their own characters. Then the noble qualities descend in like manner, and insure from birth onwards a smoother and higher destiny, in happy accord with life's best opportunities.

Temperament, society, education, institutions, what fates they are! The strong react upon them; the weak yield passively to them; but no man can ever quite cast off his past; his present life is rooted in it and largely determined by it. And yet when, in view of all this, you swing over to the belief that virtue and vice are but different names for necessity, and that men are in nowise responsible for their characters, the tremendous fact of conscience meets you with its penalties and rewards, — the moral sense, never extinct, however perverted; the consciousness of power to choose between right and wrong, of a spontaneous will behind all motives. And if you follow out the belief that there is no moral freedom to its legitimate result, — namely, that evil is something *organic* and *unavoidable*, — you are met by a great voice out of your inmost soul, which says, Thou shalt never acquiesce in wrong; though it have taken God's name and bowed the world to worship, it is never to be acquiesced in as a necessity, but to be denounced and fought against as a crime. This the purity and sanity of your soul demand.

There is no criminal propensity that will not, as long as it may, take shelter under the pretense of fate, claim to be *organic* and *ineradicable*; but we know that the moral nature is not its slave. It is

in some sense free, and will feel the need of rooting out that propensity, cost what it may. The slave of the old Stoic Zeno, knowing his master's belief in fate, complained to him while he was applying the lash for his thieving, "I am fated to steal;" "And to be scourged," replied the philosopher.

Nor will it do to attribute the suffering we see in this world to inevitable forces, to Divine wrath, to social necessities over which, having no control, we need feel no responsibility for their fruits. God did not make men to suffer, but to be blest. Poverty, war, slavery, pestilence, are not his ordinances; they are in large degree consequences of the violation of stern but beneficial laws, of human abuses and neglect which are voluntary.

The freedom we here affirm is proved, as you see, by moral accountability, whose retributions are a sort of higher fate. And that power of choice, that spontaneous energy of the will, that honorable pride in self-discipline and the working out our own destiny, in making ourselves true men and women, which we ought to cherish as something dearer than life, must not be conceived under conditions that exclude this higher fate. So, then, here are the opposite scales of fate and freedom. They may hang from an invisible support and point of juncture, but neither must be ignored. It may not be so hard to reconcile them if we take large views of fate and freedom. What, indeed, is fate? Not the predetermination of individual actions; these flow in part from the spontaneity of the will; but the necessity of final good, and of the best possible process thereto. If good and God are one, then the whole universe must tend steadily through such processes as finite

growth conditions, toward obedience to good, toward harmony with its benignant laws. You could not worship otherwise. Yet you must worship; find a higher than your imperfect will, — something higher than the mere laws of science, which represent our ignorance as well as our knowledge of nature. And a God whose wisdom is insufficient to round-in his world and his creatures and save them, whose will does not dwell as the ultimate force in finite wills to move them to the best results, is not adorable. If one soul could be lost, could stand out against Him, through all the penalties of his staunch laws forever, then that soul is a God as well as he; there are two Gods, or one God and a rebel whom he cannot convert. There is no refuge from the absurdity but in the noble doctrine of fate: "All things shall be put under God's feet, and the last enemy that shall be subdued is sin." And how is sin to be subdued but by making all men righteous? "Thou sparest all, for they are thine, O thou lover of souls!" This kind of destiny we cannot deny nor object to. There can be no freedom from this.

The Calvinist dogma of election goes upon the foreordaining *power* of omniscience and omnipotence. It does not go far enough. That power to be real must not save some and destroy others; it must affirm its *sovereignty in all*; and that sovereignty is salvation, because it is the reconciliation of the human will with the Divine.

Nor can there be any freedom from the laws of our own being. We are free only within the bounds of our nature, and only in the rightful use of it. To disobey that is to be enslaved. He whose passions stunt and cripple him, bend his forehead to the earth

and tread his conscience under their heels, is enslaved. Every man is a slave who has not the freedom to do as in his noblest moments he would do. Does not every selfish caprice stand under the overhanging sword of a moral penalty? There is no freedom but in the glad acceptance of those sacred moral bonds in which our health lies secured, and in loyal obedience to them,—“*the liberty of the children of God.*”

The will is free only when it is not prevented from obedience; when neither fear nor hope, open vice nor secret snare, wanton desire nor outward pressure of the world he lives in, can keep the man from the grand track wherein his glory and his gladness dwell,—where God bade him walk with girded loins and hand and heart all free for natural service, his face glowing with fore-gleams of that immortal life toward which it is turned. To be right with your own conscience, with the universe, with the eternal paths of rectitude,—that is liberty. That finds no constraint; it accepts what must be as that which is best to be. It lays its hand trustingly in the hand of fate, and lo, it is no longer fate, but freedom. So far from freedom being incompatible, then, with that Divine ordination of all to good, that sovereignty over the issues of life which we have called fate, it is absolutely dependent thereon. Looked at in this large way, they are not inconsistent; they are identical.

Thus every retribution is but the repetition of this grand lesson. Human nature is sound and sane. The bands that surround it are stronger than adamant, but they are its own nerve and muscle; they are health; and no sin nor folly can frustrate that

which is the secret purpose of every atom and every law. So then we find that there are attractive, inspiring aspects of fate.

Let us but comprehend it as identified with the stability of the moral universe, with the omnipotence of good, with the deliverance of the soul from what soever limits, oppresses, enslaves it, with the divine liberty of sons of God; let us understand it as guaranteeing final success of every endeavor after a pure and noble life; let it plant the heart's confidence in the deeps of absolute and perfect love; think of it as that which if you leave out of your conception of Providence, out of your vision of the future, you have no longer a God, you have no longer a moral order; you have a universe of wrangling principles, swept hither and thither on the whirlwind of chance; then you will say, Blessed be fate, and fatal will mean dear and divine. It is not much to the credit of Christianity that Christians generally imagine what they call fatalism in other religions to be necessarily a discouraging, demoralizing doctrine. The old Hindu proverb says, "How can he who beholds all things in God ever give his heart to sin?"

The Buddhists carried their fatalism down to the minutest actions and events, yet they were the most energetic and devoted proselyters and the most enterprising and active colonizers of the East. Out of the dogma that everything was fixed by fate they drew the duty to seek the present good and final release of all mankind. The Mohammedans fight all the more bravely for believing themselves destined to die in battle; and the Turks are said to have been inspired to intense enthusiasm, in the wars with Russia, by the belief that they were destined to be

driven from Europe. Says the Arab proverb, "Despair is a freeman." It is when the stake is felt, when the fagot is lighted, that the martyr's fears perish and his soul is fired to the victory over death. He beholds a higher, blessed fate within and beyond the outward, of which this is the servant. There was never a heroic soul that offered itself to death for a conviction, down to John Brown, whose sublimest words did not gather around this faith in fate. It is the condition of moral inspiration to hear and follow an inevitable command. The test of the greatness of a cause is this, — Does it inspire its leaders with the sense of God and fate? And in more common paths, the triumph of human character is not to war against the inevitable, still less to endure it patiently or surrender to it as to a foe, but to accept it as a friend. Death is not conquered till we believe it is a natural process, inevitable because needful to our growth. And perhaps only when it is *felt* to be inevitable does it come to be so accepted. It is not piety to desire miraculous interference to ward off the allotments of nature, when they threaten our happiness. It can never be so good for any one to believe that Lazarus was raised from the dead as to accept death as somewhat indispensable, part of a sacred order which ought not to be broken, and in which God has hidden spiritual blessings. It is not piety to pray for special immunity from a lot which is otherwise plainly inevitable, but to strive to accept it, and find its justification or win the crown it proffers. It is not beautiful to fight bitterly and sullenly against necessary inconveniences, repugnancies, disadvantages, but most beautiful to accept them cordially, and from all out-

ward antagonism and defeat to win inward reconciliation and triumph. Is it not common experience that we never know how much we can do or bear till brought to an inevitable test? It is always fate that teaches us our diviner part. The feeble woman becomes a giant in strength when her child is in peril. Behold the Nation, cold, indifferent to liberty, unused to arms, so slow to believe conspiracy could aim at its life,—one rebel gun makes it certain. It rises like a whirlwind, a camp of a million men. These mystic souls of ours are sealed to ourselves. There is no key to unlock the reserved powers fed from divine founts, whence we can never be cut off, but the demands of fate. They can make the tenderest heart manly, and the meekest saint do sternest work. They can break the thick crust that covers some undeveloped soul from whom you hoped nothing, and lo, a hero, a lover, a leader of men. In great spheres or in small, it is necessity that trains and matures us. The secret of success is not good fortune, not friends, not gifts; it is to see that when duty commands we "go not, like the quarry-slave at night, scourged to his dungeon," but know when to turn fate into freedom.

A final word of spiritual application.

The paths narrow and concentrate into one. The word comes unmistakably, "This is the way, walk thou in it, for there is no other possible." Then with what fresh certainty we haste to greet the destiny to which it leads. What we want most is the conviction of a clear pointing in our faculties and experience; unmistakable significance in one's past and present; a manifest place and function for one in the great work of life. Whatsoever emergency thus

points us to our destiny teaches us what, beyond all things else, we would know. And, if we love truth, we shall pray to know it as our highest good, though it should lead us through fiery trials. Here is the beginning of the end of sighing for broader spheres or brighter talents; of useless self-discouragements and distrusts. The great step in life is to learn that God has made us to be something *real*, and to accept the commission, and say, That will I be through joy or sorrow, loved or rejected; and then say, The world shall take me as I am; I will not be ashamed of defects of nature, of misfortunes I cannot heal. My part shall be done freely, self-respectingly, gladly, whatever it may be. "Then the worst that can come cannot cheat me of that for which I am made; the best that can come shall help it." Pride shall go down, and fear shall be done away, and vain illusions and childish mortifications and lawless desires shall flee before such reconciliations, and leave one in God's peace. "When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

To know that we are working with the perfect laws; to mingle our wills with that resistless current which bears ceaseless refreshment to all creatures, and sweeps all movement on to fairest ends; so to waste no effort and to fear no failure, to let no inevitable conflict pass by till it has removed a burden of doubt and helped to make the sphere beautiful and rich, and the spiritual pulses throb with all the force of purposes dear to God — this is the matchless good that approaches every one of us in that veiled presence which we call necessity.

LIVING BY FAITH.

WHAT word has suffered such abuse as "faith"! How theologians bandy it about; fence it off for the elect; locate it away in Palestine, around a man and a book; cover it in mysteries and paradoxes from the common heart, sense, life! Yet the beautiful word, because it does not mean any of these things, but does mean all that is simple, hearty, and homelike, will protest, and demand to be justified; will be made a syllable of the universal religion which transcends the names of Jew, Mohammedan, Christian, infidel; made to mean what good and simple men and women can feel and live by, — and that broad and universal meaning is the sense of being at home in the universe and in its currents of law, both physical and spiritual; at home in it as the true human sphere; at home in life, whether this life or another.

Let us see in what sense faith is really the force to live by.

I. We live by faith in our spiritual opportunities. Every relation and duty is as the folded bud of an apple-tree in a spring morning; the soul, the sun that is set to bring it to blossom and fruit. Nothing less than our daily bread is the endeavor to meet the day with love and cheer. "All things are fruit to me, O

Nature, which thy seasons bring," said Marcus Aurelius, pronouncing a manlier and more devout philosophy than the creeds of Christendom have taught.

How often the first act of the encounter with one's difficulties is to throw away the hope of making anything of them! But a prison has been audience-room of the stateliest thought, birth-chamber of immortal books that taught men the way to be glad and free; the four walls melted before the white glory of celestial hosts. What spiritual invigoration may flow from failing eyes and hands on a sick-bed, through the noiseless room!

But this highest and best in opportunity is shy; it will not force itself on you. It falls at your feet like a winged flower-seed on a dusty path, and you must be looking for it to see it. The spring meadow, full of nestling buttercups and violets, has every law of love and beauty there is in the clusters of white and blue and golden stars that lie far off in constellations that only the telescope reveals. What is space to Him who is the spirit of joy and power at every point of being? Shall not a common household be fragrant with his unseen lilies and roses, if the thrills of his circling spiritual seasons are there? A wise man was he who, far away in China, more than two thousand years ago, said of the home, the narrowest sphere, what the New Testament never said, — and that is a sad lack in its teachings, — that if the home be rightly ordered every other larger sphere of life and society would flow into right order. God comes first and nearest where the relations are simplest. Trying to organize spiritual influences on a large scale is the folly of the sects. The Spirit forsakes him who doubts its grandeur in a personal and private sphere.

It is an evil hour when one begins to believe that there can be no great doing with small means ; indeed, that there is any such thing as small means to a great heart and will.

I have seen persons less affected by the glory of a great sunset in the Alps than some other gentle soul was in watching the growth of a few window plants and protecting them from too much sun. Think how Alvan Clark worked for a quarter of a century, grinding away in his Cambridge workshop, to make lenses so delicate as to secure the fine balance of refractive power which gives best vision with largest magnifying power, and so at last brought out the object-glass of the telescope that showed Sirius to be two revolving stars ! Ah, you have to bend yourself to fine apprehensions, to delicate, tender touches, if you are to get the vision that shall show you what unimagined spiritual movement is going on in the souls that surround you, strewn here as stars are in space.

It is an evil hour when only the changes that strike the hasty eye pass for great work accomplished, — the tangible profits one can tell over to the neighbor, the popular clamor that can be raised for the new movement, the list of names of dignitaries and respectabilities, the parade of garrulous convention and conferences. It is power to appreciate what does not so tell, that we want, — that personal reality of character which cannot be set forth with popular effect, which cannot even be described in any human language, nor made known but in the communications of a noble sympathy or fellowship of experience. It is power to appreciate toil of heart and will, — the inward self disciplines, “ the fitting

of self to its sphere," the repression of murmurs against destiny, or passionate demands for release from hard conditions, the lift of the will to the height of unpraised, unrecognized sacrifice. This is perception, this is wisdom: this, faith in unseen values, in measurement by quality, not by quantity.

The faith to live by is, that the whole person, going into any right thought or work, ennobles it beyond power of circumstance to discredit or disparage. Greatness is not in materials, but in the user. The genie in the old Eastern tales came disguised as a beggar, or shut in a little box, or hid in a kitchen lamp. "Opportunity comes," said the old proverb, "with feet of wool, treading soft." You must have the instinct of an artist for the approaches of this good genius. You must listen for it as you do for the finest notes of Urso's violin. When shall the ear of the assembly be so intent and strained to catch the fine, withdrawn tones of personal character to which silence is the path? When, in this roar of majorities, shall we sit in the opening of the cave of the Spirit, and hear the "still, small voice" within ourselves?

A certain refinement and delicacy of the moral sense, of the affections and perceptions, is necessary. Coarse modes of thinking and judging, the forward, off-hand rule of prejudice or conceit or desire of effect, are what blunt the appreciation of character and make social wisdom impossible. Nature constantly offers us the chance to revise our judgments of men and things, and form nobler and more fruitful ones. Self is an opaque shadow projected on the forward path to blind us.

It is the very essence of a mere politician, for ex-

ample, to neglect moral opportunity. It goes by on its feet of wool, while he is straining every nerve to get above his fellows. Yet only he who has learned to stoop, to pick up the little and lift the lowly, can reap the ultimate harvests possible for public men in this land and age. So in private life, we should not be mere politicians, but remember that opportunity comes so low down on the earth, among the things that promise no show, that we cannot keep our ear too close to the ground ; that we need

" a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise."

We need the faith that there is no increase like that of the noble purpose, rooted in secrecy as a plant in the sod ; we need faith in our surroundings, and to keep despair of them at arm's length. Are we thinking our neighbor's lot is happier than ours ? What do we know of it ? The griefs of every lot are hid. The worst impediments to one's freedom are often the very things his neighbor is envying him. Let vague complaints give way to that straightforward study of one's case which leaves the will its full power to act at least with self-respect. Let one do what he is not ashamed of, and many things become clear at once. Hard situations will not always yield ; but there is one thing to which the hardest situation will *incline* to yield, and that is confidence in its ultimate good for you, because it is the situation you are in and have to deal with. The force expended by dissatisfied persons on efforts to escape their surroundings would often pluck the sting out of the incongruities of their situation and track them to whole hives of honey. Believe that your neigh-

bor wants, as you do, to see right, and try to help him; and if he sees it in your eyes, you have made for each a new heart. Believe, too, it is a great thing to have material to work in that tries your better powers. We are so preoccupied with the other side of the globe or the bigger side of our bargains that we do not see the earth we walk on, or the sky that overleans us, or the trees we walk under. Let a good observer describe the maples in the street; how many would know he was not talking of far countries? We want to see Crystal Palaces in Paris or London: millions of God's own fall on a winter's day, perishing as they fall on the window-sills, and he who should describe one of these snowflakes would be thought to fable. If we could but see the landscape with wholly fresh eyesight, as if none were ever seen before,—what ecstasy of discovery! What will do that with the spiritual landscape we call our lot?

II. One thing will very much help to do it, — believing fully in the preponderance of the good over the evil in human character and life. What a lesson in that old, old story of Jonah and his gourd! There sits the moody prophet on the ground, looking out of his gloomy eyes to see what would become of a world he could not find anything in fit to live, or worth battling wrong to save. And a gourd's kindly shade comforts him: but the worm destroys it in a night; the sun beats on his head, so that he faints; and he is angry for the gourd. And the good God says to him, "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for which thou hast not labored, and which thou madest not to grow, which grew up in a night, and perished in a night; and should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than a hundred and twenty

thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also many cattle?"

Here is the type of the despondent temperament, for which nothing genial ever turns up. But it is also the type of the morally blind person who sees none of the grand forces working in nature and the soul against evil, and whose blindness to the good without him becomes demoralization of his own powers of action. It is as though one could find no better way of treating a statue than to count its weather stains, or the sun than to dwell on its spots. It is this disposition in disguise that is constantly throwing slurs at the moral reformer as a visionary, who wants to change organic tendencies, and expects to abolish the strifes and abuses this bad human nature is made for.

The reformer's criticism implies the profoundest faith in good behind the evil. He would hold his tongue forever if he did not feel absolute certainty that the people and parties he criticises can behave better than they do; that they are capable of being masters of nobler ground than they hold, and of being roused to take it. His rebukes are the highest compliment that can be paid them by a just man, if they are just rebukes. But this Jonah, who sees in him a mere scold, is the very opposite of a believer; the prophet has gone out of him. Religious pessimism is the belief that God or Satan has made the worst possible world, soul, nature. It has necessitated — it only — the theory of an atonement or mediation, which is nothing but a pseudo-atonement to save a lost or naturally incapable race. There is no irony so great as to call this, and the creeds that come of it,

faith. Yet most Christians know no other definition of faith.

God suffers no moral disease to go without a cure. The fault is ours if we do not find it. The law of the soul and of the universe is one law. Antidotes grow beside the poison in the moral world, always. Suffering brings its excuse in the nobler faith that grows out of it, — temptation in the nerve and sinew; even wrong-doing can be looked back on without despair, when its inevitable consequences have made one charitable and wise. So when the soul turns sick at strife and iniquity, and one would flee, like Jonah, to the desert, there is sovereign help at hand to shame the flight. Does not He who makes the sunshine, the slow growths, the patient changes, the steady persistence of beauty and order through all abuses of the fair earth and air and sea, speak for the soul in all this, and guarantee its hope? Ruskin finely says, "It is impossible to walk across so much as a rood of the natural earth, with mind unagitated and rightly poised, without receiving strength from some stone, flower, leaf, or sound, nor without a sense as of a dew falling on you out of the sky." Yes, if we will but stop and think, one moment, what it means that the very earth under our feet is rolling on like a cannon ball through space, yet so safe and sure in its orbit that the ant can pile its little hillock, and the baby balance himself on his tiny feet!

But nature is not man's only foil to doubt. There are faculties made to master it. All the strength men use in clinging to despondency might be used in the service of a spiritual desire. When did the true mother ever despair of her unnatural son? When

does the lover despair of what he loves? We can hope with far more than the strength of despair, for despair is against our wills. The faculties are dragged reluctant into its service; they react to hope, on the slightest encouragement, with enthusiasm. Even despair reacts to it. We are made for hope. And because it is so native and intimate, we can make it that marvelous substance of things hoped for which we call faith. Why doubt human destinies? There are credentials for the fairest future.

Ought not every instance of approved virtue to count as hope for all men? It is certainly so meant by the doer. I believe in this kind of "imputed righteousness," which is nothing else than an element in what social reformers call the "solidarity of the race." Is not the soul the same in all? And is not all vice perversion of good qualities, conditioned on ignorance of its hatefulness? Men do not break laws of God in the full understanding and consciousness of their authority and worth. Sin, in the theological sense, is monstrous and impossible. Its estimate runs as much above the amount of evil purpose in the world as it does below the amount of virtue. The one-sidedness of the theological Jonah or pessimist is shown in this, — that, while a sin is to him something infinitely wicked, it never occurs to him to call a good action infinitely good. His emphasis leans, I think, the opposite way from the Divine emphasis. One may well despair who has the eyes of a lynx for frailty and, except when he is looking at Jesus of Nazareth, those of a mole for worth.

An old saint said, "Read thou the earth from heaven, and things below from above." And as it is the art of a good painter to catch the best expres-

sion, so ought we to judge one's moral destiny from his best biases. What else do we hold worth preserving? And does God care less for him than we? If God geometrizes forms, let us remember, He just as certainly idealizes souls; sees the flower in the seed, the fulfillment in the promise, — or what hope for any of us? What is Providence? If it is anything, it is education; it is treating the child in knowledge and goodness not as a child merely, but as the promise of a man. God idealizes man. He strews his eternal truths through all ages and all religions, — forever making *them only* to be rest and comfort for the soul. The purity of heart that really sees God will have a mighty idealization of humanity at the very basis of its creed, and act on it in all its treatment of the vicious, the morally incapable and diseased. It is time Christendom were on the search for it.

God knows how to take off pressures of circumstance that stay a spirit's growth. Do you doubt it? Go up a mountain: you are lighter than in the valley. Go up in a balloon: the weight of an atmosphere disappears. Cannot God take off spiritual weights by changing spiritual climates? How blind to presume impossibilities for him to save, to forgive, to bring home his wanderers!

The Jonahs tell you it is "safer," at least, to believe their way. No, it is always safer to hope for men than to despair of them, — safer for one's own power, at least, which depends on his faith in good materials to work in. Best not to try one's hand at settling the probabilities of their final wreck.

Immortality is immeasurable chance for all. In its light, all strong, blameless, heroic lives — divine

plants by the wayside — tell for the nature they express. God has made no blunder in our spiritual constitution. Power is in faith. We cannot respect ourselves so long as we cower before the idea of any rights that evil has over the souls of men. Concede it one soul, you make your own its slave. It was well said, "A time shall come when we shall feel commanded by morality not only to cease tormenting others, but also ourselves; when we shall wipe away most of our tears, were it only from pride."

III. And in view of the stern facts that stand in the way of such confidence, we must make spiritual imagination a part of our most cherished life. They are not wise who think of imagination as good for poets only; or, rather, are we not all poets? Homer and Shakespeare are great only by interpreting you to yourself. Do they import their tenderness and sublimity from some superhuman world? How, then, should men have found these so near their hearts that they have crowned the poet with eternal laurels for singing them? What is imagination? No rare faculty, but the first necessity of religious life. Imagination is the power which sees relations that lie deeper than the surface; sees more in the dawn than colored rays that light us to toil; sees mystery and gospel in every shaping law and line. But, besides this, imagination is the power to see the unseen; to believe where senses and understanding fail us; to bring the invisible future, whither our hopes tend, where lie the harvests of our anxious sowing, so near and make it so real that our hearts are assured, our fears stilled, our sorrows consoled. When we see reunion with our beloved in a life beyond partings, it is imagination that opens the inward

eyes. When we say, feeling ourselves weak, burdened and bound, that we live by faith, it is the same as to say we live by the purified imagination. When we hope to be what we dream it would be good and noble to be, it is imagination that is bearing us on its wings. It is the world of ideals, the air of heaven, that by which spirits grow more fair and blest. He who associates it with idle reverie and false vision mistakes its meaning; but he errs not more than one who turns from it as a faculty given only to the few, as a power needed only by those who live apart from practical interests and common things. Oh, no! it is that which puts joy and courage into them all,—from the little heart that glorifies your home to the mother's breast it rests on. Not a relation of life can be cheerful and brave without it.

"THE DUTY OF DELIGHT."¹

IN these delicious June mornings, when the earth is a promise, and the heavens are a benediction, and our altars are crowned with the symbols of immortal purity and youth, there seems to come forth out of nature articulate enforcement of the creed that all worship is imperfect and unwarranted that does not begin and end in joy. The sorrows and conflicts of life seem transient amidst this evident tendency of nature to good. Even the social and political errors and crimes, that seem to undo so much good work and threaten fresh calamity, are alleviated by the thought that through all temporary blight sound and remedial laws abide in the earth and sky,—all pledged to show not only that nations cannot be blessed while they sin, but that the Infinite Love turns not from his beneficent ways even while men forget Him, but waits patiently their return. It is not moral indifference that makes his sun shine on the evil and the good, and the fair seasons hold on their joy-giving way, though men and nations trample each other under foot, and fill the air with curses and groans. This unchanging serenity, this seeming unconcern toward all human grief, pity, indignation, this delay to blast the wicked, this outpouring

¹ As preached June 25, 1865.

of blessings upon all, means that the atrocities of the earth are but of to-day, and move not one everlasting law from its foundations; that Nature in patient prediction guarantees the heavenly life on earth.

The lurid creeds that glower over mysteries of reprobation appear in this summer glory no less than atheistic; and to doubt the good issue of all worthy desires and hopes is a sort of willful obstinacy, not to say impiety. One is astonished at the perverseness which has taken the word "nature" to represent a state of separation from God and good; and regarded the world as a temptation of Satan, instead of an image of things invisible and eternal, made for aiding us in our ascents thereto. Why should nature be interpreted from the sensual instincts of those who cannot apprehend the spiritual beauty, order, and use which inspire it and which it suggests to the earnest mind? Yet such has been its lot in the prevailing theologies: they resolutely cut off the Maker from his own glorious works, and then close up his mercy in human churches, creeds, and forms.

It was one of the natural consequences of that gross and unspiritual use which Catholicism made of the attractiveness of nature that Protestantism reacted to the opposite extreme: repelling and denouncing it in the name of the Spirit; rejecting not only images and paintings and gorgeous ritual, but every drawing of the mind towards the enjoyment of visible things. Asceticism always succeeds over-indulgence. Protestantism, has thus, in times past, been a morose virtue, — morose in its creed, morose in its demeanor, intensely contracted in its apprehension of the Divine resources for human salvation. For of these resources none is more needful than that

one which is never put into the confessions, and which most persons would be shocked at the very thought of putting there, — joy. It is the first condition of loving God that we should look confidently on his world as opportunity; that we should suffer and even urge all innocent joy of which we are capable to spring up and flow freely as the very inspiration of Him who is himself the spiritual Light and Warmth. This groundwork of religion is coming to be recognized; but not at all through the so-called means of religious influence; not through what has hitherto been regarded as Divine revelation, but through a larger appreciation of human nature. Neither delight nor even cheerfulness seems to have belonged to the conception of inspiration as given in the sacred books of the past. Religion in these is too profound not to be serious, yet not wide enough to allow the entire freedom of the spiritual nature. The Buddhists say of their saviour that he was never but once known to smile, and the beam of that smile irradiated the heavens. But instantly a voice came forth, like night, and dispelled it, saying, "It is vain, it is vain! it cannot stay." If you judge of Jesus from the New Testament biographies, how incapable he must have been of anything like humor or pleasantry! And yet there are no surer signs of spiritual ease and liberty than these genialities.

Incapacity for them would be proof of narrow sympathies, not of perfection at all; and that it should have been constantly attributed to redeemers shows how crude and unreconciled with human nature has been the *idea of religion* hitherto. It is reserved for a later period of human culture to recognize the soundness of the spiritual constitution, — the Divine

sanction written on the rightly regulated use of every human tendency.

Savage races, indeed, rudely intimate this, in their childish obedience to instinct in the name of religion. Joy is everywhere a part of rude worship. Syrian Astarte and Greek Bacchus were greeted with mad leapings and convulsions of ecstasy. The Hebrew danced and sang before the ark of Jehovah. Wherever the Sun looked down on the tribes devoted to his worship, from India to Mexico, he beheld them circling his altars with dances and gesticulations of delight.

In these ways, we are told, "Religions of Nature" are distinguished from "Religions of the Spirit." But there is more of "the Spirit" in this recognition of joy than in much of the prevailing Christianity, where an equal barbarism is not even relieved by the happiness which shows that some human need is satisfied. And there is a spiritual "Religion of Nature" as well as an unspiritual. There is a joy neither ecstatic nor boisterous, demanding neither the dance nor the song; not spasmodic, but calm and steady as the breathing of the lungs and the beating of the heart. There is a *vital* gladness, fed by the healthful perception of the glory and beauty of God's works, and of those inner motions that shape all ways to good.

There is even a settled enthusiasm in all one's doing and suffering, let him but know his choice noble and find his work becoming, and so reap his harvest not in the far-off issue of this work, but, in large measure, in the doing of it now; and a child-like rest from all vexations of pride, and miseries of remorse, and anxieties of self-distrust, so soon as

one's confidence is no longer in the perfection of his own knowledge or the unimpeachableness of his own virtue, but in the omnipotence of the Arm on which he leans. Surely this is the crown of the religious life.

"Is not every day a festival to the good man?" asked Diogenes.

"Neither rich furniture," says Plutarch, "nor illustrious descent, nor greatness of authority, nor eloquence, can procure such serenity as a mind kept untainted from base purpose."

And hear Epictetus on this duty of delight: "Ought we not, whether we dig, or plow, or eat, to sing this hymn to God? Great is God, who has supplied us with these instruments to till the ground; great is God, who has given us hands and organs of digestion, who has given us to grow insensible, to breathe in sleep. These things we ought forever to celebrate; but to make it the theme of the greatest and divinest hymn, that He has given us the power to appreciate these gifts, and to use them well. . . . What else can I do, a lame old man, but sing hymns to God? Were I a nightingale, I would act the part of a nightingale; were I a swan, the part of a swan; but since I am a reasonable creature, it is my part to praise God. This is my business. I do it. Nor will I ever desert this post, so long as it is vouchsafed me; and I call on you to join me in the same song."

And once more, hear Jeremy Taylor on the disciplines of this duty: "I desire you to observe how good a God we serve, one of whose precepts it is that we should rejoice. He hath given us not a sullen, melancholy spirit, but consigned us by a holy conscience to joys unspeakable and full of glory. And

from hence you can infer that those who sink under persecution, or are impatient in sad accidents, put out their own fires, which the spirit of the Lord hath kindled, and lose those glories that stand behind the cloud. . . . He intends every accident to minister to virtue, and every virtue is the mother and nurse of joy."

The best men in all enlightened religions, however differing in other respects, unite on this duty of inward cheerfulness. There is, indeed, a certain geniality that underlies all faithfulness of thought and life; it might well be called the smile of God reflected in the deeps of the human spirit from its childhood on, so long as it remains true to its own nature. There can be no duty more imperative than to win this: because without it we are incompetent to think broadly, to act decisively, to meet care and trouble hopefully; without it compassion loses its tenderness, and charity its power to encourage, and forgiveness its gift of healing; the lack of it darkens the homely paths of occupation and discipline which all of us must tread; and there is no grandeur in opportunity and no glory in responsibility, if this do not welcome them.

"The duty of delight" sounds like that prevailing commonplace of a selfish philosophy, that "happiness is our being's end and aim." But this, as commonly interpreted, means the reference of conduct to personal interest, well or ill understood; while the delight which we are describing is not sought because it is pleasant, but because it is the state becoming the children of such a Father as God is, and the heirs of such opportunity as ours. And its joy is in a hearty appreciation of his works and ways, and not

in possessions of any sort. In its religious aspect it is thanksgiving to the Wisdom that is seen to be ordering human life with infinite graciousness, hedging in our ways from destruction, and compelling us to righteousness and immortal liberty. Practically it is the constant direction of the mind on that side of our circumstances which is fitted to encourage and quicken us; and as steadfast a rejection of whatever would dishearten our moral purpose, or waste life in profitless repining. It is therefore pursued in forgetfulness of our own interest in it.

Whosoever goes to his work rejoicing in the vigor of a generous motive; whosoever abandons a vice because fascinated by the idea of self-control and the loveliness of the better way; whosoever goes aside to do a kindness out of the pure love of the neighbor, manifestly finds the ground of his content in the surrender of himself to what seems to him richly to deserve the service he pays. The content is loved not because it is a gratification, but because it is the frame which suits this service. All other search for happiness fails, because it is really the effort to satisfy some instinct, whose very essence it is not to be satisfied, but to crave ceaselessly and forever.

The miser thinks he seeks gold, but no amount of gold gets him pleasure. He is not seeking gold, but gratifying the instinct of appropriation, which neither gold nor anything else can satisfy; because after all accumulation it remains the same instinct still. The dissolute person thinks he seeks wine or social entertainment, dice or licentious books, or this or that depraved person, but he has these day after day, year after year, till the very power to execute his desires is exhausted, yet with no satisfaction at the last

more than at the first. He is *not* seeking these things, but the gratification of a sensual instinct, whose sensuality is not abated by gratification, but remains or grows a fiercer agony of craving still. And it is equally true that the morbidly conscientious person is mistaken in supposing he seeks a greater number of duties performed or a greater perfection in the doing of them. He shall add on to his account with God and his conscience *indefinitely* in this direction, and yet be none the happier. For he is seeking no such thing, but gratifying an over-severe instinct of self-judgment, which is a constant element of his life. Of all these aims, whether noble or ignoble, though in very different ways, it is alike true that they centre in the subject himself. They are satisfactions of a thirst for possession of some kind, as, in the last-mentioned case, the possession of merit; in the first, that of the sweet sense of accumulation. They are in nowise rejoicings in beauty and guardianship and benignity in the care of One higher than we.

It was required of those who sought for the "philosopher's stone" that they should not do this with any covetous desire to be rich, else they should not find it. We shall not find cheerfulness in any seeking after happiness as a personal unconditional possession. The instinct of getting remains unsatisfied, after all accumulations whatsoever.

We talk of "our interests" as if we were very certain that, if we could possess certain advantages over our neighbors, we should be indisputably gainers thereby. Who knows but we should be losers? Even the alchemists laid it down as sure that, if they were greedy, they might indeed get many things, but never the stone they were seeking.

Cheerfulness is the gold that gives all possessions their value. And all the hoards of a life-time of toil are but rubbish, if care and cunning have spoiled the capacity for that. It comes in devotion to what cannot be brought under the private key, — in the aim to do and be the best, broadest, freest, healthfulest it is in us to be. It comes in the repose of implicit confidence in a right purpose. It comes in the freeing one's self from every weight through the thought of an Infinite Goodness and the loving appreciation of its purposes towards us.

Thirst of possession cannot bring content of any sort; but how sweetly one could rest in the fathomless depths of absolute Love!

Could we bring down the stars of heaven to be bought and sold; could we pack the emerald and amber of the sunset in our cabinets and call them ours; could we take the golden bridges of the morning, that overleap the leagues of open sea, and run our railroads along their beams; could we stop the moon from shining when we wanted darkness to cover our deeds; could we direct the path of the comet to suit our notions, and reform at will the ancient ways of God, — then surely we should, so far, be despoiled of our heaven and our immortal life. But God hath exalted the heavens above our dreams of ownership, and thereby made them able to give us relief and joy such as no earthly thing could bestow, which we can hope to appropriate and use at our will. And so, happily for us, will it always be. Something unfathomable, unappropriable, will always remain, a temple where we can adore. When the mountain gorges are stripped and their solemn waters silenced that our furnaces may be fed, and

the spell of holiness that dwelt in the loneliest seas shall have been broken by profanity and violence, even then the deeps overhead will endure, unpolluted and unprofaned, to teach us the cheerfulness and love that shall yet redeem the market and the State, and make our possession serve holy ends. There will still be far solitudes of impenetrable light and peace, of which we shall know by faith, but which our science can never search nor our eyes behold, to show the folly not only of our conceits, but of our greedy self-seeking and anxious self-protecting.

And the inward cheerfulness, which I have described as repose in what we cannot hope to make subservient to selfish uses, let us notice, is *true liberty*. *It is the cheerfulness and ease of one who thoroughly loves and trusts all of life as meaning our good.* This alone has what it seeks, and wills only to perform.

I do not say such cheerfulness as this is easy, or that it is not far less so to some than to others; but I believe it is profoundly needed by all. And I am sure there is not one of us all but can attain some good measure of it, by accustoming himself to put away resolutely all narrow estimates of events as good or evil through their relation to his own personal self. Let us open ourselves more and more to the comprehension of broad and liberal uses divinely stored in every experience. Seeking these meanings in our circumstances, not such as our contracted fears or desires would impress on them, we shall surely find "those glories that stand behind the cloud."

What liberty there is in the cheerfulness of one who so implicitly confides in the instinct of his con-

science that this acts in him with the force and clearness of a Divine suggestion! Sure that it requires no anxious balancing of evidences, he has room to be patient, self-collected, free in the motions of his will. He can direct his whole force to the instant control of his passions, into the service of such unquestionable right.

And what liberty in the cheerfulness that shines through the hard lot of many a laboring person, out of the resolution to ennoble labor by working in a faithful and becoming manner; to make it cultivate in some measure his finer senses, and help him appreciate whatever is fair and good!

What liberty there is in a trust in the power of character absolute enough to be genial; so that there is no need of a stiff, self-conscious air, nor frowning brow, in saying, when admonished to strain some point of principle for the sake of practical immediate effect, "It is better for you, friends, that I give assurance of my own proper manhood than purchase a prospect of helping the most sacred cause by the sacrifice of my self-respect"!

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."

And all this looks, perhaps, unattainable in proportion as it is appreciated. Yet something of it is surely possible; and out of that more, and so more still. It is not so high that great powers are needed to reach up to it. It demands no great effects at the

moment; no deeds that strike the senses. Its victories are in that silence where all pure hearts may dwell, and where God knows how to exalt the humble and the weak. And it has one mighty source of encouragement. There is nothing in character so magnetic as cheerfulness. There is nothing that so swiftly tells upon the circle in which one is moving, or is reflected back to him so inspiringly from every face on which it falls, from every life to which its light is turned.

The blessing which good men bestow on others is not so much, in any special act of admonition or encouragement, or in any gift they make, as in the abiding tenor of their inward lives. There are many whose hands give favors and whose words send joy, who yet cannot reach that which gives a rarer and finer delight still. For there are some whose very presence is a blessing,—whom to look upon is to feel new courage to take up toils, deprivations, cares; to think hopefully of man; to believe all noble achievement possible, and victory sure for all that deserves to succeed; to see a more glorious sun, and feel breezes from the eternal hills where God's own might abides.

There is no one who keeps a genial mood through all seasons and times but can bestow much of this precious gift, and that though it be only the good fortune of a happy temperament which makes the sunshine. What, then, if it be the transfiguration of the character by the mastery of itself and its lot, and the consequent inflowing of the liberty and light of God! A volume this of his illuminating, wide open at pictures that to see is to be blessed forever, writ all over with the secrets of a true manly or womanly character. Such cheer is our living gospel for the

quickenings of the world to-day. We shall best prove what God is by showing a genial recognition of beauty in all his present works, and of blessing in all his visible ways. We shall best justify our faith in man's moral power by the actual overcoming of the dark side of life and character, and our claim for the freedom of reason by the refreshing and kindly truths it brings us. We shall most effectually cast out of others the fear of death by that unfaltering cheerfulness which proves that the power of death is past for us, and the substance of immortality really come. We make another man's unbelief in principles intolerable to him when we demonstrate in ourselves the power of a belief in them to comfort and enliven us. And surely, better than all exhortation or warning to the timid and wavering in a just cause is the sight of one who goes forward to meet the emergency, cheerful and untroubled, saying, "This way only lies victory and joy."

And, finally, this cheerfulness is efficient because it is spontaneous and natural. On the noblest works of art there is one unmistakable sign and stamp,—that of the delight the artists found in doing them. And you will find the same stamp on every good work of the hands, the head, or the heart. From this come clearness of sight, freedom of action, ease, delicacy, and every form of power. It is all one in the so-called "fine arts," or in the finer art of life. Whatever we do, to do it spontaneously, earnestly, with heart and hope therein,—this is sure efficiency, success, and fair issue.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.¹

"NOTHING is easier," said Voltaire, "than for people to read and converse to no purpose. One of the ancients wrote a book to prove that every word was an ambiguity." The epigram of a French diplomat, "Words were invented to conceal meaning," passed into a proverb. This unbelief in the virtue of human speech may have proceeded from deeper unbelief in the virtue of mankind. Our age has a happier view of social relations, and pursues mutual comprehension with boundless faith in the tongue and pen. Yet its speculative and religious terminology does not yield even an alphabet of conversation. Our formulas, piled in the pride of classification, prove but bricks of the ancient Babel, after all, and tumble back, ineffectual, upon the heads of the builders. Never was colloquial humanity farther from Plato's all-important preliminary of clear definitions. There is no virtue in "star-eyed science" to dispel these enduring aspects of the truth the idealist sings:—

"We are spirits clad in veils;
Heart by heart was never seen:
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen."

Yet must we have communion on the best terms

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possible; and so there is deeper interest than ever in bringing speech to judgment and words to legitimate meanings. We shall hardly prosper in this work till we reform the habit of defining terms of large historical significance by current meanings or associations, ignoring their essential purport in the philosophy of mind. Thus, recent materialists, in general, treat with contempt such terms as theism, theology, religion, as concerned with an external personal God; although these terms have always represented, at bottom, the effort to find *unity* and *substance*, as well as providence, in the world. The reason given for this rejection — that, unless words are used in their current meaning, they will be misunderstood — is unfortunate; it being obvious that a material part of the current meaning itself is here rejected, and injustice done to great permanent tendencies of human nature. The term “transcendental” is a notable instance of the same kind.

The popular use of this word to signify the incomprehensible and impracticable is natural enough, since philosophers are the fathers of it, and have applied it to matters that do really lie apart from common observation. We cannot wonder that it was given over to Satan by the Church and the World, among the other dark things, — such as dark glens, dark plans, dark skins, heathen blindness, and “the Black Art,” — to be kept at safe distance, with holy horror by the devout, and off-hand contempt by the wise in their own generation. For the old theology could not help being startled at this Shadow, writing doom on its walls; and to cry “fool and mad” was but natural instinct. Assailed by ignorance and blind authority, the term has been even more contemptu-

ously treated by that current form of system-building which repudiates metaphysics in the name of science. On the other hand, there are metaphysicians who object that it means substitution of sentiment for perception, and assumption for induction. There are Hegelians who sacrifice it to a superficial etymology, and say with Castelar, in his eloquent essays on "Republicanism in Europe," that "in ancient thought the absolute is transcendental; in Hegel it is inherent," — a distinction for which the proper meaning of the word in question affords no authority. Led in the same way, perhaps, by an etymological inference, not a few would consign Transcendentalism to the past, as a form of that very Supernaturalism against which it has claimed to be the one thorough and effective protest. Strange, indeed, if a philosophy whose central idea is the immanence of the Infinite should mean to affirm that an outside God is working on the world, whether by miracles or in human ways! Transcendentalism is a far stronger reaction against the old theology than scientific induction can be without it; yet there is danger that, in the very impetus of their reaction, scientists shall come to confound this indispensable ally with the foe they would destroy. This will naturally happen in proportion as they accept the explanation of thought, laid down in recent physical text-books, as "an impression on the brain derived from the external world through the medium of the senses;" since, while the transcendentalist and the supernaturalist are at utter variance on points of utmost moment, this explanation is equally rejected by both. The absorbing question of the hour has here disregarded organic and permanent bearings, and makes one incidental analogy the

test of affinity and the measure of worth. A similar illusion confounds the philosophical idea of intuition with the theological idea of inspiration, because both deny the exclusive claim of "experience" to be the source of knowledge, and because both are supposed to affirm certitude in regard to unsolved and open questions, and an ideal basis for what are "pure results of historical derivation." Their common recognition of relations with the Infinite, though under very different meanings of the word, is thought to imply that they agree in denying the universality of law; and their common demand that the less shall be ascribed to a greater than itself, rather than the greater to a less, to indicate that they are alike in tracing the world to supernatural will. Such confusion of ideas increases with the lapse of time during which study has taken an almost exclusively physical direction, until the philosophy which emphasizes principles has come to pass for an ambitious pretense of wisdom beyond what is known as well as what is "written;" so that even the effort to show that it is simply common sense and universal method provokes a new form of contempt, as if much bluster had been made in proclaiming what, after all, is confessed to be but a form of commonplace. The result of all this is an impression that Transcendentalism was the opinion of a small and eccentric school, and has already given place to "the scientific method," — the positive gospel of this and all coming time.

As one by whom this philosophy was accepted, not as the opinion of a few thinkers, but as the independent *rationale of human thought*, and who has found its main postulates essentially undisturbed by full acceptance of the results of science, I propose to pre-

sent that view of its meaning which its history appears to me to warrant, and to state some of its vital relations to the sanity and progress of mind.

That the name "Transcendentalism" was given, a century ago, to a method in philosophy opposed to the theory of Locke — that all knowledge comes from the senses — is more widely known than the fact that what this method affirmed and involved is of profound import for all generations. It emphasized Mind as formative force behind all definable contents or acts of consciousness, — as that which makes it possible to speak of anything as *known*. It recognized, as primal condition of knowing, the transmutation of sense-impressions by original laws of mind, whose constructive power is not to be explained or measured by the data of sensation; just as they use the eye and ear to transform unknown spatial motions into the obviously human conceptions which we call color and sound. All this the Lockian system overlooked, — a very serious omission, as regards both science and common sense.

Locke was probably somewhat misconstrued. He meant that sense-impressions come first in our conscious experience; his concern being with the apparent process, rather than with the real origin of our knowledge. He was aiming, not only to reduce to plain good sense the mediæval metaphysics of his time, but also to combat an enthusiasm of the self-deifying sort, resulting from the spiritual ferment of the English Revolution. He had seen how easily fanatical ecstasies were glorified as vision and revelation, and how perilous they were to the political and religious liberty which he was building into positive institutions. His famous comparison of the mind

to a sheet of blank paper was, I suppose, a vigorous way of repudiating these imaginary inspirations and emphasizing the public and common elements of experience, rather than the startling assertion it would seem to be, that the substance by and through which we think and know is of itself sheer passivity and emptiness. He rejected "innate ideas," considered as distinct conceptions, supernaturally conveyed into the mind, and there preëxisting, ready for use, independent of education and even of growth. His crusade against this antecedence of ready-made ideas as a mass of concrete details prior to experience seems to have drawn away his attention from other and better modes of conceiving the originality and primacy of mind. He posits "experience" as the only source of knowledge ; forgetting to inquire how the "blank paper," which could not respond to innate impressions, should be in any degree more competent to report results of "experience" without constructive energies of its own. To pretend that it could do so would have been simply to flee from supernaturalism in one form to fall into it in another. Here is the unconscious incoherence in Locke's account of the matter, as in that of John Stuart Mill, the more recent apostle of "experience." Yet Locke's own phraseology shows that his good sense was not unaware of facts wholly incompatible with the "blank paper" theory ; as when he says (Book II. chap. i. § 4) that the "operations of the soul (in reflection) do furnish the understanding with another set of ideas which could not be had from things without, we observing them in ourselves."

Everything depends, if we would fairly interpret a thinker, on recognizing the emphasis given to certain

elements of his thought by his special aim, and reading between the lines other elements, which he evidently takes for granted, as not needing statement at all. Locke, although a clear-headed man and liberal politician, was not a metaphysical thinker. The profound meaning involved in the fact that such constant ideas as Substance, Personality, Law, Cause, "could not be had from things without" never interested his practical and concrete mind, which thought it quite sufficient to mass such facts under the vague term "experience," and let them go at that. In this respect his example is largely followed in days when science, building upon "experience," is to a very great extent absorbed in collecting innumerable physical details. Yet I doubt if Locke would have relished being made the father of the "Sensational School," and put into the limbo of forever decanting sense-impressions into mental bottles to prove that physical phenomena are the sole authors and finishers of man. Had he inquired into the distinctive origin and significance of what he called "reflection," he might have reached the starting-point of Transcendentalism. He was a keen observer of palpable processes; and this habit is very apt to hide those conditions in mental faculty which the processes do not exhibit, but imply; until, as in much modern method which passes for scientific, the mere succession of phenomena is substituted for the substance in which they inhere. Neither the self-consciousness of mind as such, nor the forces that lie behind conscious understanding, attracted Locke's utilitarian temperament. He was, so far, the ancestor of that school of evolutionists which holds itself at war with Transcendentalism.

But he could not have anticipated the positive denial of such transcendental conditions in the next century by his enthusiastic disciples, Helvetius, Condillac, and others, who were preparing the French mind to throw aside, in sheer reaction, not only the continuity of human evolution through the past, but that constant, undemonstrable element that makes the prime condition of present certitude.

What we conceive these schools to have misprized is the living substance and function of Mind itself. Conscious of its own energy; productive of its own processes; active even in receiving; giving its own construction to its incomes from the unknown through sense; thus involved in those very contents of time and space which, as historical antecedents, *appear* to create it,—mind is obviously the exponent of forces more spontaneous and original than any special product of its own experience. Behind all these products must be that substance in and through which they are produced. Or are we, as Taine will have it, mere trains of sensation in the void; successions of thoughts without a thinker; incessant flowing, yet no living stream; a process where what proceeds may be neglected or is naught? Can the knower be mere resultant of his own knowledge, call it “experience” or what you will? How should there be any knowing of things at all, except there be first one competent to know, whose nature is father and fount of the act of cognition? When you assert that all is from experience, have you forgotten the experiencer himself? Or, if you reply that he is of course taken for granted, then pray do not immediately consign him over among his products, but consider what your concession involves.

Is he not more than all his past processes, and primal condition of all that are to come? If personality be not real, science is at war with human consciousness. If it be real, it involves powers which constantly condition experience and determine its forms and results. Nor can it be regarded as a mere product or transfer of the past experiences of the race, since the transmutation of one conscious personal identity into another is inconceivable; and no transfer of experiences could ever produce an experiencer. To say that this is idealism may remand the statement to the dictionary, but does not refute it.

✓ We affirm, however, that it is actualism also. Processes of phenomena come to us as forms of knowledge; and idea, or conception, inevitably determines form. All we can know is ideas, — yet not as unrealities; it is the recognition of them as reporting objective truth that makes them, for us, knowledge. Nor can knowledge ever be anything else than this. And although in an idea there are two things, — the subject who thinks and the object thought, — the two are one in that common substance of mind which makes them what they are; and this not in the case of secondary qualities only, such as color and sound, which do obviously depend on the mental relations of the organism, but equally for all qualities and even substances, *since these can address us only in the language of mind*. As Goethe says, "to ascribe everything to experience is to forget the half of experience." In other words, no philosophy of human knowledge can be genuine which leaves out man himself, or the unknown, unfathomed continent of active mind, of which he is a

living portion. Nor can the results of such omission be other than subversive.

"Were not the eye itself a sun, no sun for it could ever shine :
By nothing noble could the heart be won, were not the heart divine."

Modern materialism makes much of the supposed distinction between "creating everything out of the subject" (*i. e.*, the thinking mind), and "letting things speak for themselves."¹ But how are things to speak at all to us, except through the nature of mind? No bridge to reality is possible that does not start from this. And the bridge being granted, why should it carry over our cognitions of sensible particulars, and yet refuse passage to universal conceptions and principles of order, which are the direct and necessary forms of mental action? Does the idea of cause, for instance, depend on mind, individual or general, in any sense which should destroy its objective value, because proceeding from us, and not from nature? By the same logic, the things to which we attach it are under equal uncertainty, since they are knowable only in their relations with our minds; and their succession, which the Lockian would put in place of Cause, is also a form of human conception applied to things. And so we land in a phantom world, out of which the materialist himself who leads us there must be the first to take the back-track. We may add that the doctrine that things can "speak to us for themselves," without regard to mental conditions, is not only the metaphysical basis of such dogmas as transubstantiation, but a practical opening for intellectual and spiritual despotism in every form.

¹ See Lange's *History of Materialism*, p. 213.

But these primal conditions of knowledge are not readily observed. Inevitably assumed in all mental processes, they are not to be demonstrated ; for the very act of demonstration is itself, as it were, let down from these heavens, and by invisible threads. They are not made palpable, like numbers, sensations, observations, by strict limits of their own. They are as subtle and indefinable as they are universal. That direct conjunction of mind with the real universe, by which knowledge is made possible, is in fact a natural relation to the infinite, since the universe *is* infinite ; and thus there is an unsounded element, a mystic margin, implied in all our thinking, — a something beyond warrant from experience, beyond explanation from induction or observation, whereby our inferences from these data cover indefinitely larger ground than the data themselves. And this inevitable law of mind is the constant guarantee that prompts to progress as endless resource ; that sense of moving more or less freely, in open space, which belongs to the activity of reason. On this silent and boundless atmosphere, inviolable, imperturbable, not to be demonstrated or analyzed or defined, but known in our inward necessity of transcending experience ; on this universal element, where no brazen firmament shuts down on us, and whose stars but measure an ether traversable by the light of mind ; on this unseen, indubitable space, symbolized in the cosmic deep around our senses, all human aspiration depends, and the more open we are to the sense of it, the larger and more sublime the world of possibility appears. Here float all wings of promise and belief. Its voice haunts us with a rune that was never wholly silent since man began

to know: Thou art more than thy limits in any premises, past or present, in any logic of the eye and ear. Thou art not made of senses and experiences; they are of thee, and hint that larger life of Mind which thou sharest as including, transforming, overflowing them,—the greater that must always explain the less.

Locke's system was, with all its merits, a book of the Understanding. It skipped all mental data which could not be readily utilized and defined, or left them in a state of helpless vagueness.¹ It disparaged whatever is involved in our relations with the infinite, and could have no philosophy of beauty and sublimity, which depend on these; none of enthusiasm, loyalty, love, and awe. It not only subordinated the universal to the particular, but made the idea of the infinite the mere product of limited sensuous conditions, at the same time slurring it as incomprehensible.² A practical effect of this method appeared in the immense influence of English thought on the French mind of the next century. Whatever phraseology of universal ideas attended it, the social dissolution of France at the close of this epoch showed the practical absence of any philosophy based on the control of egotism by reverent culture of the moral ideal.

Its speculative effect led the same way. All knowledge being granted as coming from the senses, what do you know of these at all except through your consciousness? This was Berkeley's inference of the "non-existence of matter." And then comes

¹ See, for instance, his self-contradictory discussion of the claims of reason and revelation (Book IV. chap. 18).

² See Book II. chap. 17.

Hume's trenchant question: "How do we, whose sense-testimony is so plainly uncertain, know any better that consciousness tells us truth?" What answer could be made to that question by those whose sole test of truth was in sensations, and to whom inherent laws of mind, necessary conditions of all experience and all language, and essential relations of subject to object in all thought, were too impalpable to be studied at all? Here opens a gulf of skepticism as to the very power of seeing truth, which leaves man without root in realities; and it inevitably resulted in that failure of earnestness in ethics, philosophy, and faith which, from this and other causes, characterized literature and life in the latter half of the eighteenth century. That our theories of mind lie very close to the springs of character and conduct is none the less certain in the long run, because it would be unjust to infer any special virtues or vices in an individual from his philosophical statements or religious creed. And it is the way in which, consciously or unconsciously, we treat the demand for assurance of that perception of substantial truth which is undemonstrable—save as being the indispensable condition of earnest thought—that enables us to contribute to the dignity and progress of mankind. Our philosophy, being the way in which we look at the world, is what we really live by, and goes back of our political or religious relations.

But a philosophic method had commenced which recognized these higher demands; not new in substance, of course, but a fresh inspiration of faith and science to meet them. From Descartes and Spinoza it descended through Leibnitz and Kant, and their

later interpreters, Cousin and Jouffroy. It was developed in various forms by Schelling, Hegel, and the higher German metaphysics, and formed an essential part of the English and Scotch philosophies of Cudworth, Reid, and Hamilton, of the idealism of Coleridge and the moral intensity of Carlyle. Its past and present representatives are of no special race, and show, by their great diversity in matters of detail, the endless adaptability of their common method and the wealth of its resources. This method was the psychological, as the other was the "sensational," or experiential. It began at the nearest point, exploring that productive force of mind which constructs the world out of its own laws; itself implied in all terms, processes, explanations, verifications, inductions, as their common substance, which the physicist must presuppose, even when he attempts to find its beginning among the plasmata and cells, if plasma and cell themselves are to have any meaning for him; and which thus constructs, so far as they can be known to him, the very germs which he asserts to be its creator. The transcendental method found its first objective point in the universal substance of mind,¹—that invisible eye and ear implied in all origins conceivable by man; without which preadamitic light and present sounds and colors are alike meaningless and unreal. "Nothing in the mind which was not first in the senses," was the Lockian statement. "Except mind itself," replied Leibnitz.

¹ The question of *self-conscious* mind is a different and secondary one. Even in our personal experience some of the noblest instincts and powers seem to have nothing to do with self-consciousness, but to be, rather, escapes from it into a higher quality and realm of mind. What we here emphasize is mind regarded as the universal substance of knowledge.

Analysis of thought as essential and primal leads to the recognition of certain ground-forms of thought as universal, and therefore as known only by transcending the observation of facts; since no number of observations, or "sensible particulars," could of themselves ever prove a universal principle, but require supplementing by larger forces of mind. Such ideas as Unity, Universe, Law, Cause, Duty, Substance (God), Permanence (Immortality), are thus affirmed to be *intuitively*, or directly, perceived; because, while not to be accounted for by any observed and calculated data, they are yet fundamental, and must be referred to organic relations of the mind with truth. And for this sense the term *intuition*, if freed from loose definition, seems to be a very proper one.

Of course the transcendentalist cannot mean by it that at all times and by all persons the truths now specified are seen in the same objective form, nor even that they are always *consciously* recognized in any form. He means that, being involved in the movement of intelligence, they indicate realities, whether well or ill conceived, and are apprehended in proportion as man becomes aware of his own mental processes. They who deny that they perceive these ideas intuitively mean the more or less questionable forms of them which at the moment prevail. Transcendentalism does not assert that these last are intuitions. It means the enduring substance, not the transient form. What we are to regard as involved in mental movement must surely be, not the special modifications dependent on individual or social opinion, but the universal root ideas to which all these different branches point. The neglect of this distinc-

tion between the necessary conformities of mind and the special inferences that have been built upon them has caused much confused discussion on the subject of intuition.

By intuition of God we do not mean a theological dogma or a devout sentiment; we do not mean belief in "a God," Christian or other; but that presumption of the infinite as involved in our perception of the finite, of the whole as implied by the part, of substance behind all phenomena, and of thought as of one nature with its object, which the laws of mind require, and which can be detected, in conscious or unconscious forms, through all epochs and stages of religious belief. The intuition of law does not depend on the opinion that this or that order of events, because oft repeated, must be taken to represent a rule of nature or mind: it consists in that *sense of invariability*, which no amount of such repetitions can explain, since they only affirm uniformity so far as themselves are concerned. Nor is any particular succession of related events to be taken as measure or test of the intuition of cause; which concerns the universal idea of causality, inexplicable by any amount of successions, and meaning *production*, not succession at all. Nor is every affirmation of special duties to be laid to the account of intuition; which takes cognizance simply of duty itself, of that which makes duties possible, — the meaning of Ought.

An intuitive perception, however certain, may be of slow growth, though what it recognizes is in fact a necessary part of mental action. In like manner, products of imperfect experience and self-study often claim that certitude of intuition, as such, which they do not really represent. We do not rest the intui-

tion that the world must be known to us through universal principles on the truth of Plato's archetypal ideas as real essences in the hands of a "World-framer," nor on the truth of modern classification by genera and species, which Agassiz called "the thoughts of God." Yet these were forms, however imperfect, in which that intuition was folded. The uncertainty of many common beliefs about immortality has led many to deny that there is such a thing as intuition of immortality. It is not easy to see how we can have intuitive certainty of the continuance of our present form of consciousness in a future life; still less of what awaits it in a future life. But it is certain that knowledge involves not only a sense of union with the nature of that which we know, but a real participation of the knowing faculty therein. When, therefore, I have learned to conceive truths, principles, ideas, or aims, which transcend life-times and own no physical limits to their endurance, the aforesaid law of mind associates me with their immortal nature. And this is the indubitable perception, or intuition, of permanent mind, which no experience of impermanence can nullify and no Nirvâna excludes. But this is plainly incompetent to specific knowledge of form or detail. And so we attach less importance to definite conceptions or images of a future life, the stronger our sense of the permanence of ideas, the unities of love, and the continuities of growth. Imagination, too, the open sense of our highest relations, has the same secret of transcending time. The beautiful comes to the poet at once as reminiscence and prophecy, and, lifted in the heavens, he sings, —

"I look on the Caucasus, and it seems to me as if

it were not the first time that I am here ; it seems as if my cradle had been rocked by the torrents below me, and that these winds have lulled me to sleep ; as if I had wandered over these mountains in my childhood, and that at that time I was as old as the world of God."

But such foundations as these are not intellectual merely ; here is the only firm ground for universal convictions. The grand words "I ought" refuse to be explained by dissolving the notion of right into individual calculation of consequences, or by expounding the sense of duty as the culminative product of observed relations of succession. Can you measure by a finite quantity the amount of allegiance involved in that sense ? Is not its claim universal and absolute ? What would become of it, if it possessed no authority beyond the uncertain foresight of differing minds as to results, a soothsayer, whose worth depended on the truth of his special predictions ? A criterion in special duties cannot be the basis of the great fact of duty, nor the origin of an absolute and universal allegiance. How explain as a "greatest happiness principle," or an inherited product of observed consequences, that sovereign and eternal law of mind whose imperial edict lifts all calculations and measures into functions of an infinite meaning ? And how vain to accredit or ascribe to revelation, institution, or redemption this necessary allegiance to the law of our own being, which is liberty and loyalty in one ! Yet the language of even liberal Christian sects would seem to warrant the inference that it was imported into the human soul by the influence or example of Jesus !

"Two things," said Kant, "command my veneration: the starry universe around me, the law of duty within." Yet neither the infinity of the one nor the authority of the other can be demonstrated by anything but the fact of sight. They are self-affirmations of mind and for mind. Kant demanded that ethics should not rest primarily on experimental grounds, but on the principle of morality, which is not to be limited or explained by any number of exclusive facts, but stands upon an inherent right to the implicit confidence of men. "Everything has either price or dignity. What can be represented by an equivalent has price; what is above all price has dignity."

What Kant did for speculative ethics Lessing did for theological freedom. It was his working out from this premise of the transcendence of ideal mind that made Lessing, more truly than any other man, father of our modern liberty to doubt. "Give me, O God, not truth outright, but the joy of striving for truth, even though I never reach that pure light which is thine alone." No grander word was ever uttered. All the free thought of our time is stirring in it. More than any attainment is it to be in earnest to attain; more than any number of special truths is the love of earning truth, the life-task freely taken. Of work and play this is the transcendental ground. For of such rights of mind what demonstration is possible? What induction proves them? 'Tis the open eye itself shining with the very light it sees. Liberty to doubt! If we are products of our sensations, what right or power should we have to doubt? But, if we can doubt all doctrines, so long as we love the earning of truth,

what shall explain this but participation in the infinitude of truth? Once more: Spinoza, following this track of transcendent thought to its universal form; assuming, in the serene assurance with which he moves in the pure idea of God, that the perception and participation of the Infinite is real, and that philosophy is thus identical with religion; resolving all being into One Substance on the sole authority of thought, affirms it as man's real life to know, to obey, to love, and, so far, to become God.

These three leaders of modern thought indicate in their various ways the upward drift of the transcendental method. How, indeed, should the study of mind in its inherent productive force fail to open those paths of thought which New England transcendentalists used to call man's "inlets to the Infinite"? Of such intuition, the contents, though not to be proved, are none the less truly knowledge; because they are assumed in all processes of verification, and because the infinite is as real as the finite and as really known,—being simply that spatial freedom and undefined possibility which are as essential to our minds as cosmic space to stars.

Our method of intellectual inquiry involves, therefore, the highest interests of ethics, philosophy, and faith. In the unity of these three forces centres the movement of our time. Everywhere it insists on making this unity real, not only as direct vision of the laws of the world, but as ideal of personal character. This, in short, is its Religion. Thus its "Way towards the Blessed Life" is conceived by Fichte as free obedience to immutable laws, discerned by the individual to be at once his own inmost substance and the order of the worlds, with which he be-

comes at one by escape from selfish individualism into the personal ideal, — a system wrongly called egoism; the *ego* being only the starting-point of consciousness in our personal sense of the true and the holy, opening the way to universal truths and duties. The intellectual method of our time is rooted in such intuition of the identity of mind with the substance of that world which it perceives. The same principle has given metaphysics its basis for knowledge in the identity of subject and object, and culture its belief that every aspiration is the human side of a Divine necessity. It has taught ethics that self-respect is one with the sovereignty of law. It has revealed to sympathy the solidarity of the race, which simply means that humanity without and heart within have one substance and aim. And so it has inspired, in Europe and America, those universalities which we now express by the words People, Labor, Liberty; ideas in place of traditional conventionalities and vested fictions, as the motive powers of society; a divinity within the life of man, not outside of it.

So with our spiritual philosophy. That the soul can give true report of the universe, as of that which is of the same nature and purport with its own faculties, enters in various forms into all that religious thought which we call "radical." For this word, *root-thought*, there is no other proper meaning than the recognition that human faculty is related to truth, not by secondary adaptation or artificial conjunction, but by a natural unity. This participation in the substance of what we know abolishes those imagined clefts between God, Nature, and Man which Christian theology has helplessly tried to

bridge over by its equally imaginary mechanism of miracle and incarnation. And, finally, to this self-recognition of the mind in its object is due the fearlessness that now animates science and scatters superstition with a self-confidence that no mere induction can explain. Thus, in Tyndall's fine statement, mind is evolved, not out of mere inorganic matter, but from the universe as a whole. This whole, however, is infinite, and involves inscrutable Substance, which, as recognizable only by mind, is therefore of one nature therewith. The lowest physical beginnings are thus, in virtue of the cosmic force by which they exist, actual mentalities, or mental germs. The crude definition of evolution as production of the highest by inherent force of the lowest is here supplanted by one which recognizes material parentage as itself involving, even in its lowest stages, the entire cosmic *consensus*, of whose unknown force mind is the highest known exponent. Even when apparent as final fruit of evolution, conscious mind is therefore, we conceive, not a new force in the universe, but the substance of the universe itself under the form of individual relations and growth, — an identity which is seen in its capacity, and even necessity, to open out from individualism into universal truth as its natural home.

We must, then, enter our protest against the treatment of this philosophy as the opinion of a small school of thinkers, or as a transient phase of idealism, in due time supplanted by positive science. It purports to be the *rationale* of human thinking; its method is as organic as induction or association of ideas. Its postulates are involved in these processes, and make them effective. If true once, it is

true forever. Conscious recognition of the laws of mental method is something else than an *ism*. If we call it Transcendentalism, we do not forget that it is also realism, as affirming objective realities and grounds of actual life and work. We believe it to be the organic basis of progress; of every step beyond traditional limits; of all ideal faith and purpose. For these, in their refusal to be judged by the dicta of experience, or by the strict definitions of the understanding, are exponents of an infinite relation in the human ideal. The step beyond experience is the common bond of all upward movements, intellectual, moral, spiritual, æsthetic.

This step is involved in the growth of true personality. Once discern that your experience through the senses is not adequate to account for your conception of the world; once mark how you transform such experience by laws of your own mind and of all mind, and the free creative function of your being is revealed. And so this perception of a force within us which posits itself over against the limits of experience, as its master, is what delivers individual mind from outward authority into free reason. Ask a dozen men to think of an external object, say a tree: they all turn in one direction, and a supposed common sensation disguises their individuality. But ask them to look at the mental process by which they know the tree, and each finds that the primal source of his perception is internal; and the inference follows that its value must depend on his personal dignity and freedom. I do not mean that personal character is merely an intellectual process. But it is impossible that one should, in any living sense, realize that he is not a mere member of a mass, or product of insti-

tutions, but a piece of primal fact and original nature, unless he is guarded and consecrated by a sense of the law by which he is inwardly related to truth. Then begins high moral culture; then that earnest dealing with necessity, duty, opportunity, which sets the great tasks, and lifts the life through the aim it serves. Knowing her own solitude and self-dependence, the soul finds at once commandment and freedom in the realities that front her. Self-isolation is the first step to self-consecration. "Gentlemen," began Fichte, in his opening lecture on philosophy, "give me your closest attention. Let each of you think this book. Now let each think, not the book, but *himself*." Such his first summons to the noble study of what Kant called the "autonomy of the will," none the less real for the laws of necessity with which it has to deal.

It is by force of the transcendental element in human thought that there was never wanting some measure of healthful reaction from drag-weights of the past, of self-recovery from selfish interests of the present. How could the constant operation of a law of the mind which overflows all data of experience with ideas whose scope they cannot explain fail to make prophets in every age, — yea, more or less of a prophet in every thoughtful person? This is the resilient force that throws off effete organized product, supplants waste by repair, adds fresh atoms for an unprecedented life; this the unexplained element, the mystic impulsion, in all growth. The transcendental law becomes impulse and aspiration. Stirred by its ceaseless presence, men listen to the native affirmations of Mind: I am knowledge, and the medium of knowledge; I am inspiration as well

as tradition; the instant fire, as well as the inherited fuel, of thought; primal as well as resultant; infinite as well as finite. Hence that eternal dissatisfaction of idealists with the superficial doings around them, — with the eager fret and self-waste, the paltry propagandism of book, church, sect; their exacting demand on human nature, which makes them, as Emerson said, “strike work, in order to act freely for something worthy to be done.” Whoso scoffs at their refusal to do special things that may seem to him imperative may well consider whether, after all, the best doing is not *being*. Let him not call it unsocial. What society most wants is criticism by the courage to choose what one respects, and to renounce and reprove what this disdains. We reach civility when men recognize that one in earnest to be doing his proper work is more likely to know what this is than ten thousand other persons who would set him upon theirs. The transcendental impulse accounts not for dissatisfied protest only. It is the basis of interpretations of life and duty by ideal standards; of the spiritual imagination, which forever confutes, by its far-seeing faith, the gloom and irony in man’s actual experience.

A constant in history, it makes the “one increasing purpose that through the ages runs.” In India, Transcendentalism took sensualizing tropic fires for its leverage, and there appeared a philosophy that treated the senses as illusion, and an enthusiasm of brotherhood which gathered a third of mankind into its fold. In Persia and Egypt, it transfigured all great natural forms with inner meaning beyond sensuous traditions and rituals, drawn from the vicissitudes and aspirations of the soul. God, Duty,

Immortality, — affirmations of the infinite in man, through all special errors, — became the substance of "mysteries" and awe-girded disciplines, wherein the noblest minds of antiquity learned divine philosophies and tasks. In Greece, when the word-play of sensational logic was destroying certitude in morals and mind, Socrates affirmed personality the measure of all studies, and brought its intuition of the Good, the True, and the Becoming to silence noisy pretension and confute moral unbelief. Notwithstanding the sophist's measure of all beliefs by individual opinion, what men really needed in Athens was to be disengaged from the crowd, to front their own consciousness of reality. The Socrates *elenchus*, or confuting process, was no mere bit of argumentation, but, as its author himself described it, "spiritual obstetrics," opening to each mind its own productive force. His "*dæmon*," who was wont to warn him, without giving any reason, against doing this or that thing, was manifestly the self-protective law of a personality that knew its own right to shape circumstance and to reject interference with its ideal. Thence came harvests for all ages in Plato's evolution of his text that the Ideal is the Real; that principles, seen directly by the soul that has found its real self, are the substance of the world. Our chief debt to Greece is summed up in this: that Socrates and Plato saw the world as outgrowth of mind, — mind as its own authority, and personal mind as organically related to universal being.

In Judæa, the reaction against materialism was more intensely moral, — authoritative protest of prophet, social exodus of Essene, apocalyptic vision, wilderness cry. Yet the free transcendental phi-

losophy may be read as plainly in writings of the Apocrypha, dating before the time of Jesus, as in Goethe, or Carlyle, or Emerson, or Parker. In John the Baptist came Hebrew summons to the personal ideal, and Jesus went behind Pharisee ritualism, Sadducee skepticism, and Essene asceticism, — finalities of Hebrew experience, — to the soul that *makes* experience. To the transcendental impulse the ages owe his resort to self-sovereignty, his rejection of the dominant sources of national hope, his enthusiasm of faith in the unseen, his appeal to humanity and to pure ethics against force and formalism, his assertion of infinite relations. That lofty manhood, though swayed by Hebrew conditions, by supernaturalism, by the monarchical principle of Hebrew piety, by its Messianic idea and the traditional habit of claiming special divine commission, by that excessive reaction to despair of the present world which was incident to the times, was yet so offensive to Jewish experience that martyrdom was the cost of it. But the impulse of humanity that presses beyond experience is greater than any of its own human products, and so it passed the limitations of Jesus to fresh material in other races and times. The democratic movement of that age, the grand Stoic and Epicurean forms of self-respect and faith in nature, the coalescence of beliefs to higher unities, did not lose their power of transfusing ages of Christian ecclesiasticism with a redeeming instinct of universality.

Christianity inherited the monarchical idea of a God separate from man, and a contempt for natural law and human faculty which crippled its faith in the spiritual and moral ideal. It became more and

more a materialism of miracle, Bible, Church. Even its essay to realize immanent Deity yielded a more or less exclusive mediatorial God-man; and it treated personality as the mere consequence of one prescriptive historical force, just as philosophical materialism treats it as mere product of sensations. What successions of oppressive creeds and barbarous wars concerning the nature of Christ; what lasting reigns of terror and superstition; what persistent bigotries restrained, not by creed, but only by the political balance of power; what hostility to the steps of science, in crude, perverted forms of ideal desire, have given way to the patient pressure of an organic necessity behind them all, the transcendental sense of invariable law! Against what reluctant traditions of experience it urges its way! In the Reformation it seemed to thrust its keen edge through the old materialism to the free light. "What makes man's world is not without him, but within: not works, then, but faith, not doing, but being, saves." Christianity was broken into individualities. But they proved chips of the papal block. Protestantism swelled with the old leaven of ecclesiasticism. Miracle, Bible, Church, Sabbath, external God, and official Atonement survived in a supernaturalism of which spiritual ideals were regarded as the secretion, just as materialism holds mind to be a function of the bodily organs.

Puritanism was a further protest than Protestantism against institutional experience. It was full of crudities; a pungent mixture of noble insights with gross superstitions, of transcendental day with traditional night; an uncouth Titan, precursor of an intelligence and order hitherto unknown. Supersti-

tion so ran in the grain of it that, after two centuries and a half of American air and space, its mediæval spirit brought ministers together to stop access of the people to free reading on Sunday, "because God has given his Bible for that day, and religion will perish without morality." The real transcendentalists of the seventeenth century were the Mayflower Pilgrims; for America, the Rock of Ages was Plymouth Rock. The moral earnestness of the pilgrims was a step in conscience, precisely like Kant's in philosophy, when he showed the sensationalists the mind-element they had left out of their analysis, and led the way through Atlantic deeps of consciousness which they had not dared explore. Did experience create either of these great unaided ventures upon unknown seas? The Plymouth pilgrim outstepped the intolerance of the Puritan creed. He followed his undemonstrated vision of a free private judgment out of church, home, and civilization itself. But he carried civilization with him in that step of intuition; he took up the wintry leagues of the Atlantic, and made them shining steps to the people's throne. Well might the ideality that refused to be the product of traditions transfigure forever that desert continent and howling sea for which it exchanged them. These spaces were there to show that man makes of his experiences *more than experience* by the lift of his spiritual force. Mark close to this group the imperial man of that day, who refused to persecute for belief in any form, and denounced usurpation even in the slayers of a tyrant. "The Lord deliver us from Sir Harry Vane!" cried Cromwell, covering his face with his hands, when the clear eyes that never quailed before plot or power searched his own, —

eyes of a great conscience conversant with the infinite laws, and serenely awaiting martyrdom, that could transfigure with trust the total eclipse of patriot harvests and hopes. Hear that frightened bray of trumpets trying to drown what such a man might dare to say on the scaffold, — a fine expedient, on the theory that mind is the product of things! With what divine irony the transcendental genius of modern liberty meets this pretense of mass-power to abolish men because it is so very easy to abolish the visible shapes of men, — Algernon Sidney and Harry Vane at the beginning of one epoch, John Brown at the threshold of another, dying on scaffolds as fanatics, to ascend as ideal symbols of power! The charter of the Republic is itself an assumption that undemonstrated ideas are masters of the social elements. For ideas were not demonstrated, are not demonstrable. No data of observation can express their universal meaning. The data are their negations, not their cause; and suggest them, as the finite suggests the infinite, by contrast and insufficiency. What else can we say of ideas than that they are the wondrous intimacies of the human soul with the Infinite and Eternal, its contacts with universal forces, its prophetic ventures and master steps beyond any past? Yet John Stuart Mill fancied that Transcendentalism stands in the way of progress. Is there offense to science in our dealing with ideas, because ideas are inscrutable to the understanding? Let such science explain any one thing in nature or man, with which itself claims to deal, and we will lay to heart these complaints against the ideal.

Justice, Humanity, Universal Rights and Duties, on which progress moves, are transcendental. The

idea of a unity of races and of religions ; the idea of a true State, combining personal with public freedom ; the idea of the Abolitionist, that went behind parties and fundamental laws, and put a soul into a dead republic ; the idea of equal opportunities for race and sex, are all transcendental. So is philosophy, as a science of independent principles, based on the necessities of thought. What series of actual facts is represented by the philosophy of history, which assumes to judge the steps of the past, and interprets them to high uses of which they had no presentiment ? Art is transcendental, realm of refuge from the woes and imperfections of the actual,—art, the infinite hearing of a deaf Beethoven, the celestial vision of a blind Milton, a Michael Angelo's cry for liberty from the stones of the quarry, in an age when the tongues of men were forced to be dumb. Morality is transcendental, turning fate to freedom and limits to liberties by choosing to accept and abide them. Transcendental, too, is a philosophy of life which can offset the limits of the understanding by such entire trust in whatever shall prove to be spiritual law and natural destiny as needs no guarantee from details, and exacts no promises from the wise sovereignty of our own nature. This, which is as truly reason as it is faith, I find to be the best form of religion. "Take philosophy out of life," says Maximus Tyrius, "and you lose the power to pray ;" which is certainly true, if there is no real prayer but a free aspiration based on the assumption of ideal good. How indispensable is this wide mystic opening and margin for all thought appears in the life of that chief opponent of intuition in our time, John Stuart Mill. Absorbed from his childhood in habits of logical

analysis and utilitarian calculation, which excluded the sense of infinity, he naturally enough fell at last into the dismal conviction that all aims, being logically exhaustible, were therefore worthless, and was saved from despair only by betaking himself, under logical protest, to the transcendental imagination of Wordsworth and the prophetic moral sentiment of Carlyle. Nor was this all. Even against himself, he proves to have been a prince of idealists, not only in his socialist enthusiasm and his zeal for an intellectual liberty never yet achieved, but in his estimates of two persons with whom he was in closest intimacy,—his father and his wife. So the materialism of Harriet Martineau, thorough as it seems, did not prevent her from bearing witness that the awe of infinity sanctified her study and her dream.¹

And all these things are transcendental for the same reason that the doctrine of intuition as held by any school, in old or new time, is transcendental: namely, as recognition of the inevitable step beyond experience or observation by which man lives and grows. According to the intensity of this recognition, the law may work in one as conscious philosophical method, in another as enthusiasm for progress, beauty, or good. The basis is always the same,—an organic element of mind, which may be perverted, neglected, ignored, but which holds in some form while sanity endures. It is assumed in every process of induction, and makes the particular premise justify a general conclusion. It is involved in all deductive reasoning, and makes the fact deduced a mere fresh item under an assumed law that gives it all its value. It is the necessity of the materialist

¹ *Autobiography*, vol. ii. p. 91.

himself, who forsakes his principle of sense-derivation as soon as he reaches the crucial point of his theory of nature. Thus Lucretius, the representative materialist of the ancient world, explains the order of the universe as one among innumerable arrangements possible to atoms moving without intelligence, — an idea for which there is no more authority in the senses than for any conception ever forced on them by the mind of man. Even Lange, with all his hatred of Platonic Realism and his strong denial of any source of knowledge but the senses, actually allows that "the tendency to the supersensuous helped to open the laws of the world on the path of abstractions," and that "the ideal element stands in closest connection with inventions and discoveries."¹

If, then, every one is a transcendentalist, whether he knows it or not, what, it will be asked, is the practical worth of the discussion? The same, we reply, which belongs to every question of truth or error. Delusion is not more common than it is harmful. Yet it always consists in mistaking or denying the very laws which are all the while shaping us by their mercies and holding us to their penalties. Papist and radical alike reach their beliefs through acts of choice dependent on their respective mental states; yet ignorance of this inevitable necessity is none the less truly the ground of the vast difference between belief in Freedom and belief in Outward Authority, and of the momentous consequences that result from it. Even if the transcendental method were accepted of all men as the true one, yet, as we have seen, the point of moment is the *emphasis* laid on it, the ear-

¹ *History of Materialism*, pp. 121, 122.

nestness and ardor of the acceptance, the force of purpose with which it is applied to life. Its value is in determining our philosophy of culture, as well as in reporting a necessary law of mind.

What, finally, is its relation to science? The idea of law universal and invariable is purely transcendental. No number of experiences could have told us what must of necessity be; no piling of instances could ever have proved that, always and everywhere, like causes must bring like effects. It is a step beyond phenomena, beyond authority from experience, — a step of the same significance for philosophy, if not of the same courage, as that of the Plymouth Pilgrim; but taken in the private mind, in the quiet of natural growth, unconsciously, long before it is apprehended. That such steps are but the results of the inherited experience of mankind, who have always employed these processes, is therefore untenable, since the transcending of sensation is in every instance a personal act, and implies that the power of mind to perform it is as instant and fresh in the latest man as in the first. What a moment of joy and light, remembered forever, is that when first the idea of universal law breaks on the consciousness of a youth, and he marks it as the imperishable relation of his mind to knowledge! Well may it move him. With that perception culture begins. It opens the whole past and the whole future; it participates in the infinite; it revolutionizes belief; it recognizes what must condition and shape all experience. On this intuition the sciences rest; by this they live and move and have their being; and every step they take, now in this day of their triumph, this glad tread of man that goes to the centre of the world,

has a transcendental sanction. Clearer and fuller comes the sense of its meaning through their evolution, till it emancipates religion from exceptional and external masters, substitutes social science for supernaturalism as practical redeemer of man, incessantly reforms tradition and recasts institutions, changes rights of private judgment into universal duties, lifts the spiritual ideal beyond forms and names, and will counteract thing-service in physics, politics, and trade by its reach after the ideal and infinite, after undemonstrated truth and good. This is the undertow that bears all surface-currents along its own masterful way. I fear no scheme of evangelicalism to give over the State to a Church of Miracle in an age so possessed by the vision of universal law. Nor do I fear that scientific criticism will be stayed by all that the arsenals of superstition can bring to bear against Tyndall's prayer gauge or Darwin's evolution. Science can be harmed only by denying its own constant dependence on an unseen, ideal principle, authenticated by intuition alone.

A war upon the transcendental method, then, would simply divorce science from that sense of the unlimited and universal which is its own motive force. Science seeks to define, to analyze, to make comprehensible, to show the order and relations of phenomena, to unfold the chain of evolution from lowest matter to highest mind. But if it finds in these limits and this ascent from the physical the whole truth of derivation, it must either reject such conceptions as God, duty, immortality, or else it must so explain and interpret them as to exclude their *infinite* meaning. The greatest things can only be proved outcomes of the least by emptying them

of their greatness. An effect cannot be greater than its cause. God, defined as result of evolution from things, is not Infinite Mind, nor can the substance of the cosmos be the result of its phenomena. Duty cannot be a mere generalization of certain observed successions in human experience, and at the same time mean unconditional allegiance to right. And how can a consciousness of indissoluble relations with being, which, as the real sense of immortality, underlies all crude notions of a future life, be justified by tests which derive mind wholly from things, or allow for true only what can be strictly defined and historically explained? To deny the intuitive element is, in consistency, to drop all grounds for these conceptions. But more: to carry out the denial is to abolish science itself. It cuts away the idea of law, which is transcendental; it sweeps off all recognized bases of physical order, — atom, ether, vibration, undulation, correlation of forces, unities of evolution, — which are all ideal, and, however reconcilable with observation, were never outwardly seen, nor heard, nor comprehended, and never can be, and therefore, as assumed explanation of the universe, imply powers of intuitive perception, real insight of the imagination. And although these theoretic forces must be verified by observation, there is no verification needed nor possible for that necessity in the human mind for universal conceptions and transcendent explanations from which they all proceed.

Nor is this philosophy inconsistent with the ascent of evolution from lowest to highest conditions, since every step in this ascent involves concurrence of the whole, and, in some form or other, relations with its

Infinite Substance. To hold fast this reality of substance is indispensable to science. Its laborers must not be so absorbed in watching processes as to ignore that enduring fact which the process implies and in which it inheres. Now, whether mind be regarded as merely the last link in a chain of physical transformations, or resolved into a compound of sensations alone, in either case its substance disappears; it is flow of transmutation and process, involving nothing to be transmuted or to proceed. In such definitions as that of Comte, — that “mind is cerebration,” — or of Haeckel, — that it is “a function of brain and nerve,” — or of Strauss, — that “one’s self is his body,” — or of Taine, — that one is “a series of sensations,” — mind as personality disappears, substance becomes unreal, and we lose all hold on permanent objective truth. It seems a satire to call this negation of the ground of things positive science. I anticipate from science neither suicide nor usurpation; neither denial of the ideal basis on which it stands, nor pretense of verifying conditions involved in the constant relations of the mind to truth. None the less must special forms of conceiving these relations be brought through its tests and inquiries to represent their real *universality* as transcendental elements. This obviously requires that God should mean, not the outside monarch of the universe, but its immanent law and life; that duty should be, not the imposed sway of an external will, but loyalty to that moral order of which we are ourselves a part, so that our obedience is our freedom and our growth; and that immortality should be, not a graft nor gift from without, but participation, under what conditions we know not, and probably cannot know, in

the permanence of the truth and good we see. Science is freeing these intuitions of our highest relations from false assumptions of definite knowledge and from superstitious prescription, and thus harmonizing their *form* with the real order of the world.

Mill constantly objects to Transcendentalism that it is unscientific, because it is of faith rather than reason, — an old distinction, well enough taken when faith meant implicit orthodoxy, and had no recognized basis in the very nature of mental action. The highest act of reason and every breath of common logic rest alike on the vast assumption of faith in the human faculties. Every verification of special belief, by which scientific results are reached, involves this profounder belief; even verification of these faculties has no other organ than the faculties themselves. If "the steps of faith fall on the void to find the rock beneath," not less do the steps of science, the postulates of philosophy, the communications of speech. Will it be claimed that we escape these assumptions when we begin at the senses as the most obvious and trustworthy sources of knowledge? Is there any assumption greater than trusting eye and ear, those mysterious organs, those ether waves that I can neither see nor comprehend? What is all our knowledge but belief? The best physical science swarms with errors. Helmholtz proves the eye an imperfect optical instrument. Proctor takes back his theory of planetary population. Agassiz declares our genera and species the actual thoughts of God, and then Darwin refutes them. The calculus itself is but an approximation. The elements of real knowledge are here, neverthe-

less. But why do I believe this? Why believe that the world is a whole; that matter and mind, the "me" and the "not-me," are essentially related? I am more certain of this than of any detail of physical science. But as for proof, do I not, in all this, walk by faith, and make that my sight? If I am surer of my ground than an infant or an Australian savage, it is none the less true that the experiences which have thus helped me were available only through the constant necessity of the mind to outrun them with universalities which, although thoroughly scientific, were pure ventures of faith.

The transcendentalist emphasizes this basis of faith which science does not outgrow. He will not suffer it to be slighted, and for this reason, among others: that it is the health of the sentiments, of love, hope, aspiration, worship; that it brings to our limitations a sense of relation to a larger, serener life, and repose in its adequacy. But it is a caricature of Transcendentalism to make it the basis of absolutist and decaying evangelical dogmas like the Atonement, where the ideal is narrowed down to a prescribed, exclusive embodiment in the name of faith. Its intimacy is inward,—oneness of the believer with the believed; so that the sentiments, set free by it, become nobilities of self-respect, spontaneities that bloom into the best sympathies and cultures, into art, prophecy, heroism, sainthood, into the light and sweetness of the world. The manifest dependence of these fruits of sentiment on faith does not make them at variance with science,—that grand corrector of extravagance in feeling and delusion in thought. For all its special errors, the transcendental impulse has generated a cure in the science

that flows from its intuition of law. This is its own balance-wheel, its own saving sense of limit; so that, with its head in the heavens, teacher of the eternal life of man, it may walk securely, and do practical work under true human conditions. Its science is thus at once the child of its faith and the leader of its culture. And the spirit of our age, well understanding this unity, points more and more plainly to an ideal standard and test of all tendencies in the conception of the Immanent Spirit as world-movement of law and life, — transforming itself, first into the physical order, then into organic form, then into the Person and the State; the equal sexes, the arts, the humanities, the equities of capital and labor, the harmony of races in functions, the unity of the world in liberty and growth. This high accord of intuition and science is the divine espousal of the ideal and the real. The significance of our term "spirit of the age" is none the less positive because it is transcendental; in other words, not adequately given in any list of persons or events, but in somewhat beyond all these, to which they are all referred, not as an idea only, but as reality. And whoso most truly perceives or expresses this spirit is not only the true transcendentalist, but the builder of the future.

If such is the natural development of the transcendental element in human history, it is not a set of opinions, and no school can be the measure of its validity and scope. For one, I do not propose to speak of it as a phase that has had its day, and is giving way to science. It is an organic principle of thought and progress. Naturally unfolding into the grand results we have sketched, it is yet more or less

visible in a great variety of beliefs, which have little in common but the fact of being reached by a more or less faithful application of its method. Stated philosophically, it means that the self-affirmation of mind, conditioning all experience and transcending the senses and the understanding with largest and most vital truths, is recognized as the primal source and guarantee of knowledge. It is the application of this principle to philosophy, religion, ethics, life. It points directly to the primacy of personal intuition, conviction, character. Evidently every individual declaration in the name of universal truth involves it, whatever its results, because it is a step beyond the data of experience. But, like all principles, it has its ideal, founded on its conscious culture and higher uses, which tests and judges conduct. He who freely uses the private judgment to measure all outward authority presumes the sufficiency of an inward light. But he is true to the ideal principle of Transcendentalism only in so far as he really maintains the primacy of personal mind, instead of so carrying out the right of private judgment as to sink that principle or pervert its meaning. Many a loud protest against traditions and institutions has been passive obedience to a far more powerful and brutal despotism, a push of sensual tides submerging the soul; not the sanity of intuition, but the insanity of desires. On the other hand, a poetic nature may be disposed to uphold the institutions in which his feelings have found culture, yet be, as Wordsworth was, completely transcendental, because taking these institutions simply as related to a spiritual ideal, which regenerated literature by its appeal to the beautiful and true, as "the soul that rises with us, our life's star."

In their worship of external authority the Protestant sects have almost seemed to vie in showing how little might be kept of the transcendental principle, while claiming special advocacy of the right of private judgment. And in the great family of appellants to the "Inward Light," — mystics, rationalists, Quakers, skeptics, ascetics, free religionists, with all unclassified persons of independent and earnest mind, — the intellectual diversities are doubtless not greater than the differences of degree in which their claim of inward light really represents transcendental freedom and progress.

Naturally the main test of fidelity to this principle is one's relation to the moral laws and spiritual forces. Here, again, we must recognize its ideal. The law in his nature, expressed not in articles, rituals, or Bible, not in multitude nor mediator nor specific religious name; this light of his faculties, self-shining with their revelation of the infinity of truth, and the absoluteness of duty, and their participation in that which they know to be eternal; this transcendence to imperfect experience and understanding, is the consecration of his life, his guarantee of ideal convictions, of broad and beautiful beliefs. And life should seem inestimable, and in this sense at least immortal and divine, through what it is thus proved competent to hold, of enthusiasm for the best cultures, and service of the truth and right that are yet to rule.

In view of this personal ideal there is a dark side to our social experience. Modern civilization becomes more and more exclusively a life of crowding and concretion. Its solidarity stifles the human atoms, who have been strenuously abolishing sp

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till the world's immeasurable detail presses directly upon every brain and heart. The intense magnetism of social machinery pushes every demand into unlimited expectation, and gives our vices a force as organic as ever was in State or Church. Corruption wields the resources of recognized method in its management of public and private interests, and has its representative men in every line, who become conspicuous solely because masters in the vulgar arts acknowledged to hold the key to success. An unbounded craving for self-gratification is fostered by the mechanism of our culture, ignoring all differences of material in its training of racers for a common goal. Competition in luxury drives us on in its whirl of dishonest debt and wasteful aperty, till you shall barely find a few who dare live with honor, bringing up sons and daughters in just loyalties and simple tastes. Is such demoralization beginning to warn us, in the full tide of organized self-government, of a fatal incapacity of moral freedom and practical self-control?

What shall stay us on such downward tracks? Not, I think, a theory of science, that treats personality as mere run of phenomena, and its claim to be an immediate source of knowledge as a mere fiction of the imagination. This is but an outgrowth of these very degeneracies, and we shall look in vain for healing to the destroyer of our health. Successful trade, gigantic production, school machinery without a germ of individuality or self-reliance in its purpose, are plainly the forces to be mastered, not the gods to be invoked. Spread of national vanity, grasp of the continent and the isles, are but symptoms of our disease. We want the personal ideal, inward

dignities, a self-respect and self-reliance that require new starting-points in the philosophy of culture. We want training in principles instead of dissipation on details; conviction that the world reflects the mind, and that the quality of our mind determines the value of our world; respect for the perception of moral order, for the sweep of law that transcends the bounded premise; the insight of prophecy that outruns experience; the freedom of the ideal to judge outward prescriptions, and reshape the concrete world to fresh necessities of growing reason. We need to react from that excessive reaction against unscientific idealism, which ignores all inward conditions of knowledge, and buries itself in the mere external object or sensation as source of all. And the drift of this current materialism towards resolving human personality into a delusion, and defining man and the world as mere run of phenomena, to say nothing of a pessimistic irony, must be met by emphasizing *substance*, and the real conjunction of the conscious mind with what is permanent and universal. In our zeal for teaching everything, we are forgetting that the learner is more and greater than all he can learn, and that for him the first of all practical needs is a philosophy of culture that shall determine his methods and aims. In fine, to save us from base politics and selfish relations in trade and labor, we need the constant inspiration of ideal public duties, whereof we have hitherto had perhaps only one form; represented by the anti-slavery movement, and its school of moral culture, friendship, self-accountability, and life-long sacrifice, — an education we now bitterly miss, and are destined to miss till we have raised to like levels of principle and convic-

tion such transcendental objects as the rights and duties of labor, the union of equal opportunity with difference of function and honor to the best, and full liberty in the conscience to think, to deny, and to believe.

APPENDIX.

THE following appreciative notice by Prof. E. J. Eitel, of Tübingen and Hongkong, bearing the date of April 21, 1882, appeared in the *China Review* :—

IN MEMORIAM.—Whosoever has read Samuel Johnson's great work on China will no doubt learn with regret of the death of the author of *Oriental Religions and their Relation to Universal Religion*. Samuel Johnson died on 19th February last, at North Andover, Massachusetts, leaving the last volume of his work, that on Persia, unfinished.

Though Samuel Johnson's preëminent merits, as the historian of Universal Religion, have hitherto met with but scanty recognition in his own country, I have no doubt he will eventually be estimated at his true value as one of the ripest of American scholars. His volume on the Religions of India, which appeared in 1872, has been highly praised by Orientalists of European fame; and I make bold to say that his great work on China, published in 1877, and reviewed by myself in Vol. VI. (pp. 425-428) of the *China Review*, will commend itself to all Sinologists as a most exhaustive, lucid, and correct estimate of Chinese thought and life. If it is due to Edkins to say that he has established for China her true place in philology, it is due to Samuel Johnson to acknowledge that he has fixed China's place in the history of Universal Religion.

Samuel Johnson approached the study of Oriental Religions with a mind specially adapted to appreciate their true value, because it was a mind specially scientific whilst essentially religious, and at the same time elevated far above the narrow sympathies of sectarian religion.

Samuel Johnson prosecuted his studies with an energy and

zeal inspired by an ardent and fearless love of truth in any form and by a sincere worship of the universal in religion. In the course of years, spent in the most extensive reading and research into all the available sources of information, he surveyed the progress of the religious feeling and thought of mankind, in its evolution from the rude Shamanism of barbaric ages to the refined dogmatism of the present day. He saw in this natural process of evolution a progressive education of humanity, through man's own relations with the Deity. He searched out the laws of this religious evolution and involution, of its progress and reaction, and found in them a key of astonishing efficacy in unlocking the mysteries of all creeds, and in finding for all the most important transitions in the history of Universal Religion their natural explanation. He gathered up all the ideal elements embodied in Oriental Religions, and noted down all valid forms of religious thought and life to which the one spiritual nature, common to the best men of all countries and all ages, ever gave utterance in the East. Thus Samuel Johnson demonstrated most forcibly that the history of all religions reveals to the unprejudiced inquirer a universal identity of the religious feeling and thought of all ages; a universal harmony of religious instincts and insights, of religious demands and supplies; a cosmic harmony based on a substantial unity of God and Man underlying all outward alienations.

If I add that Samuel Johnson's method of inquiry was thoroughly scientific, that his sympathies were absolutely cosmopolitan whilst essentially religious, and that he laid down the results of his most painstaking inquiries in a style which carries the reader right along, fascinating as it is by its vivacity and sparkling lucidity, whilst intensely suggestive and instructive, I can but wonder that his countrymen in the United States did not give him that place among the foremost writers, thinkers, and scholars of the present day which he so fully deserves.

But perhaps Samuel Johnson was too fearless a lover of all that is true and good in any form and in any nation, too consistent in the application of his scientific method of inquiry, too outspoken in his trenchant estimate of the practical value of Christian theology, Christian morality, and Christian civilization, to have escaped the unintentional sin of running counter to the principal tenets of many influential sections among his

countrymen, who were naturally roused thereby into well-meant antipathy and antagonism.

In his comprehensive view of the progress of Universal Religion, Samuel Johnson gave to Christianity no exceptional place, but included it as but one of the steps in the universal progress of religion. So far he was right enough. But instead of recognizing in the ideal of the Christian religion the final keystone of the whole edifice of Universal Religion, he allowed his experimental knowledge of practical Christianity to warp his judgment of its ideal value. On the other hand, having not come into practical contact with the living realization of Confucianism, Buddhism, or Indian religions, his estimate of these religions became unconsciously higher. Moreover, there was to him no such thing as revealed religion in distinction from natural religion. In comparing the practical value of all religions, he saw, therefore, no reason to give to the Christian religion, whose morals and civilization he had found practically inferior, the palm of preference. He boldly compared Confucius, Buddha, and Jesus Christ, and calmly pronounced Confucius, to his thinking, the greatest of the three. Shocking as this must be to every Christian mind, even greater danger to the interests of sectarian Christianity was probably seen to arise from the general tendency of Samuel Johnson's researches, because such a provokingly independent search for the universal in religion, viewed in the light of the results accumulated in Samuel Johnson's work, clearly tends to encourage a general exodus from all distinctive religions, and a migration, through years of wandering in faithless and creedless deserts, to a problematical Canaan of Universal Religion.

As his fearless independence of research and his trenchant criticism of modern Christianity must have brought Samuel Johnson, in spite of his intense religionism, into bad odor with almost all religionists in the United States, so his utter want of national bias and his outspoken admiration of all that is good in the Chinese people must have diverted from him the sympathies of most American politicians. The value Samuel Johnson puts on the peculiar civilization of China; the excuses he found for the barbarism interwoven in its structure; the charming descriptions he gives of the alacrity, of the social constructiveness, the competitive ardor, the economic methods, and the

assimilative power of the Chinese people, placed his researches out of tune with the politics of the day. What reception would he have received in California, or even in the United States Congress, who dared to quote the following sentence, for instance, from Samuel Johnson's work referring to the immigration of Chinese into the States? "Their immigration is a national blessing, not only as productive force, but as stimulant to the morals of industry. Their cheap labor is a test of our theoretic and practical liberty, their inaptness for Christianization our school of religious universality." Even the missionary party, the best informed defenders of Chinese interests in the United States, would naturally fight shy of a man like Samuel Johnson, who pronounced their present labors in China a failure, and fearlessly stated his belief that "the mission of Christianity to the heathen is not only for the overthrow of many of their religious peculiarities, but quite as truly for the essential modification of its own."

Although, therefore, Samuel Johnson's few admirers must, for the present, remain satisfied with but little sympathy and scanty justice on the part of American readers, I have no doubt that a time will come when Samuel Johnson will be recognized in his own country as one of their greatest thinkers and scholars, and when it will be acknowledged that, though his estimate of Christianity was erroneous, he put a conscientious and just value on all other religions. What Heine said of Herder is equally true of Samuel Johnson, namely, that, instead of inquisitorially judging nations according to the degree of their faith, he regarded humanity as a harp in the hands of a great master, and each people a special string, helping to the harmony of the whole. *Restat in pace.*

LIST OF MR. JOHNSON'S PRINTED WORKS.

The Worship of Jesus. Boston, 1868. 92 pp., sm. 8vo, cloth.

Oriental Religions and their Relation to Universal Religion: India. Boston, 1873. vi, 802 pp., 8vo, cloth.

Oriental Religions and their Relation to Universal Religion: China. Boston, 1877. xxiv, 975 pp., 8vo, cloth.

PAMPHLETS.

The Crisis of Freedom. — A sermon on the rendition of Burns, preached Sunday, June 11, 1854.

A Sermon on the Assassination of President Lincoln. Sunday, April 16, 1865.

The Religion of a Free Church. — A discourse delivered at the opening of the Free Chapel in Lynn, Sunday, June 10, 1866.

A Ministry in Free Religion. — A discourse delivered on the occasion of resigning this relation to the Free Church at Lynn, on Sunday, June 26, 1870.

A Memorial of Charles Sumner. — A discourse delivered to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston, on Sunday, March 15, 1874.

IN "THE RADICAL."

Bond or Free. October, 1865.

Discourses concerning the Foundations of Religious Belief: —

I. Past and Present. November, 1865.

II. Real and Imaginary Authority. December, 1865.

III. Fallacies of Supernaturalism. January, 1866.

IV. The Adequacy of Natural Religion. March, 1866.

V. Spiritual Needs and Certainties. May, 1866.

VI. Naturalism. July, 1866.

Letter to James Freeman Clarke in reply to Criticisms on

"Bond or Free." February, 1866.

Second Letter. October, 1866.

American Religion. January, 1867.

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- George L. Stearns. June, 1867.
 Natural Democracy. May, 1868.
 Shadow and Eclipse. December, 1868.
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- The Natural Sympathy of Religions. — Report of F. R. A.
 1870.
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Mr. Johnson was also a contributor to the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, *The Liberator*, *The Liberty Bell*, *The Commonwealth*, and *The Index*. His articles, sermons, and letters in these give his attitude toward the great issues of his times.









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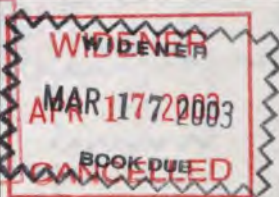
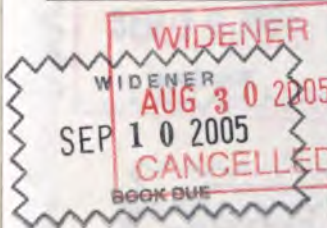
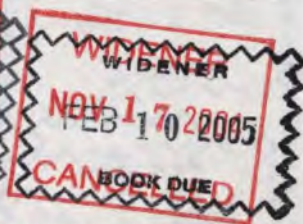
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